JUNE 22,
1935

Lib ty

5¢

In this Issue—

THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD FIVE TIMES

by H. BEDFORD-JONES

•

IS IT RIGHT TO BRING BACK THE DEAD?

by LOUIS E. BISCH, M.D., Ph.D.

•

You Can Start It Now—

The Greatest of the PERRY MASON Detective Stories The CASE of the CARETAKER'S CAT

by Erle Stanley Gardner

"MY GAS COMPANY WAS RIGHT...

Electrolux costs surprisingly little to run"

AND BESIDES...

IT GIVES FOOD FULLEST PROTECTION...

A TINY GAS BURNER REPLACES ALL MACHINERY...

YOU NEVER HEAR IT... NEVER!

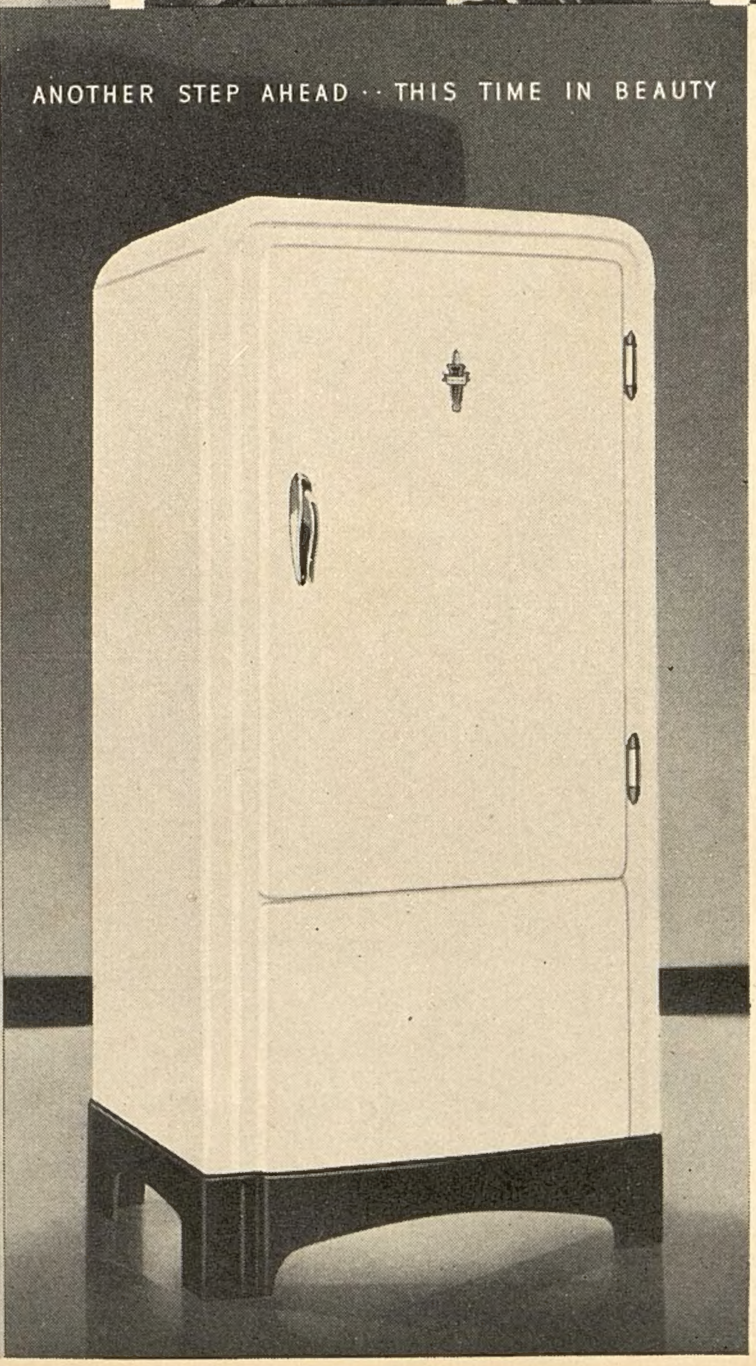
ONLY ELECTROLUX CAN GIVE YOU ALL THESE VITAL ADVANTAGES

LOW OPERATING COST
NO MOVING PARTS
PERMANENT SILENCE
GAS COMPANY SERVICE

Plus THESE MANY MODERN CONVENIENCES

TEMPERATURE REGULATOR
INTERIOR LIGHT
ICE CUBE RELEASE
TRIGGER TRAY RELEASE
VEGETABLE FRESHENER
SPLIT SHELF
EGG AND FRUIT RACK
. . . and many others

USES NO WATER



ANOTHER STEP AHEAD · · THIS TIME IN BEAUTY

IF YOU are sincerely looking for the finest refrigerator you can own . . . *don't overlook this new 1935 Electrolux.* It is far ahead in beauty. And it's just as far ahead in other and even more important ways.

Electrolux is not like any other refrigerator. Its operation is different, more efficient. It has no moving parts. A tiny gas flame circulates a simple refrigerant. Ordinary air cools it.

This very simplicity has great advantages for you. It means that Electrolux costs very little to run, is permanently silent, gives fullest food protection, and does away with all depreciation due to moving parts. These savings help Electrolux to actually pay for itself over a period of years.

See the beautiful 1935 models today, at your gas company's or local dealer's showrooms. Your gas company recommends Electrolux, and stands back of every one it sells.

FOR FARMS AND CAMPS A KEROSENE ELECTROLUX!

No family, no matter where they live, need be without the advantages of city refrigeration! Write for information about the kerosene-operated Electrolux. Address Servel, Inc., Electrolux Refrigerator Sales Division, Evansville, Ind.

NEW *Air-Cooled*
ELECTROLUX
THE SERVEL *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

"The Old Man" to 1,000 Lumberjacks but he's a DENTAL CRIPPLE just the same!

It began with "Pink Tooth Brush"

HE never gave a thought to his teeth—never needed to in the old days when he was just one of the loading gang—chewing the rough, coarse meals the lumber-camp cook threw together.

But, like so many other men on the way up, as life got easier, foods got softer, and his gums got more sensitive. His dentist warned him. His tooth brush warned him. But he said, "Let it ride for a while—can't stop now." And now there's no use trying. He's a dental cripple.

"Pink tooth brush" warns you in plenty of time. It means that your gums aren't getting enough exercise—the fault of our modern diet of soft, creamy foods. It means that they are getting flabby and sensitive—that they need special care.

If your tooth brush shows "pink"—do the sensible thing. Don't let unhealthy gums invite serious disorders such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea. Get a tube of Ipana and care for your gums as well as your teeth.

Rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. You can feel new circulation begin. You can feel a freshening tingle in the tissues. Do it for 30 days—and you can *see* that your gums are firmer and your teeth whiter.

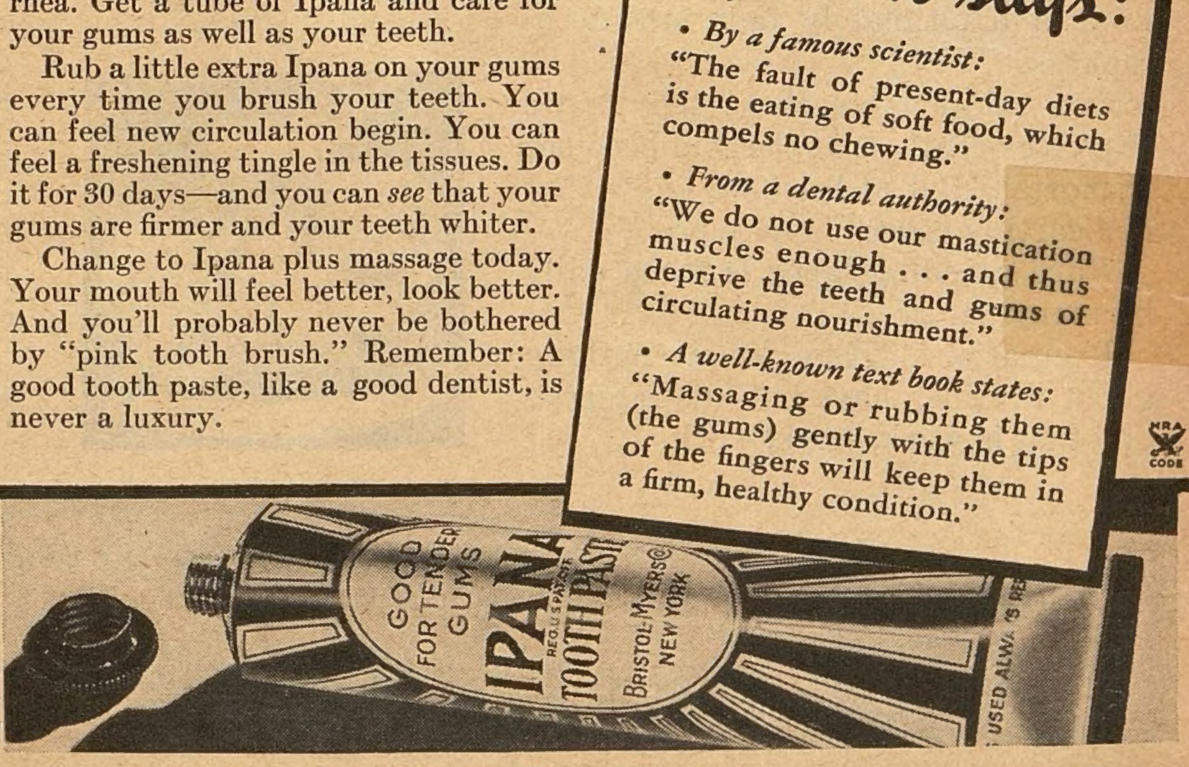
Change to Ipana plus massage today. Your mouth will feel better, look better. And you'll probably never be bothered by "pink tooth brush." Remember: A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

Professional Opinion says:

- *By a famous scientist:* "The fault of present-day diets is the eating of soft food, which compels no chewing."
- *From a dental authority:* "We do not use our mastication muscles enough . . . and thus deprive the teeth and gums of circulating nourishment."
- *A well-known text book states:* "Massaging or rubbing them (the gums) gently with the tips of the fingers will keep them in a firm, healthy condition."

Tune in "Town Hall Tonight." Hear Fred Allen and the Ipana Troubadours Wednesday evenings — WEAF and associated N.B.C. stations.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE



JUNE 22, 1935 **Liberty** VOL. 12, NO. 25

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

DON'T TAKE LIFE TOO SERIOUSLY—YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF IT ALIVE!

IN youth life seems endless. But with advancing age it becomes but a short span of years.

If we are gifted, youthful ambition grasps us. We plunge into the vortex of feverish activities.

We often go after success with flaming enthusiasm. We enter the game of life with determination to win. We seldom realize that whatever riches we gain are simply loaned to us during life, but death takes everything.

Wealthy men are sometimes caustically criticized. We envy them the devitalizing luxury they enjoy, but rarely realize that their wealth is merely loaned to them.

We are all inclined to take life entirely too seriously. Our daily problems often become grim and even terrible, although situations that overwhelm us are usually ironed out without serious difficulties.

We can hardly advise any one to make life a perpetual holiday. Responsibilities often become troublesome and at times they cannot be avoided. But there is often an inclination for them to assume undue importance. They weigh one down with worrisome details. And the tendency to magnify them is hard to resist.

When trouble " sweeps you off your feet " remember that time or death will entirely efface them.

Generations come and go. Families rear their offspring, they grow to maturity, produce their kind, and ultimately fade into nothingness.

Our religious teachers tell us we live after death, that the soul becomes immortal. But at least we know that our earthly career is no more.

Hard grinding labor is faced daily by many people.

Recreation! They know nothing about it. They have but one interest, and that is work, work, work.

Such people often make life sordid and mean. There are no emotional heights for them. They grovel, crawl through life.

No inspiration! Their steps are heavy, sodden. No gaiety or joy enters their lives.

But we should remember that life is to a large extent what we make it. We get back what we give out.

Our thoughts and actions are boomerangs that swing around and return to us, bringing grim penalties or alluring rewards.

Regardless of the difficulties we may face, it does not pay to take life too seriously. We often harass ourselves unnecessarily about that which is commonplace and meaningless. We often make mountains out of molehills. Our little troubles become great big problems.

But tomorrow will come and go, and the next year will be upon us before we know it.

So why bother too much? Take every possible opportunity to enjoy the wholesome pleasures of life.

Don't be a kill-joy. A smile is contagious; a frown is repelling.

And your troubles—keep them to yourself, or tell them to a policeman if you must talk about them.

Invite your friends to join you in a joyfest on every possible occasion.

Find a constructive solution for your troubles, but don't worry about them.

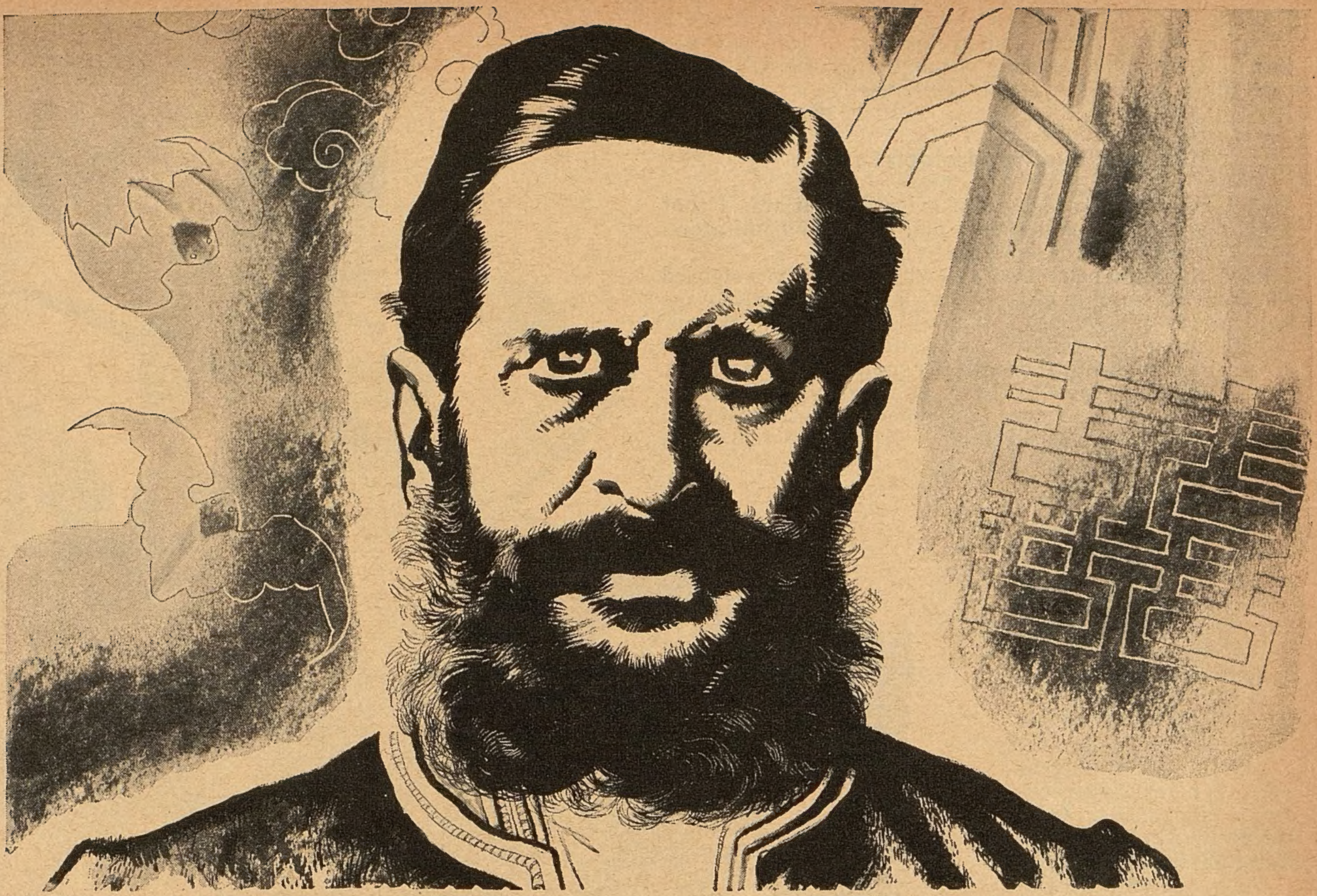
Do the best you can in every situation; no one can do more. And try to lie down every night soothed by a calm restful soul.

And don't take life too seriously—you will never get out of it alive!

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 58

Published weekly by the Liberty Publishing Corporation, 1926 Broadway, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Advertising Office, Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1935, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States and possessions, in Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In Argentina, Bahamas, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, $3.50 a year. In Continental Europe and British Empire, $5.00 a year. In all other countries, $6.00 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.



THADDEUS MICHAEL SHEA
DRAWN FROM PHOTO BY STEPHEN GROUT

BEGINNING—

The MAN who played GOD FIVE TIMES

The Most Astonishing Tale of Adventure an Irishman Ever Told—The Bizarre Believe-It-or-Not Chronicle of a Fantastic Racket

Recorded by

H. BEDFORD-JONES

READING TIME
26 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

I HAD heard queer, provocative rumors of this man Shea. I found him living in the California foothills near Pasadena. A handsome house, a walled garden, Japanese servants, two great Irish wolfhounds. He made me welcome and we became friends.

He was a massive but agile man with a massive reddish-gray beard. His eyes were blue and deep, very intense, marvelously impressive. The man's personality dominated everything around him; he had a force, a vital energy beyond description. Yet one could sense something amiss—something evasive, almost sinister. And beneath it all Shea was the saddest man I ever met.

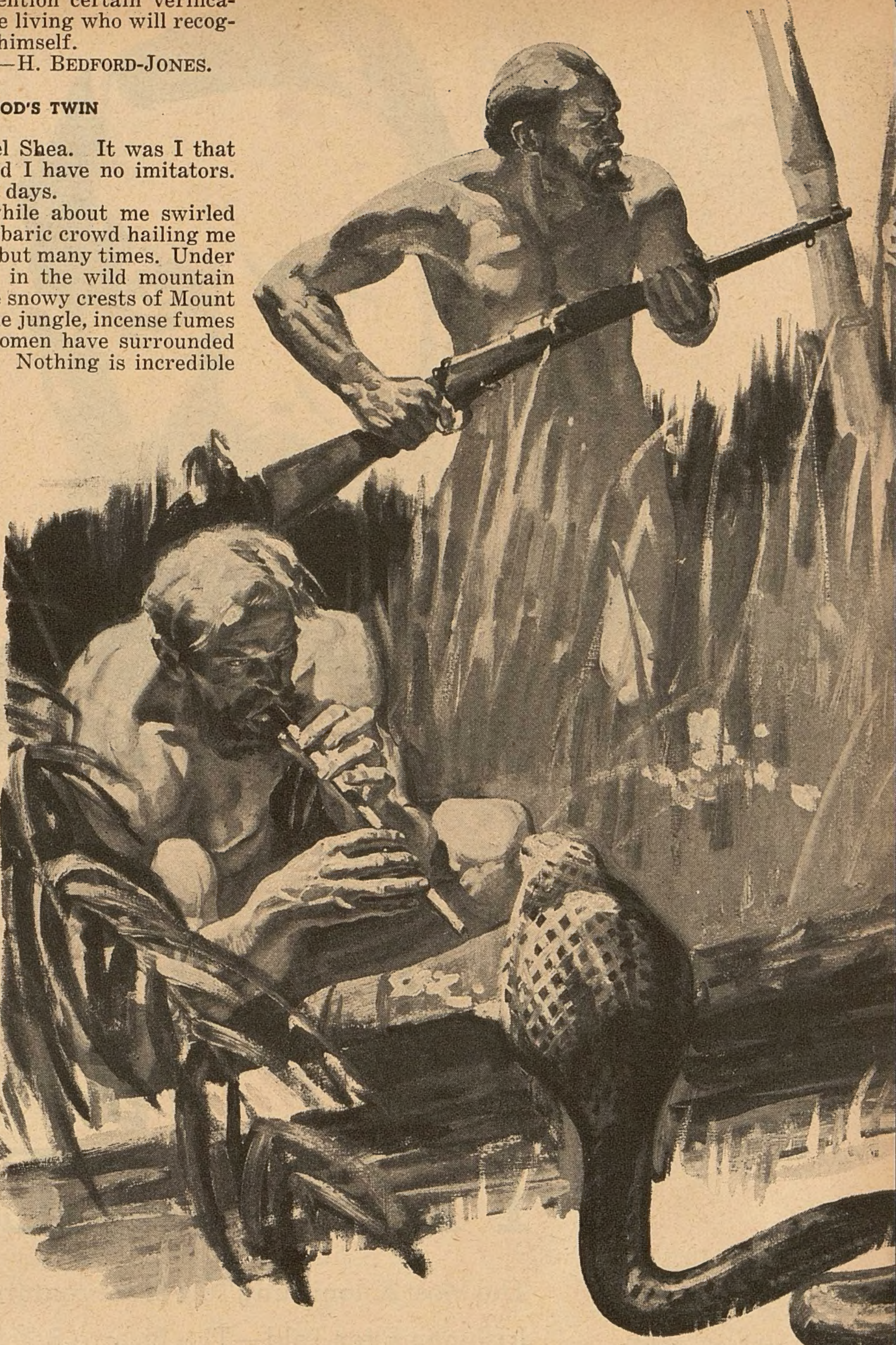
"Write it down, me lad? Why, yes. I'm seventy. Moslem, Buddhist, missionary, murderer—I've been all. There's things nobody would print, but I'll be honest about it. I'd like to see the story."

I am relating part of it—such a life story as no other man living or dead has ever known; and that is a large order. I use his own words. When he talked of being old and broken I had to smile. Still, perhaps he feels old and broken inside. Lord knows he has reason!

His confession is intimate. He has given me certain photographs. I believe his story true; I cannot prove it or swear to it. Later I shall mention certain verifications. There must be many people living who will recognize the man; let him speak for himself.

—H. BEDFORD-JONES.

PART ONE—THE RED GOD'S TWIN



MY name is Thaddeus Michael Shea. It was I that invented the god racket and I have no imitators. The world is too small these days.

I have sat enthroned in state while about me swirled the frenzied worship of a semibarbaric crowd hailing me as an actual living god. Not once but many times. Under the ancient gray walls of Cairo, in the wild mountain recesses of Abyssinia, beneath the snowy crests of Mount Everest, in the savage depths of the jungle, incense fumes and the adoration of men and women have surrounded me. Does this sound incredible? Nothing is incredible except the extent to which people will delude themselves.

I have swung the wild ecstatic fervor of a Mohammedan people into awe of my sacred self. I have seen Thaddy Shea, a dim shadow of a man, hailed as divine. I have seen him waited on and tended by lovely girls, his hair and fingernails preserved as holy relics. There is nothing extraordinary about this. Consider how the very bath water of the Aga Khan, a horsy potentate who lives in Paris, is sold for its weight in gold to those who worship him, in this actual day and age!

I have known miracles to be worked by the touch of my hand, by the sound of my voice. I have felt an urge of power within me, power beyond the comprehension of men. I have seen it wither and die, put to flight by my own lust and folly. I have schemed and planned, tricked and lied, until what was once a real and definite force within my soul became a vague mockery.

Even now, as I pass down the Pasadena streets, I can look at this person and that one, saying to myself: "A month, six months from now you'll be dead and departed, for I read the shadow in your face." But I no longer say such things aloud. I am no more assured, certain, confident in myself. I am an accursed old man, tormented by the memories of my own chicanery.

All these things were caused by a strip of rawhide forgotten in a cellar room.

Where some men lust after liquor, others after wealth and position, upon me grew a stranger and more awful craving—the craving to be a god. I have fulfilled that purpose, which began by sheer accident.

Born in 1865, I was intended for the priesthood but fell far short of it. In the late '80s I skipped out of the seminary because of a girl. At twenty-four I found a job as assistant to a professional magician playing small Pennsylvania towns. The Great Leroy is long dead, but I can still see him as I saw him that night when I struck him for the job. It was in a saloon and he had been drinking hard.

He turned and looked me up and down, then stared into my face. A melancholy lean black-haired man he was.

"And you know nothing of magic," he said. "You want a job—and you with power back of your deep eyes that I'd give my right arm to have! All right, ignoramus. You have the job."

I was with the Great Leroy more than a year.

Let me admit, not boastingly but with a sad regret, that in those days I did have a certain power which sometimes made me afraid of myself. You may not believe in psychic things. You may scoff and jeer at clairvoyancy and all such fumblings in the misty depths of the spirit-

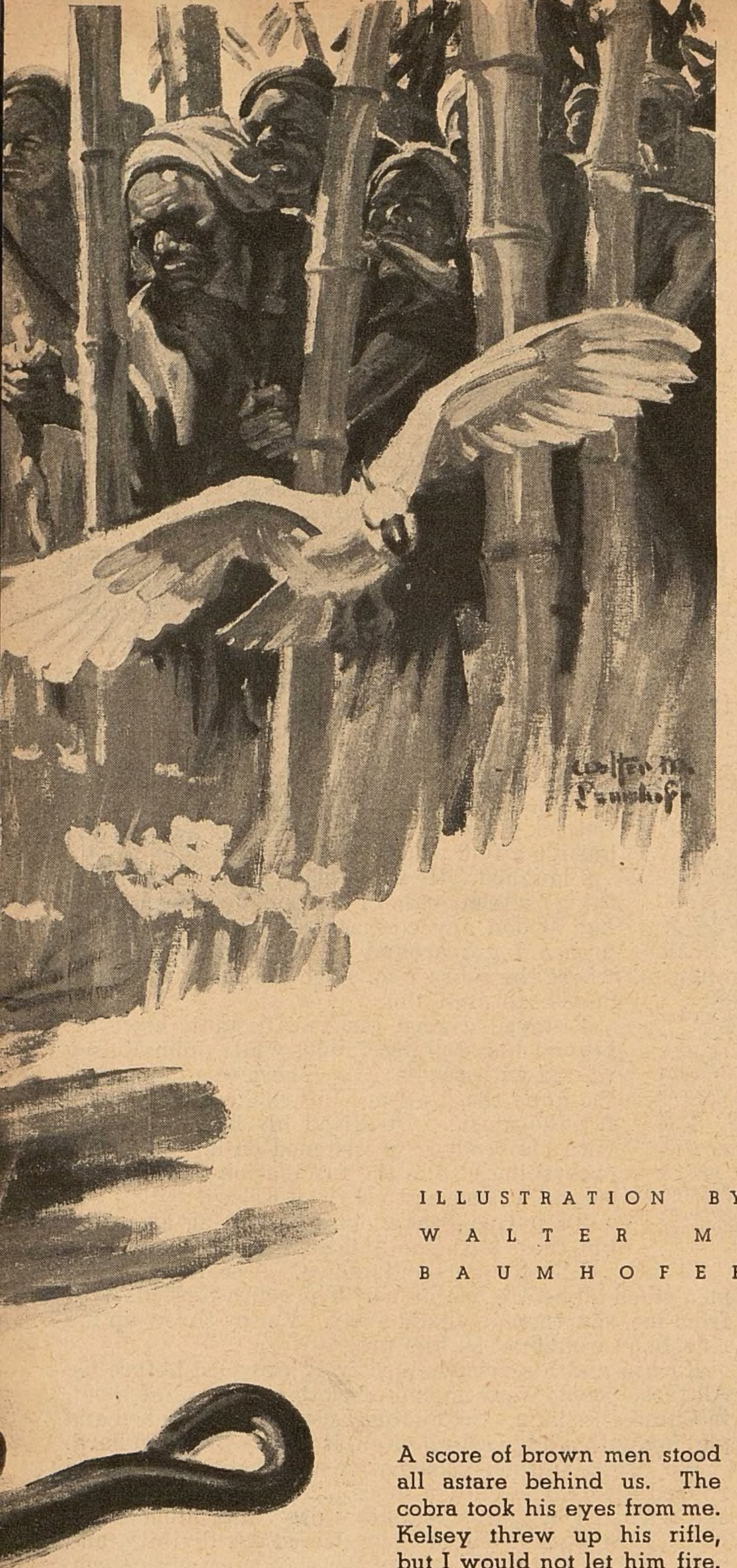


ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

A score of brown men stood all astare behind us. The cobra took his eyes from me. Kelsey threw up his rifle, but I would not let him fire.

ual. Yet you will admit personality, character, magnetism—the intangible and unknown something by which a great actor or speaker can sway an audience with a gesture or the lift of an eyebrow. This is what I had. And with it went a queer hypnotic gift of persuasion. Call it Irish blarney if you discredit hypnotism.

Leroy often said I could become a great clairvoyant, and I laughed at him, calling him a faker and trickster. From him I picked up his patter and some of his science, which is infinite shrewd patience. I could impress people. Finally I left him and set out to see the world.

I knocked about, learning queer things. Gradually I fell into the easy line of imposture, of tricking people, of living by my wits. At twenty-seven, early in the '90s, I wound up in Rangoon, Burma.

There I got a job as actor with a stranded English theatrical troupe. The job fed me and I absorbed Low Malay, the lingua franca of the Far East. A natural linguist, I have never had trouble in learning to chatter away in most tongues, and Malay is the easiest of all. So is Arabic for some people, though Germans can never learn it perfectly. My friend Stein, who is now in New York, is the only German I have ever known to learn Arabic perfectly; I will have more to say of him later.

In Rangoon I met John Kelsey and we became friends of a kind.

He was a strapping big Irishman, thirsty, redheaded, and with no more scruples than a goat. He had hard eyes like blue agate and hair that was a flame of fire.

"Thaddy Shea," he said to me one day, in a corner of Spence's Bar, "I'm throwing up the government job and I've an offer for you. Did ye ever hear of Kengtung?"

"Is it a drink or a ship?" I asked.

"A town in one of the Shan States, the hill country betwixt here and China and the Siamese border," he told me. That was pretty well unknown country in those days, and by no means subdued to British rule. "North of Kengtung there's a district where the right chap can pick up rubies and sapphires like pebbles. Closed territory. No whites. If I let my beard grow, I can get in. Will you come along? Being redheaded yourself, it could be done."

He dragged me home with him and treated me to a surprise. He occupied a native house with a compound of its own out Shan Road way—which, if you don't know Rangoon, was a worse place in those days than it is now. And there I found an old hillman, with one eye gone and a cataract on the other, who blinked and bobbed his head in the dirt before us.

"Thaddy, this is Kachin," said John Kelsey. "He's from that district I mentioned and he's taking me back there. You're going with me. Now come in, and over a gin-and-ginger beer I'll be telling you the story."

HE told me a queer yarn sure enough, and the queerest thing was its truth. Long generations ago some white man with a red beard, whom I figured for a French missionary, had struck that district and done a lot of good. The natives took him for a god. He disappeared, saying he would be back, but he never came back. Ever since, those hillmen had been looking and hoping for his return.

Men with red beards are by no means common in those parts, and few hillmen ever got down to the coast settlements. This Kachin had wandered in and fastened himself on Kelsey. Being a simple-minded old fellow, he was bound and determined that John Kelsey was the lost god.

"And you redheaded too," said Kelsey to me. "I see it hits you, Thaddy."

"It does that," I said; "but your talk about rubies and sapphires hits harder."

He grinned, and we understood each other. Of course the thing had to be done against all rules and regulations of the government, no one being allowed in the hills.

It hit me harder than I would admit. As a boy I had often read of explorers hither and yon who were taken for gods by the natives. The gleam and glitter of the thing had always stuck in my mind.

"There's two of us," I observed, "and twin gods might seem a bit thick."

"True enough, but I'll manage that," Kelsey said. "I'll tell him that we're the same person split into two men, and give him a talk on transmutation of the soul and so forth. I don't talk his lingo, but he has a bit of Burmese. Leave it to me."

Kachin believed it all easily enough. He prostrated himself before me and talked for a solid twenty minutes. I asked Kelsey what it was all about. He said Kachin had somehow hurt his back and wanted me to cure it.

Now, when a person is deeply earnest and believes that a thing can be done, it is sometimes done. Call it faith, call it hypnotism, or anything you prefer. I took hold of Kachin's hand and rubbed his back, and impressed myself upon him. Presently I told him he was cured. And he was cured.

Of course I did not do it. He did it himself; fooled himself, if you want to call it that. The point is, he

was cured. And this cure laid the foundation for all that happened to me later on. I had learned my own power over people.

John Kelsey and I went on a long shooting trip, presumably, and let our beards grow. We were both large men, much of a size. Up in the hills, we stopped at a dark bungalow — a government rest-house kept by a brown-skinned minor official. There we let our outfit drift back, while we drifted on with Kachin and what we could carry ourselves. We both had fine flaring beards by this time, and to a native eye looked exactly alike. Just as two Chinese or two bearded Arabs will look alike to the average European.

Thinking over my initiation into the god racket, I marvel at our own credulity. We went at it blind. We had no build-up. There was none of the careful technique which I found so essential in later years.

We had to go through jungle to reach our promised land; solid twilight all day long, with the huge trees interlocked in a roof hundreds of feet overhead. It was after the rainy season and leeches were everywhere. They even got through laced boots. Kachin shrugged at them. But with me and Kelsey it was different. They nearly drove me crazy. They could not be plucked off without causing great sores. We had to apply salty water, which melted them into nothing at a touch.

H. BEDFORD-JONES *is the noted author of true stories and tales of adventure who has contributed Gypsy Love Song to Liberty—also, as a collaborator, Still Alive. He has traveled widely and is a stamp collector. Born in Canada, he lives in California.*

Perhaps all this, or the touch of fever we absorbed, caused the change in John Kelsey. Perhaps it was his own innate cruelty and duplicity. He got a queer glitter in his eye, a secretive manner under his false joviality. I could not understand the change then, but now I can all too well. The craving to become a god had laid hold on him. He was thinking of it day and night.

" D'ye know, Thaddy, I'd make a fine god," he said one night. " You're young and soft. You don't know that life's a hard merciless thing. But I'm cut to the right pattern, me lad."

" What gets me," I said, " is that the explorers who are taken for gods don't stick it out. They turn down the girls and are shocked when natives worship them—"

" And you swallow that blarney? " He went off into a roaring laugh. " Devil a one of them tells the truth about it, or they wouldn't be lecturing before the ladies—God bless 'em! Explorers' tales be damned."

There was something to that. Exploring did not interest me, however. What I wanted was loot. What Kelsey wanted was to be a god. And I did not see the peril of it, the horrible peril for me, in this desire of his.

WE reached the hill country at last. Kachin led us straight for his own district, that of the Lalo people. This race comes from the old aborigines of Asia, driven back on every side by Chinese, Burmese, Siamese, and Dyaks, and squeezed into the far inland hills. An extremely primitive race, some armed with old muskets but the majority using bows and spears and a queer armor of leather scales. I am speaking, mind you, of over forty years ago. What that district is like today I do not know.

Kachin was a shrewd old rascal. He wanted me to cure his cataract and restore his blind eye, but I shied at this. He never dared speak with us until after humble prostrations; there was no doubt that he took both Kelsey and me to be the real article.

Once inside his own territory, he brought fresh meat into camp and told us to wait for him. Kelsey, who did most of the palavering, was in high spirits that night.

" The old boy is clearing out now, Thaddy," he said over his pipe. " Going to fetch his relatives and friends for a fitting reception. I fancy that for the sake of his own credit at home he wants the thing to go off without a hitch."

" Any more mention of red and blue stones? " I asked.

" Devil a word. Don't be greedy, me lad." Kelsey fastened me with his hard blue eyes. " And mind this, Thaddy. It's me that'll be the main god. You back me up like a good lad, but leave the talk and swagger and the pretty stones to me."

For three days we remained in camp beside a small river, and rested up. We heard nothing from Kachin, and saw no one. On the fourth day I had been looking for a snake, without any luck, when Kelsey proposed a swim.

Why a snake? Because in Rangoon I had become interested in the native snake charmers. I bought a native flute, a reed instrument with half a dozen notes, and had frequently practiced the requisite music. It is not music in our sense, but has a certain lilt, a rhythmic quality which, once learned, proves rather haunting. I was very curious to see if wild snakes would respond as do the tame ones whose poison fangs are emptied. I have always had a fancy for snakes, and they seem to take to me.

KELSEY and I stripped. We were having a fine swim when, as I came along near the bank, I looked up and saw a glorious hamadryad under the side of a log, basking. Some of these deadly cobras attain great lengths. This one was all of six feet long.

I swam back to Kelsey in a hurry and got him out of the water. " Come on, stand by with your gun," I said. " Let's see if I can put the comether on this cobra. But don't take any chances."

" Take chances with a cobra, is it? " said he, all naked and red-haired in the sunlight. " St. Patrick preserve me! I'll stand by ye, Thaddy, but it's a fool you are! "

I laughed. He was a dead shot, which made things safe enough. I got the flute, never pausing to don any clothes, and after a slow approach I got around to the front of the log where the cobra was. The subtle swing of the music captured him.

I stayed a good ten feet distant, however, beyond his striking range, while John Kelsey waited with ready rifle. There was no need of the gun; the gorgeous big snake went heavily for the music. He lifted his head, swaying, with his beady eyes fastened on me. I forgot everything else in the fascination of it, until I caught a hoarse growl from Kelsey.

" For God's sake, don't be looking around—but there's Kachin and his friends."

I let the music die down. A score of brown men stood all astare behind us. The cobra took his eyes from me, saw them, and slid away. Kelsey threw up his rifle, but I would not let him fire.

Kachin and his friends positively groveled before us. All these people wear no end of clothes—layers of them, in Chinese fashion. So, finding Kelsey and me naked and playing with a huge cobra—well, it simply hit them hard.

We dressed; then each native crawled forward and rubbed a forehead on our shoes. Two were priests, old and wrinkled beggars, incredibly dirty and hung about with charms. Not one of them denied our divinity, and half an hour later we were on the way home with them.

The next afternoon we reached something like a village. These people did not live in communities. They had a sort of feudal system whereby they grouped about one of their chief men. The one here had a large house which he turned over to us. It consisted of one huge room with a grass mat for door and other mats on the floor. For six feet from the ground it was built of stone, with a wood floor and a thatched roof.

We were received with all sorts of ceremony. Kelsey gathered that more of the tribe were coming later and there would be lashings of fun. These people were brown but not Negroid. They had a hint of the Mongolian in their faces and were pleasant folk. They lived by fishing and hunting. A hundred yards from the house and the huts near it was a river of some size, with canoes drawn up on the shore and nets drying.

Next day Kelsey and I slept most of the time, and ate and drank. When we left the house, all the natives within sight dropped on their faces. We agreed that we had best stay out of sight. The more these people saw of us, the less they would take us for gods.

That night I slipped out for a stroll and a smoke. We had had some tubs of water brought in and meant to have a good bath. I found no one about; these Lalos shut themselves up at night and never stir out, for fear of devils. The deserted look of the place got on my nerves, so I went back. The two of us bathed in privacy. We had lamps of palm oil to light the place.

We were just drying off when Kelsey, crossing the floor, tripped on the grass mat in the center and pulled it back. He stood staring down, then called me.

"A trap door or I'm a Dutchman!" said he. "And with a handle in it, too!"

We caught hold and heaved back the trap door, for that was what it was. Kelsey took the lamp, saw a ladder of bamboos, and went down. He came up grinning, laughing, chuckling to himself, with the wildest light ever I saw in a man's face blazing in his blue eyes. He caught my bare arm and led me to the edge of the hole.

In this moment he had gone stark, staring mad; but I did not suspect it in the least.

"Look, Thaddy, look!" said he, pointing. I peered down—and with that he gave me a tremendous shove. Down I went through the hole like a sack of meal.

Luckily I was limp and unsuspecting, for there was a twelve-foot drop and a rigid man would have broken his bones or neck. The ladder helped to break my fall, and then I heard a wild, mad laugh from above.

Kachin—from an actual photograph entrusted to the author by Shea.

"God rest ye, Thaddy Shea! Good night to you, me lad, and pleasant dreams."

The trap slammed shut.

The fall left me dazed and breathless. I got to my feet and climbed the ladder, but could not move the door. It was solid teak, and above was a sliding chunk of teak that fitted into the flooring like a bar. So there I was, and could hear nothing but the occasional thud of John Kelsey's feet up above, and even this but faintly.

For days I remained in this place. How long I never knew and could not tell. In the pitch-darkness I became intimately acquainted with my cellar. It was, roughly, fifteen feet square. Woven baskets held grain and roots, no doubt a food stock for the chief man who lived above. No vermin, luckily. I came across a rotting skull in one corner and bones elsewhere, suggesting that I was not the first person to come a cropper here.

ONCE or twice a day, or when he felt like it, John Kelsey opened the trap door and came a few steps down the ladder, revolver in one hand and a jar of water in the other. Why he did not leave me to die I have no idea; certainly it was not from pity.

"Here, Thaddy," he would say. "Take the jar. One false move and I'll blow your guts out, me lad. Come on, reach up! Where are ye?"

I would take the jar and he would skip back. He could see little of me down below, while I found the sudden burst of light absolutely blinding. To all my entreaties he would answer nothing but a harsh laugh.

I cursed, begged, shouted. In those first days I came near going insane. Had I had a weapon I might have killed myself. There was not a shred of hope for me. Kelsey was sheer out of his head, drunk with power, wild with being a god.

I was at my last gasp in that cellar when, moving one of the baskets, I found a rawhide thong. It must have been all of twelve feet long. It was my chance!

Hours later I crept up the ladder in the darkness and went to work. I could dimly catch a tumultuous noise from outside — the stamping of feet, a thin shrill wail of flutes, the banging of gongs and knock-knock of drums. Some sort of dance or festival was going on.

Having contrived a slip noose, I carefully spread it along two rungs and the side beams of the ladder. I held it in place on the slippery bamboo by lightly wedging the thong between the joints at either side. The free end hung straight down into the darkness. I was still at work when I heard the thudding feet of John Kelsey up above.

I slipped down that ladder in a hurry, and had no more than gained the earthen floor when the trap was flung open. There was Kelsey with the water jar and revolver, and as usual he came down a couple of steps.

But he stopped one rung short of the noose.

"All right, Thaddy, me lad!" he sang out. "Here's the last bite and sup you'll get for a bit, so make the most of it. I'm off to the chief temple to take up residence with the girls and the sapphires. Where are ye?"

As I later realized, he probably meant to shoot me then and there. I looked up. He was stark naked except for a clout about his breech, but he had beard enough for two. He cursed me for not showing up, and came down another rung, peering around for a sight of me. I put my weight on the rawhide thong. His foot was caught, and down he came with a wild yell. The weapon exploded as he crashed to the floor. Then I was on top of him, and we went to it hot and heavy.

EVEN then he almost did for me. Luckily the revolver had been knocked from his hand in the fall. When he got me down and was throttling me, my fingers found it. I shot him twice, and he collapsed. When I felt his heart he was stone-dead.

I paused only to drag his body in back of the baskets. Then I went up the ladder and into the big room above. My clothes were at one side, and so were his. Looking around for our guns and other things, I saw that all were gone. I closed the trap door, pulled the mat over it, and got into some clothes. There was food and to spare on hand, and I wolfed a hasty meal, wondering what to do. Outside was rising a wild tumult.

However, I had not much time to wonder. Gongs clashed at the entrance, and into the place walked Kachin with the two filthy priests at his heels. He carried a black robe—enough like a priest's cassock to show that the original god had been a missionary.

At sight of me the three men were simply terrified and plunged down on their faces; but Kachin was overjoyed just the same. Kelsey had given them a long song and dance about the two of us being one god and himself having absorbed me; I never got the exact gist of it, but that was the way it ran. Now, naturally, they thought that I had come back and absorbed him, and they were delighted. For a novice in the business, I certainly had some lucky breaks that trip.

I garbed myself in the black robe and the three led me outside. A litter was there, with a stuffed stool on it. I sat on the stool, four men picked up the litter, and we left the compound. Outside the whole local population was gathered, dancing and singing and clashing gongs. Kachin lined up about fifty warriors around the litter, and off we started, with the whole enormous crowd swinging along behind us. The chief temple was nothing but a small but fine stone building that had been until recently swallowed up by the jungle. Now it was repaired and put in shape. Grass mats were hung about to divide it into chambers. At the entrance we were halted and Kachin brought forward a whole rabble of people.

You could have knocked me down with a feather when I saw that they were all sick or hurt or maimed. I was supposed to effect miracles and cure them!

There was no backing out. I had to stall for time. With what little of the lingo I had picked up, and by signs, I had Kachin make every one start a dance. The swaying, posturing crowd swung into motion, and I examined the throng who expected miracles. Certain ones were dull-eyed, despairing, hopeless. Others were filled with eagerness, their brown faces alight with fanatical faith. On these latter I was willing to take a chance.

When I moved among them, when I touched them, they trembled and kowtowed to me. Their genuine belief in me was a thrilling thing. As many as were not actually maimed or deformed I picked out of the throng and got them in front of me. Then I went to work getting their fanatical spirit roused to the highest point.

When the time was ripe, when they were in a rapt ecstasy, I held their hands, talked to them, looked into their eyes, and bent my will upon them. They knew they were going to be cured, and I was desperate enough to gamble on their faith and my own hypnotic appeal. And it worked! The majority of them really were cured.

You may laugh; but you can see the same thing occur in the frenzies of our own civilized people. Many wild folk, if predisposed as these were, yield readily to suggestion or hypnotism or whatever you prefer to call the power of stronger minds over weaker ones. Later among the Dyaks I put this to proof, as you shall see, in the ghastly affair of poor Vanderdonck. In the present case I was gambling, and I won.

At the moment I was the most surprised person there. I laid the results to my own innate powers, which was all nonsense; I strutted around like a real deity and in general made a fool of myself. This, I suppose, was only natural.

Presently the two priests led me into the temple, the mats fell behind us, and the noise was shut out. I was taken through the various rooms, in each of which a girl fell on her face before me, and to the end room. This was mine. In fact, the whole place was. Our guns and other personal possessions were all in my room.

The priests went away. Night was falling, and one of the girls brought a bowl of food and a lamp. She was a pretty little thing; so they all were, indeed. And she made me understand that she was staying, and was glad to stay.

THE fact was that these girls had been chosen as wives for the god, and were delighted. Also, they each had some pretty red and blue stones as gifts. I imagine that all the families had contributed to the collection.

I have undertaken to tell the truth about this god racket of mine, and I am going through with it. I have no reason to pose as a sanctimonious moral and upright gentleman, especially as I have been the worst charlatan alive. Confession, they say, is good for the soul. I doubt it; but I shall stick to the truth.

So I found myself with five wives in this temple of mine. For a week or so I kept strictly in seclusion, refusing none of the gifts provided for me. There was food in plenty, the company was pleasant, and after that horrible nightmare in the cellar I was not averse to a good time.

The rubies and sapphires fascinated me. They were rough uncut stones, of course. I learned that they were found in soil similar to the byon locations of Burma, and some of them in caves. I remained secluded even from my wives, the better to keep my dignity; so I had plenty of time to sew a sack out of John Kelsey's shirt. There were about eight pounds of stones in that sack, and the sleeves of the shirt served to fasten it to my belt when I departed. Departed? Yes, just that. It was curious, but I knew exactly how those explorers felt after being accepted as gods.

I wanted to get away from here, and to go fast. It was not alone the fact that I had enough loot to make me rich. It was, in a word, stage fright. I was green at the god business in those days. I was afraid of being called on for more miracles, and failure would be a sad thing for Thaddeus Shea.

I lost confidence in myself. Like a fool, I began to imagine things. I even fancied that these people might be fattening me for sacrifice or something of the sort. Once panic got under my skin, I was lost. I lacked the nerve to assert myself and make certain of my authority. If the body of John Kelsey were found, explanations might be awkward. Besides, five wives—well, that was just a trifle overdoing the domestic angle of my position.

In my folly I got the wind up more and more. Much as I hate the admission, I simply funked the whole business.

After the first week or so I had to receive deputations of worshipers. These came around the entrance, prostrating themselves, and the two priests managed things; just what it was all about I never did know. I merely sat there wearing my black robe and looking solemn. Never again, I swore, would I be a god where I did not talk the language; and it was a valuable lesson.

MONOTONY palled upon me, too. I was downright afraid to prowl around the village or stick my nose outside the temple. Two warriors were on guard day and night, and I imagined they were guarding me as a prisoner. I can scarcely be blamed for my folly, since it was my first crack at the business. The whole thing really taught me a great deal which I afterward put to good effect.

The upshot was that I made my plans to skip out.

There was nothing very difficult about it, for my two guards were the only natives up and around at night. There were plenty of canoes beside the river, and I was kept supplied with a liquor which was strong and heady as brandy. So, for my chosen night, I had the two girls nearest the entrance plan a feast, with plenty of liquor. Along in the shank of the evening I called in the two guards. When they got over their first awe of me a few drinks put them at ease, and when all hands were wobbly I simply walked out, and no one missed me.

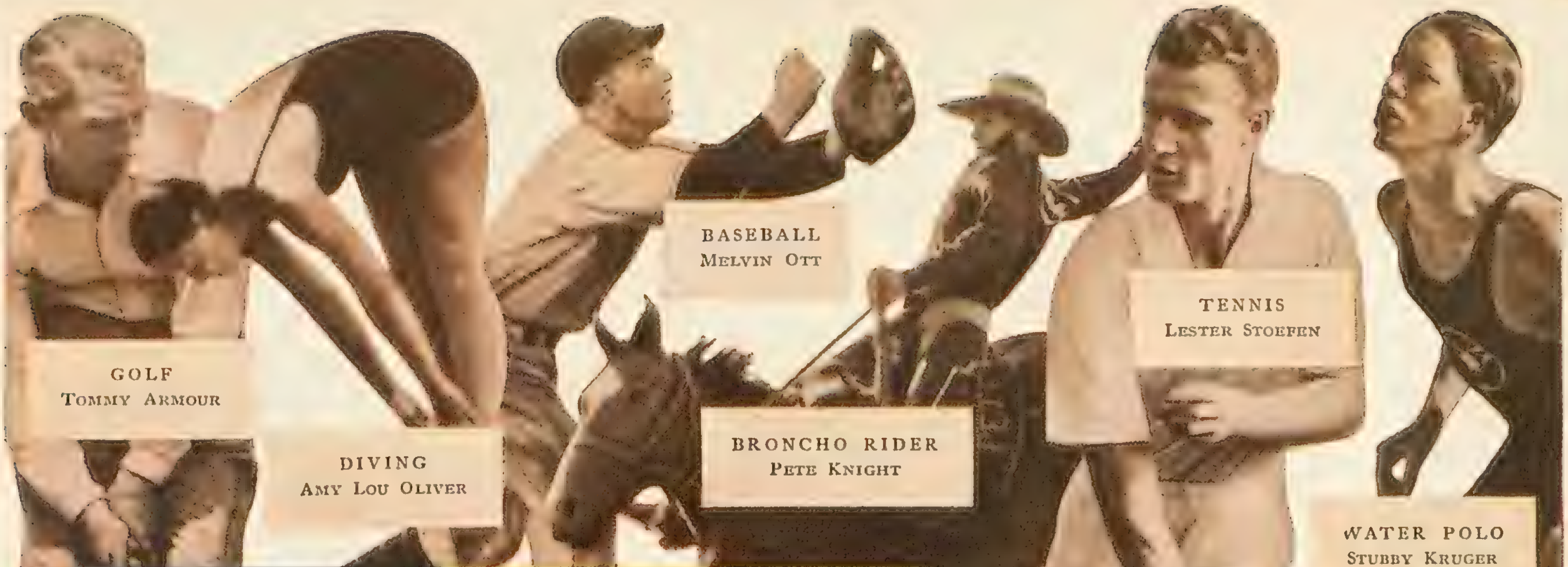
I had prepared a bundle of what I would need most, with rifle, pistol, and knife. I got down to the river with these, and encountered no more trouble than barking dogs that knew men from night devils every time. Running a canoe into the water, I climbed aboard with my stuff and was gone. I have often wondered if that first red-headed Jesuit skipped out the same way.

That is really the whole story. I had been a god, and did not like it, and left. Should I embellish it with beautiful women and perilous 'scapes? No; I am being honest. Besides, there were enough of these other features later. You would not believe my story of what came afterward if you did not know the foundation of it all; and having determined to tell the whole truth, I want it to be believed—even if I can offer no proofs of it. I don't want my picture in the papers after telling what I have to tell later on!

During two days and nights I kept moving down that river without the least idea where I was. On the third day, after mooring and catching a couple of hours' sleep, I wakened to hear voices.

I sat up in the canoe and saw a dozen natives roosting on the bank looking at me. Not of the Lalo people but of some strange tribe. Next thing I knew, arrows were spitting all around me.

A fugitive "divinity" in a hailstorm of death! How was it that Shea survived to play god four times more? Read next week's installment—and see him practice his imposture upon the head-hunting Dyaks of Borneo, among whom he adventures with the frenzied giant Vanderdonck, the beautiful and tragic Mme. Vanderdonck, and a seductive girl, Leila! All this leads up, in the old Irishman's recital, to a drama as gruesome and as gripping as ever the Far East can have witnessed.


GOLF
Tommy Armour
DIVING
Amy Lou Oliver
BASEBALL
Melvin Ott
BRONCHO RIDER
Pete Knight
TENNIS
Lester Stoefen
WATER POLO
Stubby Kruger

ATHLETES SAY:

"THEY DON'T GET YOUR WIND!"

TOMMY ARMOUR says: "I'd walk a mile for a Camel...any day!"

Read below what these famous athletes say about Camels

A suggestion: follow the athletes in your search for cigarette mildness.

Tommy Armour, the golf champion, says: "Camels never bother my nerves or shorten my wind—that is convincing evidence that Camels are mild." Mel Ott, heavy-hitting outfielder of the New York Giants, reports: "My experience is that Camels are so mild they never get my wind."

And Stubby Kruger, water polo and swimming star; Amy Lou Oliver, diver; and Lester Stoefen, tennis star, agree with Pete Knight, the rodeo champion, who says: "Camels—there's a smoke so mild it never cuts your wind, never gets you out of condition."

A mildness that will please you too!

Camels are mild, cool, gentle on the throat. Smoke them all you wish. They don't upset your nerves or tire your taste. And athletes find that Camels do not get their wind.

YOU'LL LIKE THEIR MILDNESS TOO!

LIFE IS MORE WORTH WHILE when you feel fit, "in condition." Think of your nerves...your wind...and turn to Camels. They are made from costlier tobaccos. Athletes say: "They don't get your wind."

SO MILD! YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT!

Camels

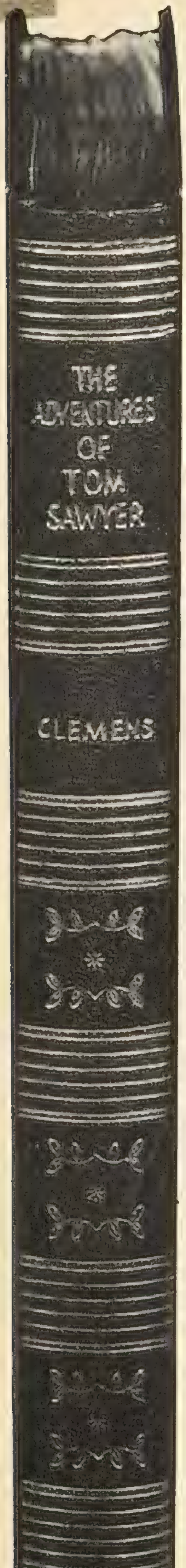
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

- Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

© 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

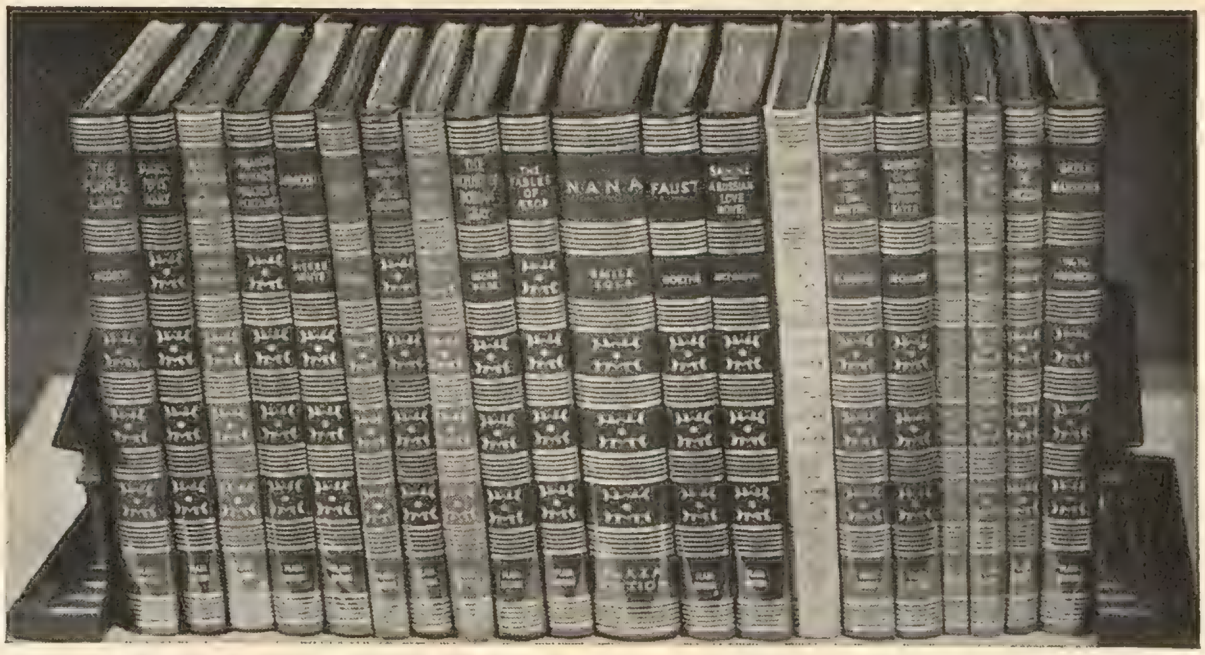


ONLY

$1.00

EACH

POSTPAID



THESE GREAT CLASSICS

BEAUTIFULLY PRINTED — EXQUISITELY BOUND

TO its thousands of friends Economy Educational League announces a gorgeous edition of twenty great classics without which no home library is complete.

Exquisitely fabricated, semi-limp binding beautifully decorated in gold—ends in full gilt—clear readable type on fine, heavy art stock with deckled edges—profusely illustrated by famous artists, entirely aside from their acknowledged literary value, these books have an appearance, an air, a feel about them that instantly classifies them among the finer editions; the kind that every lover of fine books likes to read and is proud to own.

At our nominal price of $1 each postpaid, these books are unusual bargains. By all means study the titles and short descriptions carefully and order today as many as you desire. The supply is limited. Orders filled in sequence of their receipt. Remember you take no risk. All books returnable for prompt refund if not satisfactory.

A—THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER, by Samuel L. Clemens
In no other story has the soul of a boy been better realized than in this beloved work of Mark Twain.

B—LYSISTRATA, by Aristophanes
Aristophanes' brightest, most human comedy featuring a strike of wives.

C—CANDIDE, by Voltaire
Masterly exercise of the imagination by one of the world's greatest authors and satirists.

D—THE ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN
History's most fascinating liar who has won the heart of millions.

E—SANINE, by Artzibashev
A realistic Russian love novel, vigorous with the often brutal naivete of the Russian.

F—CYRANO DE BERGERAC, by Edmond Rostand
Tragic-heroic French drama which has captured the fancy of thousands of theatre-goers.

G—A SHROPSHIRE LAD, by A. E. Housman
His poetry is eternally satisfying. This collection is a favorite.

H—THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY, by Oscar Wilde
Strange realism and weird fantasy are combined in this famous novel.

I—FAUST, by Goethe
The supreme masterpiece of one of the greatest minds in all literature.

J—RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM —Edward Fitzgerald translation
The Rubaiyat is an universal favorite. Little need be said about it.

K—SAMUEL PEPYS' DIARY, Edited by Willis L. Parker
"The most revealing and human document in the English language," says the Dictionary of National Biography.

L—THE PURPLE LAND, by W. H. Hudson
Stirring narrative of loves and adventures in South America by the author of Green Mansions.

M—GREEN MANSIONS, by W. H. Hudson
The spell of all that is beautiful hangs like an aura over every page.

N—APHRODITE, by Pierre Louys
The one modern classic which eclipses in exotic beauty the works of the ancients.

O—NANA, by Emile Zola
A graphic picture of the life of a French courtesan and the pleasure-mad society in which she moved.

P—ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND and THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS, by Lewis Carroll
This has become one of the greatest books of all time.

Q—CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM EATER, by Thomas De Quincy
The reveries and fantastic imaginings induced by the use of opium.

R—LYRICS OF THE BEST KNOWN GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS and BAB BALLADS
Perhaps the most ravishingly humorous comedies ever written.

S—AESOP'S FABLES
Root stories from which have come innumerable dramas, poems and stories.

T—FAIRY TALES, by Andersen and Perault
Have been nursery favorites for nearly two hundred years.

ANY 10 FOR $9.00 — ALL 20 FOR $17.00

USE COUPON . . . ORDER BY DESIGNATING LETTER

ECONOMY EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE

1926 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

ECONOMY EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE **Dept. L6225**
1926 Broadway, New York

I enclose $............for which please send me postage prepaid the books circled below; my money to be refunded on any unsatisfactory purchase.

A B C D E F G H I J
K L M N O P Q R S T

Name..

Street..

City..State..........................

Hollywood Formula

by HELEN GILMORE

· A Short Short Story

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

“Hi, Logan! This won't do. The dialogue's terrible! . . . Frank Logan! Hi!”

“I'm sorry; he isn't here.”

“Is anybody by any chance in this office?”

“No, sir.”

“Well, where would you say you are?”

“It's Saturday afternoon, you know. I went home just as you came in. Didn't you see me?”

“Never mind the whimsey. Who are you?”

“I'm Joan Bradley, Mr. Logan's secretary.”

“Oh, yes. You used to come down when Frank was writing on the set. Haven't seen you for some time.”

“No, Mr. Bogart. You may recall you threw me off your celebrated Stage B.”

“So I did. Caught you telling Marilyn Dale how to read her lines. Not a bad way of edging in. I suppose you'd like to be a movie star yourself.”

“I would not!”

“Refreshing—if true. You'd be the first female under fifty I've seen in Hollywood who doesn't think she's embryo star stuff.”

“My one distinction. I'm no Hollywood formula.”

“Hollywood formula? What do you mean?”

“Oh, cash and careers and kowtowing—to directors, for instance.”

“Smart, eh?”

“Sort of.”

“Well, where's that smart chief of yours?”

“Why—he—uh—left last night for a little week-end rest on the desert.”

“Little week-end binge, you mean.”

“No, really, Mr. Bogart. Mr. Logan was badly in need of a—a change.”

“He picked a fine time to change—right in the middle of a picture! Ever hear of seven little letters in this business: r-e-w-r-i-t-e?”

“Of course. But he did that emergency rewrite on the night-club sequence before he left last night. I typed out the script myself and sent it over special so that you'd be sure to have it at your studio bungalow this morning. Didn't you get it?”

“Yes—unfortunately. That bird must think he writes dialogue like Shakespeare—for posterity.”

“What's the matter with the dialogue?”

“Nothing. It's rotten—that's all.”

“But Frank Logan is your ace dialogue man.”

“He won't be, at this rate, my child. How long do you suppose a Gene Bogart picture would stand up with blather like this? Psychology as phony as a telephone booth—speeches as long as roller towels. And with crutches like these I'm supposed to build for a smash climax. Yah!”

“Look here, Mr. Bogart. It's only fair to Mr. Logan to tell you—I did that rewrite!”

“Ah—you did it! Why?”

“Well—Mr. Logan wasn't here, and I knew it was important to—”

“Shield your boss?”

“He doesn't need any shielding!”

“He does, and you know it. Why did you do it? Are you in love with him?”

“Not at all. He happens to have a wife he's pretty crazy about. Besides, what business is it of yours? But if you want to know—”

“I do—possibly more than you might think.”

“Well, Frank Logan found me when I was down and out.”

“You're too young—and beautiful—to have been down and out.”

“Thanks, but I'm not. He offered me one of the rarest things in Hollywood—an honest job. Perhaps you can understand how grateful I'll always be to him.”

“I see. Sorry I panned the dialogue.”

“You needn't be. I wish you'd go one better and tell me what's really wrong with it.”

“Kidding?”

“Why should I be? Aren't you the man who's created a new technique in pictures?—the technique of fascinating dialogue—end quotes.”

“And omit daisies. Do you suppose I don't know you've been doing a good portion of that dialogue, Joan?”

“I? Why, you said my dialogue was rotten.”

“Certainly. I had to trick you into admitting you had written it, and you'd only do that if you thought Frank was on a spot.”

“So you planted that rewrite to—catch me?”

“I've suspected you for months, monkey—ever since I threw you off my stage and found Frank couldn't do a thing without you.”

“No—no! It's all a misunderstanding.”

“I've got you dead to rights, kid. You think Frank's off on a bender, don't you?”

“Oh, no!”

“Oh, yes, you mean. But you're wrong. Last night I put him in a sanitarium up north of here.”

“Why, I saw him in Jonesie's Bar last night!”

“So did I. After you left I siphoned him into my car and drove him up to San Luis Obispo for a quick cure. But I had to know if in the meantime we could get under way with our new picture—a picture that's going to top them all for fast dialogue.”

“Well—what are you going to do?”

“Get a little screen credit for Joan. Nice?”

“Heavenly! But it certainly took you long enough to get here. I've been waiting for you for hours.”

“Waiting for me? I don't understand.”

“You see, Frank tipped me off in Jonesie's. He heard you talking when he wasn't as drunk as you thought he was.”

“The son of a sea cook! What did he say?”

“Told me to go on in and win while he took a rest on your salary.”

“I get it. Just a couple of sellouts.”

“Awful mad?”

“Furious. How about dinner tonight?”

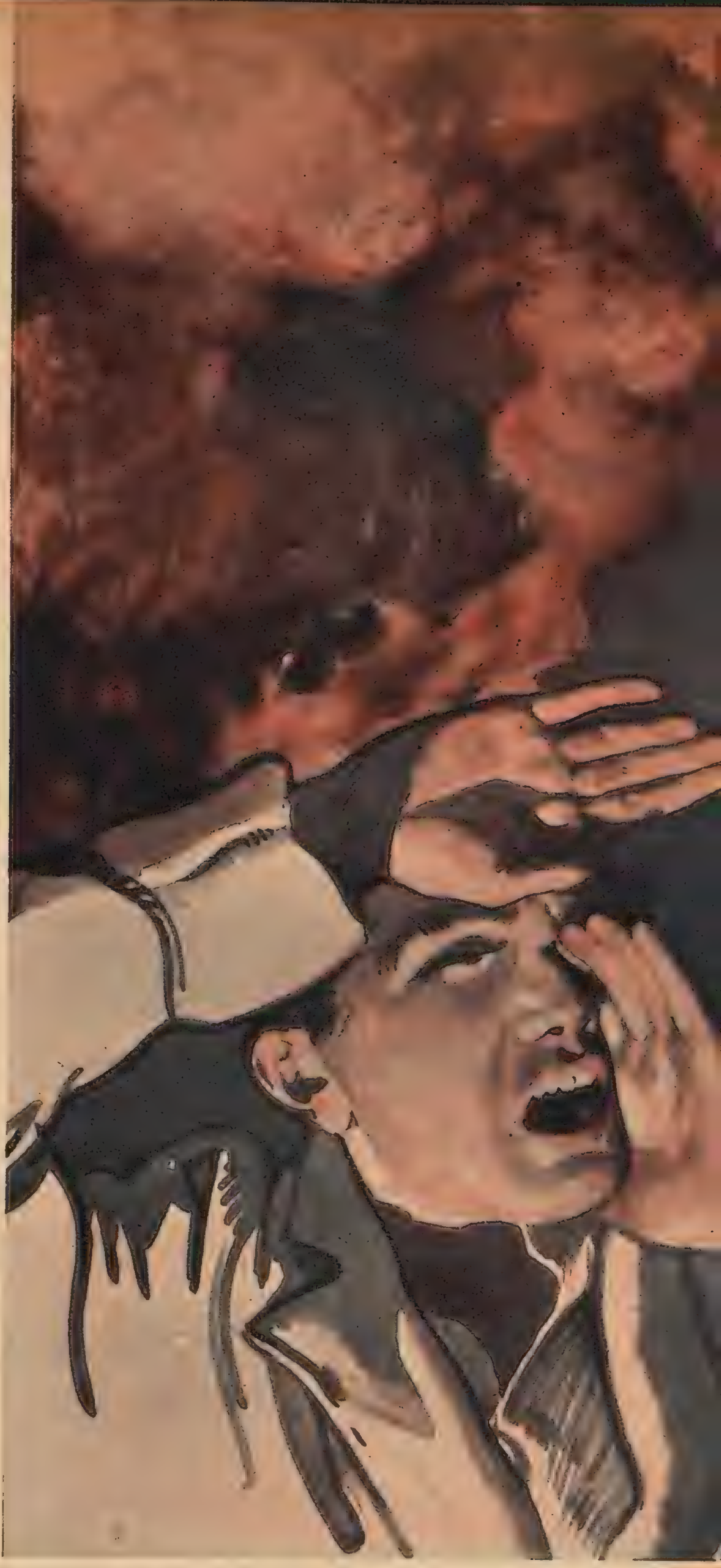
“Promise not to make a movie star of me?”

“You're a bum actress, Beautiful. I knew you were faking as soon as I found you here. No honest secretary would be hanging around this time Saturday afternoon. Just old girl Hollywood formula herself.”

“Scum!”

“Darling!”

THE END



Smoke bothered me a lot. Frank came after me, pulled me back. Sam yelling ".Fire!" seemed to have lost his head.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

A Lively Tale of Thrills and Mystery Gets Excitingly Into Its Stride—Don't Miss This Latest and Greatest of All the Perry Mason Detective Stories

THE CASE OF THE Caretaker's

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 22 SECONDS

PART TWO—"A BEAUTIFUL CASE OF MURDER"

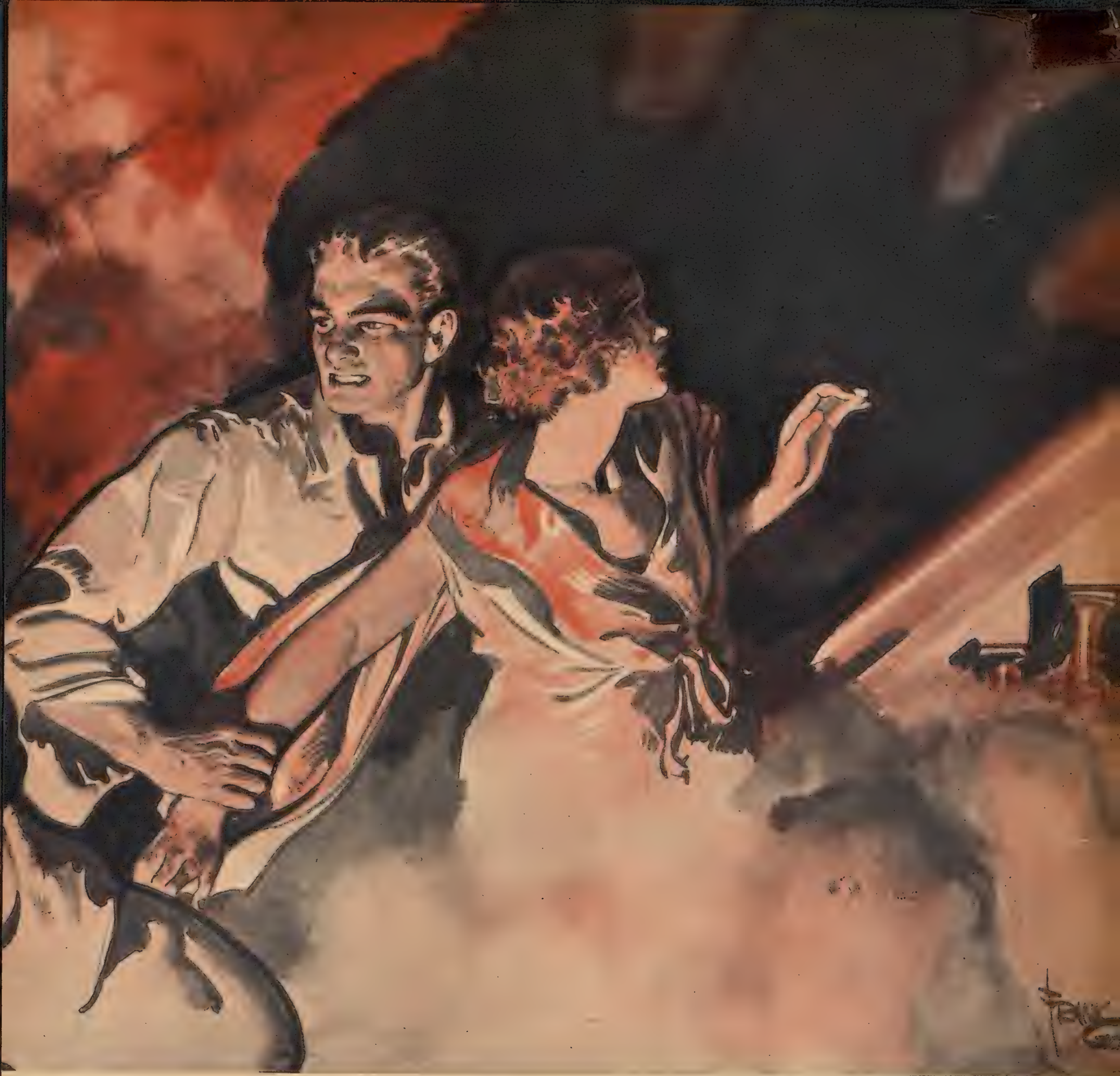
WINIFRED interrupted Douglas Keene firmly. "Mr. Mason is only interested in the cat, Doug."

Keene laughed, a quick nervous laugh. "I'm sorry. Guess I got pretty well worked up. I can't stand the idea of any one poisoning an animal, and when it comes down to brass tacks, Clinker is worth a dozen Sam Laxters. Oh, well, I'll keep out of it."

"What's going to come out about Sam Laxter?" Drake asked.

Mason dropped his hand to the detective's shoulder. "Wait a minute, Paul. These people have shot square with us; let's shoot square with them."

He turned to Winifred. "Do you want to give us any information?" he asked.



Cat

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

She shook her head. "I want to keep out of it and I want Doug to keep out of it."

"Come on, Paul," Mason said.

As the outer door closed behind them, Winifred's eyes flashed them a smile. She waved her arm.

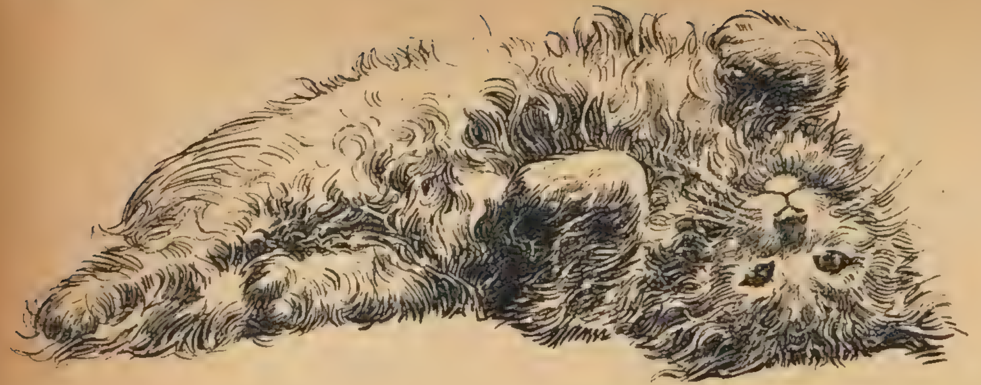
"What did you do that for?" Drake protested. "That fellow knows something. He's been talking with Edith DeVoe."

"Who's Edith DeVoe?"

"She's the nurse who lived there in the house. I had a hunch she might know something."

Mason, staring moodily up and down the street, said, "If I catch Smith hanging around here, I'm going to punch his face. The damn shyster, going in and taking advantage of the kid and getting her to sign a paper like that." After a moment he said grimly, "Come on, we're going to see Edith DeVoe." . . .

In the taxicab, the detective gave Perry Mason a few



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

COMPLAINING that Sam Laxter, one of the heirs of the late eccentric millionaire, Peter Laxter, threatens to poison his cat Clinker, the old crippled caretaker, Charles Ashton, puts his case in the hands of Perry Mason, the famous criminal lawyer.

Curious facts are disclosed: Peter Laxter had been the only one burned to death in the complete destruction of his country house by fire, though Sam Laxter, Frank Oafley, and Winifred Laxter, his grandchildren, were there, as well as Mrs. Pixley, the housekeeper, Jim Brandon, the chauffeur, and Edith DeVoe, the old man's nurse.

The caretaker also tells Mason that Winifred, the granddaughter, was originally sole heiress to the Laxter fortune, but the will had been recently changed, cutting her off, and making Sam and Frank, her cousins, the beneficiaries. However, old Peter had turned a million dollars' worth of securities into cash shortly before the fire—and it had either gone up in smoke or been secretly deposited in a safe-deposit box!

Perry Mason is strongly interested. He notifies Sam Laxter that if he does away with the cat, a suit will follow which may invalidate the will. This brings Sam and Frank Oafley to the office, with their attorney, Nathaniel Smith, a slippery shyster. Smith fulminates that if Ashton and Winifred, whom he accuses of conspiracy, will sign a statement that old Peter's will is valid and there won't be any contest, the cat is safe.

His fighting spirit up, Mason summons Detective Drake, and together they discover Winifred Laxter running a waffle shop on her own. But Nathaniel Smith has been there before them, and gotten Winnie to sign a paper. Into this scene bursts a young fellow, Douglas Keene, who loves the beautiful girl.

"Ask what's become of the Koltsdorf diamonds," he says.

"Doug!" cried Winnie sharply.

"I know stuff about Sam that's going to come out," persists Keene. "It's Edith DeVoe. She . . . ."

---

pertinent bits of information. "There's something off-color about your caretaker, Charles Ashton," he said. "He was riding with Pete Laxter, his employer, and they were in an automobile accident. It busted Ashton up pretty badly. He tried to collect damages and couldn't. The driver of the other car wasn't insured and didn't have a dime. Ashton made quite a squawk, trying to get something, said he hadn't saved a dime."

"That's nothing unusual," Mason remarked. "It's a regular sales talk. He might have had a million dollars salted away and still have said the same thing."

"He had a bank account at one of the branch banks. As nearly as we can find out, it was the only bank account he ever had. He deposited his salary checks there. He'd saved something like four hundred dollars. After the accident he spent it all, and still owes some to a doctor."

"Didn't Peter Laxter take care of his expenses after that accident?"

"No. Ashton told one of his friends that Laxter would take care of him all right in the long run, but Laxter thought he'd stand a better chance recovering damages if he could show that the money for doctors and hospital bills had been paid out of his own savings."

"GO ahead," Mason said. "You're leading up to something."

"Shortly before the house burned, Laxter started cashing in. I can't find how much, but it was plenty. Three days before the house burned down, Charles Ashton rented two large-sized safety deposit boxes in his own name, but he told the clerk that he had a half brother who was to be given access to the boxes. The clerk told him his half brother would have to come in and register for signature. Ashton said the half brother was sick in bed and couldn't move, but couldn't he take out a card and have the half brother sign. He said he'd guarantee the signature, indemnify the bank against any claim, and all that sort of stuff. The bank gave him a card. Ashton went out and came back in an hour or so with the signature on it."

"What was the name?"

"Clammert—Watson Clammert."

"Who's Clammert?" Mason asked. "Is it a phony?"

"No," Drake said, "he's probably Ashton's half brother. That is, he was; he's dead now. He wasn't registered in the city directory, but I took a chance, inquired at the motor vehicle department, and found Watson Clammert had a driving license. I got the address, chased him down, and found that Watson Clammert had died within twenty-four hours after affixing his signature to that card."

"Anything fishy about the death?" Mason asked.

"Absolutely nothing. He died of natural causes, in a hospital. But—and here's the phony part—he'd been in a coma for four days prior to his death. He hadn't once regained consciousness."

"What else about him?" Mason asked.

"Apparently he and Ashton are chips off the same block. Ashton went for years without seeing him or speaking to him. It wasn't until Ashton heard that Clammert was dying in the charity ward of a hospital that he came to help him out."

"How did you get this stuff?" Mason asked.

"Ashton talked quite a bit to one of the nurses. She got a kick out of him. He was so bitterly vindictive and yet so bighearted. He'd heard Clammert was sick and broke, so he hobbled around making a canvass of the hospitals until he found Clammert lying unconscious and near death. He dug down in his pocket and did everything he could, hired specialists, got special nurses, and haunted the bedside.

"But he stipulated that when Clammert recovered consciousness, he was never to know who his benefactor had been. Ashton told the nurses they quarreled years ago and hadn't seen each other since—and what do you think they quarreled about?"

Mason said irritably, "I'll bite."

The detective grinned and said, "A cat by the name of Clinker—it was just a kitten then."

"Oh hell," Mason said disgustedly.

"As near as I can figure out," Drake went on, "from the time Ashton discovered his half brother until Clammert died a couple of days later, Ashton had spent something like five hundred dollars in hospital and doctors' bills. He paid everything out in cash. The nurse said he had a big sheaf of bills he carried in his wallet. Now, then, where did Charles Ashton get that money?"

Mason made a grimace. "Shucks, Paul, I didn't want you to dig up facts that would put *my* client in a spot; I wanted you to dig up something that would put Sam Laxter in a spot."

"Well," Drake remarked in his dry expressionless voice, "they're some of the pieces in the puzzle picture. I'm hired to get the pieces; you're hired to put them together. If they're going to make the wrong kind of a picture when they're put together, you can always lose some of the pieces so no one else can find them."

Mason chuckled, then said thoughtfully, "Why the devil did Ashton want it so Clammert could go to that safety deposit box?"

"Well, the only thing I could think of," Drake said, "was that if Clammert got well Ashton intended to give him money but didn't intend to have any personal contact, so he arranged to give Clammert a key to a safety deposit box into which he'd put money from time to time and Clammert could take it out.”

“That doesn't make sense,” Mason said, “because Clammert would have to sign his name to get access to the box, and the signature that Ashton turned in as being that of Clammert couldn't have been made by Clammert because Clammert was unconscious.”

“Okay,” Drake said. “That's what I meant when I said the facts were the pieces in the puzzle.”

“Did any one using Clammert's name ever go to the safety deposit boxes?” Mason asked.

“No, Clammert's never been near the box. Ashton went to it several times. He went to it yesterday, and he went to it today. While the clerks didn't want to talk about it, I gathered the impression they thought Ashton had pulled out a wad of dough from those safety deposit boxes either yesterday or today, or both. One of them saw Ashton stuffing currency into a satchel.”

Perry Mason laughed. “In most cases,” he said, “we can't find out any facts at all until after we've gone through a lot of preliminary work. In this case they pour into our laps.”

“Did your client tell you about the Koltsdorf diamonds?” Drake wanted to know.

“No,” said Mason.

The detective chuckled. “The Koltsdorf diamonds are about the only jewels Peter Laxter ever fell for. Heaven knows how he came by them. They were some of the stones smuggled out of Russia by the old aristocracy. Peter Laxter showed them to a few friends. They were large brilliant diamonds. And since the fire they haven't been found.”

“Diamonds in the wreckage of a burned house could hide pretty well,” Mason said dryly.

“They've taken that wreckage to pieces with a fine-tooth comb, sifted ashes, and done all sorts of things. A distinctive ruby ring which Peter Laxter always wore on his left hand was found on the body, but no diamonds.”

“Tell me the rest of it,” Mason demanded. “Has Ashton shown up with those diamonds?”

“No, not that I've been able to find out. But he's done other peculiar things that are just as incriminating. For instance, shortly before the fire Laxter had been dickering for a piece of property. He'd taken Ashton out with him to look the property over. A couple of days ago Ashton called on the owner of the property and made an offer. The offer was for cash on the nail.”

“It was refused?”

“Temporarily, yes, but I think the deal's still open.”

Mason, frowning thoughtfully, said, “Looks like I'm stirring up a mare's-nest. Laxter *might* have cached his property and Ashton *might* have had an inside track. In that event he probably wouldn't feel obligated to hand Sam Laxter the coin on a silver platter. Guess we're due for a talk with Ashton.”

DRAKE said tonelessly, “The two grandchildren have been pretty wild, particularly Sam. Oafley's the quiet unsociable sort. Sam went in for speedy automobiles, polo ponies, women, and all that sort of stuff. The old man was tighter than a knot in a shoelace except with his grandchildren; he was very liberal with them. The day before the fire there was a hell of a fight out at the house. I can't find out exactly what it was, but I think this nurse can tell us. I'd talked with the servants. They froze up. I hadn't got around to the nurse yet. . . . Here's her apartment. According to the reports I get, Frank Oafley was pretty much interested in her when she was taking care of the old man, and he's been seeing her off and on since.”

Mason paid off the cab. They rang a bell and, when a buzzer had released the door catch, entered the outer door and walked down a long corridor to a ground floor apartment. A red-haired woman with quick restless eyes, swift nervous motions, and a well-modeled figure which was set off to advantage by her clothes met them at the door of the apartment. Her face showed disappointment. “Oh,” she said, “I was expecting—who are you?”

Paul Drake bowed and said, “I'm Paul Drake. This is Mr. Mason, Miss DeVoe.”

“What is it you want?” she asked. Her speech was very rapid.

“We wanted to talk with you,” Mason said.

“About some employment,” Paul Drake hastened to add. “You're a nurse, aren't you?”

She hesitated a moment, looked up and down the corridor, then stepped back from the door and said, “Very well, you may come in, but only for a few minutes.”

The apartment was as clean and well cared for as though she had just finished a careful housecleaning. Her hair was done with great attention to detail. Her nails were well-kept. She wore her clothes with the manner of one who is wearing her best.

Drake sat down, relaxing comfortably, as though he intended to stay for hours.

Mason sat on the arm of an overstuffed chair. He looked at the detective and frowned.

“Now this employment may not be exactly the kind of a job you had in mind,” Drake said, “but there's no harm talking it over. Would you mind telling me what your rates are by the day?”

“Do you mean for two or three days, or—”

“No, just one day.”

“Ten dollars,” she said crisply.

DRAKE took a billfold from his pocket. He extracted ten dollars but didn't at once pass it over to the nurse.

“I had one day's employment,” he said. “It won't take over an hour, but I'd be willing to pay for a full day.”

She glanced swiftly from Mason to Drake. Her voice showed suspicion. “Just what is the nature of this employment?”

“We wanted you to recall a few facts,” Drake said, folding the ten dollar bill about his fingers. “It would take perhaps ten or fifteen minutes for you to give us an outline, and then you could sit down and write out the facts you'd told us.”

“Facts about what?” Her voice was distinctly guarded.

The detective's glassy eyes watched her in expressionless appraisal. He pushed the ten dollar bill toward her. “We wanted to find out all you knew about Peter Laxter.”

She gave a start, staring from face to face in quick alarm, and said, “You're detectives!” She shook her head vehemently. “No,” she said. “I was employed by Mr. Laxter as a nurse. It wouldn't be ethical for me to divulge any of his secrets.”

Perry Mason spoke. “The house was burned, Miss DeVoe, and you were in it at the time.”

“Yes.”

“How did the house burn—rather quickly?”

“Quite quickly.”

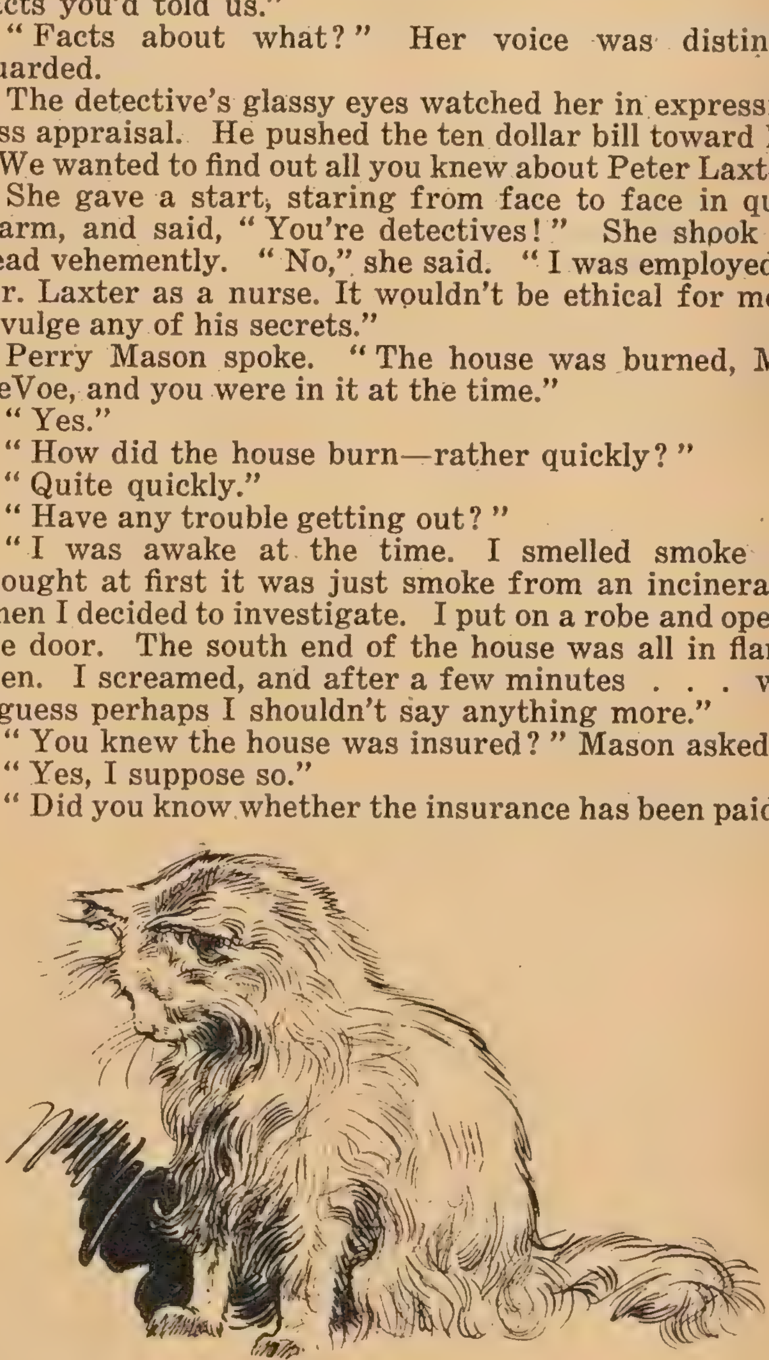
“Have any trouble getting out?”

“I was awake at the time. I smelled smoke and thought at first it was just smoke from an incinerator. Then I decided to investigate. I put on a robe and opened the door. The south end of the house was all in flames then. I screamed, and after a few minutes . . . well, I guess perhaps I shouldn't say anything more.”

“You knew the house was insured?” Mason asked.

“Yes, I suppose so.”

“Did you know whether the insurance has been paid?”



"Why, I think it has. I think it's been paid to Mr. Samuel Laxter. He's the executor, isn't he?"

"Was there some one in that house you didn't like?" Mason asked.

"Why, whatever makes you ask that?"

"Whenever a fire occurs," Mason said slowly, "which might result in the loss of life and in which a person actually was killed, the authorities usually make an investigation. That investigation isn't always completed at the time of the fire, but when it *is* made it's always advisable for the witnesses to tell what they know."

She thought that over for several seconds.

"You mean that if I shouldn't make any statement I might be under suspicion of having set the fire to trap some one whom I didn't like? Oh, but that's *too* absurd!"

"I'll put it to you another way," Mason said. "You can't be thrown with people for some time under the same roof without forming attachments, certain likes and dislikes. Let's suppose, for example, there was some person whom you didn't like and some person whom you did. We're going to get the facts about that fire. We're going to get them from some one. If we should get them from you, it might be better all around than if we happened to get them from the person whom you didn't like, particularly if that person should try to fasten guilt upon the person you *did* like."

She stiffened. "You mean that Sam Laxter has accused Frank Oafley of setting that fire?"

"Certainly not," Mason said. "I am purposely refraining from making any statement of facts. I'm giving out no information. I came to get it." He got to his feet. "Come on, Paul."

Edith DeVoe jumped from her chair.

"Wait. I didn't understand just what you wanted. I'll give you all the information I have."

"We'd want to know quite a few things," Mason said as though hesitating about returning to his chair. "I guess we'd better get the information somewhere else after all. We'd want to know all about the lives and personal habits of the people who lived in the house, and you, being a nurse—I guess perhaps we'd better leave you out of it."

"No, no, don't do that! If you're going to get the facts, I'd prefer that you get them from me. If Sam has even intimated Frank Oafley had anything to do with that fire, it's a dirty lie by which Sam hopes to save his own bacon!"

Mason sighed, then with apparent reluctance returned to his chair, sat once more on the arm, and said, "We're willing to listen for a few minutes, Miss DeVoe, but you'll have to make it snappy. Our time is valuable and—"

SHE broke into swift conversation: "I understand all that. I thought at the time there was something funny about the fire. I told Frank Oafley about it and he said I should keep quiet. I'd screamed and tried to arouse Mr. Laxter—that's Peter Laxter—the old man. By that time the flames were all over that end of the house. I kept screaming and groped my way up the stairs. It was hot there and smoky, but there weren't any flames. The smoke bothered me a lot. Frank came after me and pulled me back. He said there was nothing I could do. We stood on the stairs and yelled, trying to arouse Mr. Laxter, but we didn't get any answer. Lots of black smoke was rolling up the stairs. I looked back and saw some flames just breaking through the floor near the bottom of the stairs, and I knew we had to get out. We went out through the north wing. I was almost suffocated with smoke. My eyes were red and bloodshot for two or three days."

"Where was Sam Laxter?"

"I saw him before I saw Frank. He had on pajamas and a bathrobe, and was yelling 'Fire! Fire! Fire!' He seemed to have lost his head."

"Where was the fire department?"

"It didn't get there until the place was almost gone. It was very isolated, you know—the house."

"A big house?"

"It was too big!" she said vehemently. "There was too much work in it for the help they employed."

"What help was employed?"

"There was Mrs. Pixley; a girl named Nora—I think her last name was Abbington, I can't be certain; and then there was Jimmy Brandon—he was the chauffeur. Nora was sort of a general maid of all work. She didn't live at the place, but came every morning at seven and stayed until five in the afternoon. Mrs. Pixley did all the cooking."

"And Charles Ashton, the caretaker, was he there?"

"Only occasionally. He kept the town house, you know. He'd been there the night of the fire."

"Where did Peter Laxter sleep?"

"On the second floor, in the south wing."

"What time did the fire take place?"

"Around one thirty in the morning. It must have been about quarter to two when I woke up. The house had been burning for some time then."

"WHY were you employed? What was wrong with Mr. Laxter?"

"He'd been in an automobile accident, you know, and it had left him quite nervous and upset. At times he couldn't sleep and he had a dislike of drugs. He wouldn't let the doctor give him anything to make him sleep. I'd been a masseuse, and I massaged him when he'd have those nervous fits. It relaxed him. A bath in a tub of hot water with the water running over his body, then a massage, and he could relax and sleep. And he had some heart complications. Sometimes I had to give him hypodermics—heart stimulants, you know."

"Where was Winifred the night of the fire?"

"She was asleep. We had some trouble getting her up. I thought for a while the smoke had got her. The door was locked. The boys nearly broke it down before they were able to wake her up. She slept in the center of the house, on the east."

"How about the two boys—where did they sleep?"

"They were in the center of the house on the west. The servants were all in the north wing."

"Why didn't you sleep nearer Mr. Laxter, in case he was taken with a spell?"

"Oh, but I did. You see, he had an electric push button installed in his room so that all he needed to do was to signal me and I could press a button to signal back."

"Why didn't you ring that the night of the fire?"

"We did. That was the first thing I did. I ran back and rang the bell repeatedly. Then, when we didn't hear from him, I started up the stairs. The fire must have burned through the wires."

"I see. There was a lot of smoke?"

"Oh, yes, the central portion of the house was simply filled with smoke."

"The day before the fire there'd been a row over something, hadn't there?"

"No . . . not exactly. It was just an argument between the old man and Sam Laxter. Something about Laxter's gambling losses."

"Have you any idea how the fire started?"

"Do you mean did some one set it?"

Mason said slowly and impressively, "You've dodged the issue long enough, Miss DeVoe. *Tell us what you know about that fire.*"

She took a quick breath. Her eyes faltered for a moment. "Is there any way a person could start a fire by feeding exhaust fumes into a furnace?" she asked.

Drake shook his head. "No," he said, "not exhaust fumes. Come on down to earth and—"

The lawyer, flashing a warning glance at the detective, nodded his head very thoughtfully and said, "Yes, I think perhaps a fire could be started that way."

"But it would have to be started several hours after the fumes were put into the furnace?"

"Just *how* were they put into the furnace?" Mason inquired.

"Well, it's this way: The garage was built into the house. It held three cars. I'd been out for a walk and I was coming back to the house when I heard the sound of a car running in the garage. The garage door was closed, but the motor kept running. I thought some one must have gone away and left his motor running without knowing it, so I opened the door—that's a little door in the side, not the big sliding door that you open to let the cars out—and switched on the lights. Sam Laxter was sitting in there in his car, with the motor racing."

"How did that get exhaust fumes into the furnace?" Paul Drake inquired.

"That's the peculiar thing. I just happened to notice that there was a tube running from the car to the heating pipe. The furnace was a gas furnace which supplied hot air. It was in a basement in the back of the garage. I saw a tube from the exhaust running along the floor and then up into a pipe. You see the pipes from the furnace—that is, some of them—ran up through the garage."

"Did Sam Laxter know you'd seen that tube running from the exhaust?" the lawyer asked.

"Sam Laxter," she said very emphatically, "was drunk. He could hardly stand. He switched off his motor and spoke roughly to me."

"WHAT did he say?" Mason asked.

"He said, 'Get the hell out of here. Can't a man ever have any privacy without you snooping around?' I turned on my heel and left the garage."

"Didn't say anything to him?"

"No."

"Did you switch out the lights when you went out?"

"No, I left the lights on so he could find his way out."

Mason's eyes narrowed. "See his face clearly?"

She frowned for a moment and said, "Why, I don't believe I saw his *face*. He wears a big cream-colored Stetson, you know, and when I switched on the lights the first thing I saw was this Stetson hat. I walked over toward the side of the car. He was slumped down over the wheel and when I came up beside the car, he hung his head. . . . Come to think of it, I didn't see his face at all."

"Did you recognize his voice?"

"The voice was thick—you know the way a man's voice sounds when he's been drinking."

"In other words," Mason said, "if it came to a showdown in court, you couldn't swear positively that it was Sam Laxter who was in that car. How do you know it wasn't Frank Oafley who was sitting in there behind the wheel?"

"I *know* it wasn't."

"How?"

"Well, if you want to know, because I'd been out with Frank Oafley. We'd been walking, and I'd left him at the corner of the house. He went around toward the front and I came up toward the back. That took me past the garages. That was when I heard the sound of the motor running."

"Who else have you told about this?" Mason asked.

"I've told Frank."

"What did he say when you told him about it?"

"He said there was no way exhaust fumes could start a fire; that I'd just make trouble if I said anything about it, and to keep quiet."

"Who else did you tell?"

"I told Winifred's boy friend, not Harry Inman, but the other one."

"You mean Douglas Keene?"

"That's right—Douglas Keene."

"Who's Harry Inman?"

"He was a boy who was rushing her. I think she favored him, but as soon as he found out she wasn't going to get any money he dropped her like a hot potato."

"What did Douglas Keene say when you told him?"

"Douglas Keene said he thought it was evidence of the

JOHNNIE GOES PLACES!
Johnnie Goes to the Boat Races, June 1935
"Call for PHILIP MORRIS"
Call for PHILIP MORRIS
America's Finest 15 Cent Cigarette

greatest importance. He asked me a lot of questions about where the different pipes led, and wanted to know if the pipe into which the tube was running ran up to Peter Laxter's bedroom. I said I thought it did. He advised me to tell the authorities what I'd seen.”

“ Did you do it? ”

“ Not yet. I was waiting for—a friend—I wanted to get his advice before I did anything which would cause trouble.”

“ What time was this that you encountered Sam Laxter in the garage? ”

“ About half past ten, I guess.”

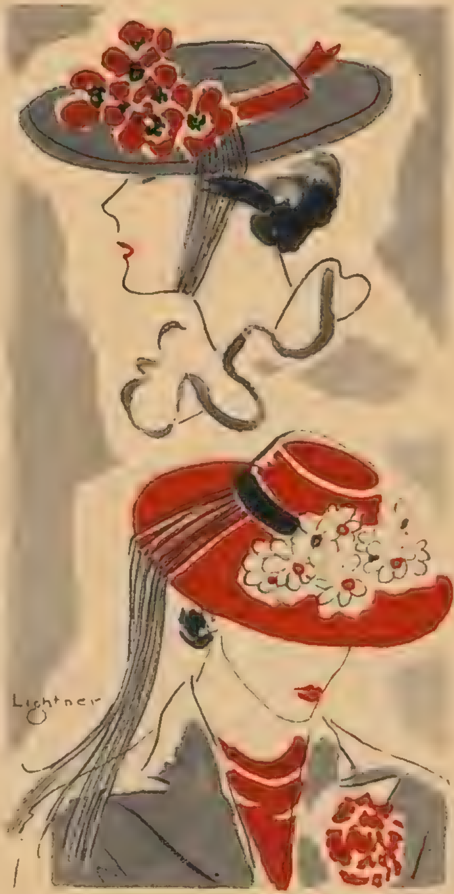
“ Do you know whether Sam came in the house immediately after that? ”

“ No, I don't.”

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

Latchstrings on your bonnets, ladies, is the latest Paris command, if you want to be really "the last word." The latchstrings appeared at the races at Longchamps in the mannequin parade and attracted fully as much attention as the horses, even though Brantome won the eleventh successive race. The latchstrings are usually fastened on both sides, but occasionally they are allowed to float over one shoulder in a thoroughly romantic fashion.

DORAMILLER.



“ But he must have returned to the house before the fire because he was in pajamas and robe when you were aroused by the fire, and he was fully clothed when you saw him there in the car? ”

“ I think so, yes.”

“ Now, you say that you turned on the lights? ”

“ Yes. Why? ”

“ The lights in the garage were off? ”

“ Yes.”

“ The door was closed? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Then the last person driving a car into that garage must have closed the door behind him, is that right? ”

“ Yes, of course.”

“ And the light switch was near the small door? ”

“ Within a few inches of it. Why? ”

“ Because,” Mason said slowly, “ if Laxter had driven his car into that garage he must necessarily have left the car, gone to the garage door, closed it, switched off the lights, and then returned to his own car. After all, one doesn't drive cars into garages through closed doors.”

“ Well, what of it? ”

“ If he was so drunk he couldn't shut off the motor but was just sprawled over the wheel, letting the motor run, it would hardly seem possible he'd been able to get up, close the garage doors, switch out the lights, and return to his car.”

SHE nodded slowly.

“ I hadn't thought of that.”

“ You're expecting this friend who is going to advise you what to do? ”

“ Yes, he's due at any minute.”

“ Is it Frank Oafley? ”

“ I refuse to answer.”

“ And you aren't going to tell the authorities about this unless your friend tells you to? ”

“ I'm not going to commit myself on that.”

“ But you feel that in some way the fire was started through the exhaust fumes? ”

“ I'm not a mechanic; but I know there's a flame in that gas furnace all the time, and it seemed to me that if the mixture in the carburetor had been rather rich and some gasoline fumes had been thrown into the furnace, they might have exploded and started a fire.”

Mason yawned ostentatiously, glanced at Drake, and said, “ Well, Paul, I guess that isn't going to help us much. There's no way those exhaust fumes could have started a fire.”

She looked from one to the other with disappointment on her face.

“ Are you sure? ”

“ Positive.”

“ Then why was the hose running from the exhaust to the pipe in the heating outfit? ”

“ Don't you suppose it's possible what you saw was a rope instead of a hose? ” Mason countered.

“ Absolutely not—it was some sort of flexible tubing. That is, the outside of it looked like flexible rubber tubing, and it ran from the exhaust of Sam Laxter's car to a hole which had been cut in the heating pipe. It's a big heating pipe, you know, covered with asbestos. The hot air goes up through there into Pete Laxter's bedroom and sitting room.”

MASON nodded thoughtfully. “We'll think it over and give you a buzz if we get any new ideas. In the meantime you can let us know what your friend advises you to do. If you decide to tell the authorities, let us know.”

She nodded slowly. “ Where can I reach you? ”

Mason took Drake's arm and by a gentle pressure pushed him toward the door. “ We'll call you back later on tonight. Simply swell of you to have talked with us,” he told her.

In the corridor the detective looked at the lawyer.

“ Well,” Mason said, chuckling, “ the cat stays.”

“ Let's see if we figure the mechanics of this thing the same way,” Drake said.

“ Sure we do,” Mason answered. “ It's dead open-and-shut. Sam Laxter committed murder by a very simple process. He drove his car into the garage, clamped flexible tubing to his exhaust pipe, tapped a hole in the pipe which sent hot air to Peter Laxter's bedroom, and closed the damper back of the place where he'd brought the tubing into the pipe. Then he sat in his car, running the motor.

“ Deadly monoxide gas from the automobile exhaust went through the flexible tube into the heating pipe and was carried into Peter Laxter's bedroom.

“ Then he set fire to the house. Carbon monoxide is normally found in the blood of persons who have expired in burning buildings. It was a beautiful case of murder, and apparently the only witness is this red-headed nurse who caught him in the act.”

“ It seems to me a pretty thin skeleton of evidence on which to hang a murder accusation,” the detective objected.

“ There's nothing thin about it,” Mason retorted. “ Notice that the time was about quarter past ten at night. It had been dark for several hours. The garage doors were closed. Sam Laxter pretended he'd been drunk when he brought his car into the garage. But he must have left the car, gone to the sliding doors, closed them, and then climbed

(Continued on page twenty-two)

HOT ON THE TRAIL OF TIRE KILLERS THIS RELENTLESS SLEUTH RAN DOWN THE UNVARNISHED TRUTH ABOUT G3

What happened when Inspector Faurot—who pioneered fingerprinting and the Bertillon system in America—used man-hunting methods to "get the goods" on a famous tire—as told by reporter who shadowed him from coast to coast

(**EDITORIAL NOTE:** *Every advertiser naturally believes he has a good product. But his unsupported testimony is likely to be somewhat biased, and readers of advertising have a right to be skeptical of boastful superlatives and unsupported claims. Recognizing this difficulty, we introduced our "G-3" All-Weather Tire last year by letting the test-fleet records speak for themselves. And again this year, we have sought some method of giving our readers an accurate report of the service which this tire is giving the public by hiring a detective to gather the evidence presented here. Then, to make doubly sure of an outsider's viewpoint, we assigned a veteran newspaper reporter to the job of giving you an eyewitness account of how the facts were gathered.*)

By JAMES CANNON
Former Ace Reporter, New York Journal

Maybe you think tire-hunting doesn't sound exciting. Maybe you think "mileage shadowing" isn't news. But you've never "trailed" Fingerprint Faurot.

How that man goes after his evidence! Running down clues that took us bouncing over the back roads of Georgia—prowling the parking lots of Chicago's west side—blinking our way through the twilight of a New Mexico dust storm!

It wasn't one trail, but thousands we were following—the trails of the most famous tire in the world—on the wheels of cars driven by salesmen, doctors, farmers, lumbermen, cattlemen, and the radio squad cars of state police.

Day after day, week after week, he pieced his scraps of information together—built up his life histories of those "G-3" All-Weathers—with the same deadly accuracy that won him number one place in the detective force of Greater New York.

No wonder Goodyear picked Joseph A. Faurot to ferret out the facts about its famous "G-3" All-Weather and report how this tire has been behaving, how, on owners' cars, it has lived up to its reputation for giving 43% longer non-skid mileage.

How it all began

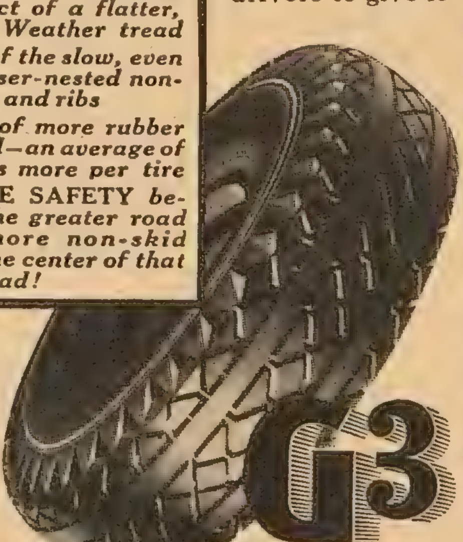
You have to go back a year to get the start of this story.

This new Goodyear "G-3" had just been introduced—after brutal punishment on the test fleet.

Perhaps you remember how the engineers made granite grindstones—ground down treads in laboratory tests—until they developed one that bore the job number "G-3."

Then they put this tire out on the road—told the test-fleet drivers to give it the works. "Speed up to 50—jam on the brakes—speed up to 50—jam on the brakes"—in a hurry-up test of its non-skid mileage and safety.

Over and over Faurot's reports
PROVED
"G-3" All-Weather tread delivers more than 43% longer non-skid mileage!
—because of the broader road contact of a flatter, wider All-Weather tread
—because of the slow, even wear of closer-nested non-skid blocks and ribs
—because of more rubber in the tread—an average of two pounds more per tire
AND MORE SAFETY *because of the greater road grip of more non-skid blocks in the center of that famous tread!*



To make a long story short, *that "G-3" All-Weather stood up as no tire had ever performed before.*

When the reports were in, it had averaged 43% longer non-skid mileage than its famous predecessor—and kept its grip twice as long as tires tested against it.

But one question remained unanswered—could not be answered until this year. How do "G-3" All-Weathers behave, how are they standing up, under the varying usage they get in the hands of different drivers?

And that is where Inspector Faurot comes in. Goodyear dared to send this great detective out to trail its tires and report in his own way.

Now for the records!

Let's dip into the fascinating pages of Inspector Faurot's own notes and pull out a few typical samples—to get a quick cross-section of the gold mine that's hidden there:

Case No. 23—*River Bend, N. C. Tire now on Goodyear dealer's service car. First owner ran tire 28,000 miles—traded in on new "G-3" for $3. Tire re-sold to second owner who ran it 8,000 miles. Now back in dealer's hands. Has been retreaded.*

Case No. 99—*Elgin, Ill. Police car. Tire serial No. 562136K—mileage 34,011. Tread pattern still visible. Car travels 100 miles per day. Tire of other make on left rear, tread half gone at 10,000 miles.*

Case No. 80—*Detroit parking lot. Owner salesman—fast driver, covers 5 states, every kind of road. Mileage 30,286—1/8th inch tread pattern still showing. Owner says this means at least 43% longer non-skid mileage.*

Case No. 52—*Cincinnati. Bus running to Bedford, Ky., and Madison, Ind. Round trip 188 miles a day. Mileage 47,681. Getting smooth in center of tread. Easily 50% longer non-skid mileage.*

Case No. 124—*Santa Fe, N. M. Architect. "G-3" mileage 15,380, tread pattern not over ⅓ worn. Previous tires wore out at 13,000.*

Case No. 254—*Ocean Park, Calif. Light delivery truck. "G-3" had been retreaded at 24,240 miles—previous mileage of tires before retreading, 15,000 to 17,000. Constant stopping and starting causes rapid wear.*

• • •

What you've just read is a reporter's vivid narrative of the greatest tire-hunt in history—studded with typical examples of the vast mass of evidence this search produced.

We let these facts tell their own story of long-lasting safety. We let the eloquent mileage records show you how consistently this famous tire is surpassing its own test-fleet records for 43% longer non-skid traction.

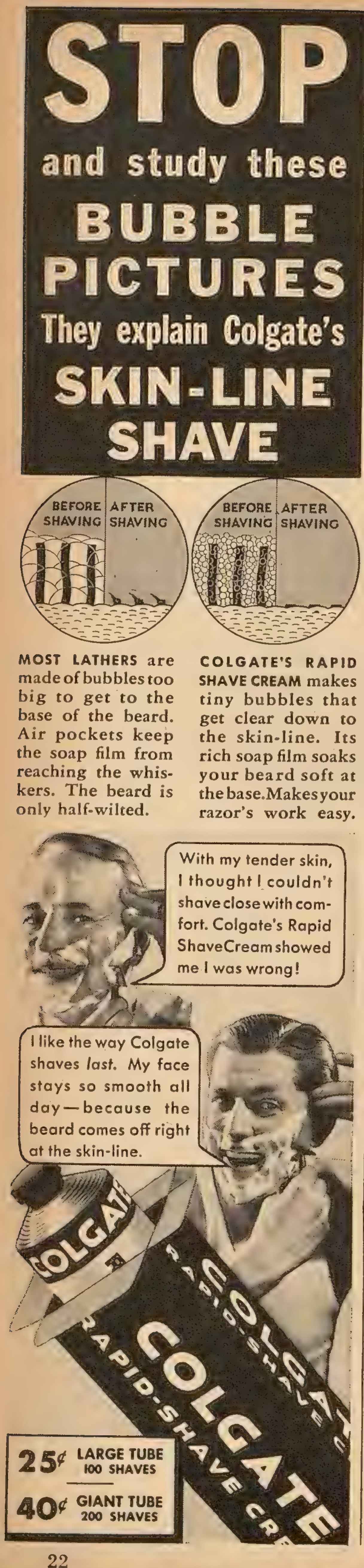
But you should know also the extra safety, the extra endurance which are *inside* this tire—thanks to the super-resilience of Goodyear's patented ply material, *Supertwist cord.* And it is Supertwist that makes a complete success of this heavier, broader, longer-wearing "G-3" All-Weather tread waiting for you now at the nearest Goodyear dealer's.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER
COMPANY, INC., AKRON, OHIO

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND


STOP
and study these
BUBBLE PICTURES
They explain Colgate's
SKIN-LINE SHAVE

MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the base of the beard. Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. The beard is only half-wilted.

COLGATE'S RAPID SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your razor's work easy.

With my tender skin, I thought I couldn't shave close with comfort. Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream showed me I was wrong!

I like the way Colgate shaves *last*. My face stays so smooth all day—because the beard comes off right at the skin-line.

25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES
40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

(Continued from page twenty)

back in the car. Probably he didn't need to keep the motor running very long. Exposure to an atmosphere containing as little as two tenths of one per cent of the gas will cause a fatal result in time. We'll hand it to Samuel C. Laxter for being damned clever."

"You're putting this whole thing in the hands of the district attorney?" Drake ventured.

"Yes."

"Hadn't you better find out just where *your* client stands in this thing first?"

Mason said slowly, "No, I don't think so. If my client has done wrong, I'm not going to try and shield him. I'm employed to see that he keeps his cat and he's going to keep that cat. If he's found money that belongs to the estate and has embezzled it, that's an entirely different matter. And don't overlook the fact that Pete Laxter *may* have made a valid gift of that money to Ashton before his death."

"Baloney," the detective remarked. "Pete Laxter didn't expect he was going to die."

"Don't be too certain," Mason said. "He had some reason for turning his property into cash. But let's quit speculating about that, Paul. I'll give Ashton a buzz and tell him that I think his cat is safe."

They strolled around the corner and Mason called his man.

"This is Perry Mason talking, Ashton. I don't think you need to worry any more about Clinker."

"Why not?" Ashton's rasping voice asked.

"I think that Sam Laxter is going to have his hands full," Mason explained. "Don't say anything just yet to any of the servants, but I think there's a possibility that Sam Laxter may be summoned to the district attorney's office to answer some questions."

The caretaker's voice was harshly strident. "Can you tell me what about?"

"No."

There was growing uneasiness manifest in the tones of Ashton's voice.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Mason. I don't want you to go too far in this thing. There are some reasons why I don't want the district attorney messing around asking questions."

Mason's tone was one of finality. "You employed me to see your cat wasn't poisoned. I'm going to do just that."

"But this is something else," Ashton said. "I want to see you about it if the district attorney's going to start an investigation."

"Okay, see me tomorrow then," Mason told him, and hung up. He made a wry grimace as he turned from the telephone booth and faced the detective.

"These damn cat cases," he said, "are more bother than they're worth. Let's go hunt up the district attorney."

What is in back of the sudden unwillingness of the crippled caretaker to have Mason haul Sam Laxter, now suspected of murder, before the D. A.? Read the next issue of Liberty for some of the most surprising twists in an unpredictable series of events.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Which of these words is misspelled: assimilate, pugnacious, benificiary, castanets, mackintosh?

2—When is a person said to be non compos mentis?

3—Which is the only ship in the United States Navy to carry several women as a part of its regular personnel?

4—Of the following dances which are square dances: jig, polka mazurka, two-step, lancers, waltz, black bottom?

5—From what source comes the quotation, "The laborer is worthy of his reward"?

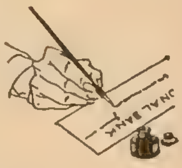
6—In baseball, what is a switch hitter?

7—What daily newspaper is published farthest north on the North American continent?

8—When a person is lionized is he put in a lion's cage, paid great social attention, or eaten by a lion?

9—What is The Seeing Eye?

10—Who, twenty years after he himself had been sworn in as President, administered the Presidential oath to one of his successors?



11—What is the penalty for writing a check for less than one dollar?

12—What is the difference between a suffragist and a suffragette?

13—By what name are oyster eggs known?

14—What distinction is held by the fishing schooner Bluenose, of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia?

15—A shoat is what?

16—What is the difference between a misogamist and a misogynist?

17—What world-famous river runs through one sea and finally empties into another sea?

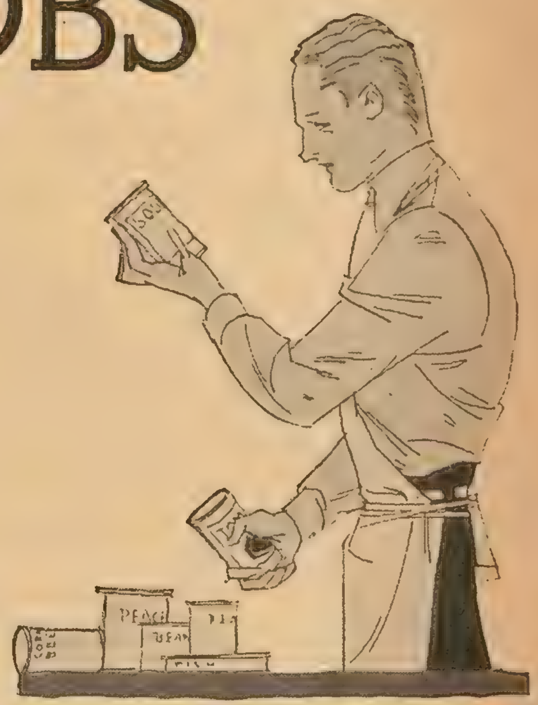
18—What rank does the Prince of Wales hold in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police?

19—What is the difference between a coiffeur and a coiffure?

20—What commonly used word in the English language has two entirely contradictory meanings?

(Answers will be found on page 45)

ARE WOMEN *Robbing* MEN OF THEIR JOBS ?



Nonsense, Says One of Them. The Men Have Taken Ours!

by LOIRE BROPHY

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

As a leading employment counselor, not only to New York business and professional women and their clubs but also to men, Miss Brophy knows whereof she is speaking here.

THERE is a great cry going up at the present time about women who try to get men's jobs.

That cry ignores the basic facts of human life. Women are not trying to get men's jobs. They almost never can keep any man's job that they do get. But they are passionately and even desperately trying to prevent men from taking away all of their jobs.

If you recommend a woman to return to her kitchen fire you automatically make her a world traveler, since fully two thirds of the cooking of the world goes on from Norway, where they pickle fish, to the South Seas, where they can pineapples. The kitchen fire has taken to hotfooting it abroad, and woman can do nothing but hotfoot it too, if she is to keep a hand on the thing. Hence she tries to get jobs where the advertising of foods is done. She wants to work in canning factories, not only as a laborer but as an executive; she wants to manage tearooms and hotels and restaurants; she likes to work as food commissioner of her native town or district, likes to handle all the modern methods of dealing with food—her most ancient of trades and professions. This is not a man's job.

In this very matter the cry of "Women, keep away!" goes up very strongly. Hotel men grow hysterical over the woman who persists in applying for the job of manager. Owners of strings of hotels grow pale when they are offered women applicants for executive positions in the management. Promotion and advertising managers of food products are not often selected from women applicants. And yet these jobs are surely but extensions of the old one of tending the kitchen fire and stirring the pots on it!

Consider that the making of clothes for women, until recently their own affair, and even the devising of the styles of women's clothes, are now in the hands of men.

Consider that weaving, spinning, the practice of medicine, the moral education of the world, the social and domestic scene, nursing, and child education are either in the hands of men or supervised by them.

I hasten to add that in nursing and in child education the actual hard daily grind is in the hands of women nurses and women teachers; but who have the real say-so? *And* who get the largest salaries? Not these hard-worked women. No; the men do. Any effort on the part of women to become equals with the masculine lords of these feminine fields will be met with surprise, amusement, or resentment, or all three.

In business the jobs for which woman most insistently applies are those which continue her ancient work. The filing clerks, the stenographers, the typists, the private secretaries are about the same thing as mother and the girls who hang up the clothes of father and the boys; who see that they have handkerchiefs, mufflers, umbrellas, and streetcar change when they go out in the morning, and that the disorder of father's desk is righted without his knowing it.

The receptionists are merely mother, disguised, who answers the front doorbell and the telephone and tactfully prevents unimportant people from bothering father while he is writing an important letter. The women executives, no matter what jobs they have, will graciously and quickly work with any man executive. You do not hear women complaining that they cannot and will not work with or for men, or under a man superior. What you hear is the cry from the men that women are trying illegally, immorally, unethically, and illogically to take jobs away from men—jobs which basically belong to them.

No man howls about women getting into road making, bridge building, mining, prize fighting, banking, making of tools and engines, handling of transportation. Does he? Of course not. He has no cause. Women do not try to take man's basic jobs. No, indeed. They leave them to him with entire content.

If men reply that women entering politics are entering a masculine field, I rejoin that all regulations of society and punishment for offenders against social codes, all regulations of the young, sanitation in villages, mitigation of masculine cruelty, and social and domestic regulation were woman's work in early civilizations, and that in savage tribes they still are!

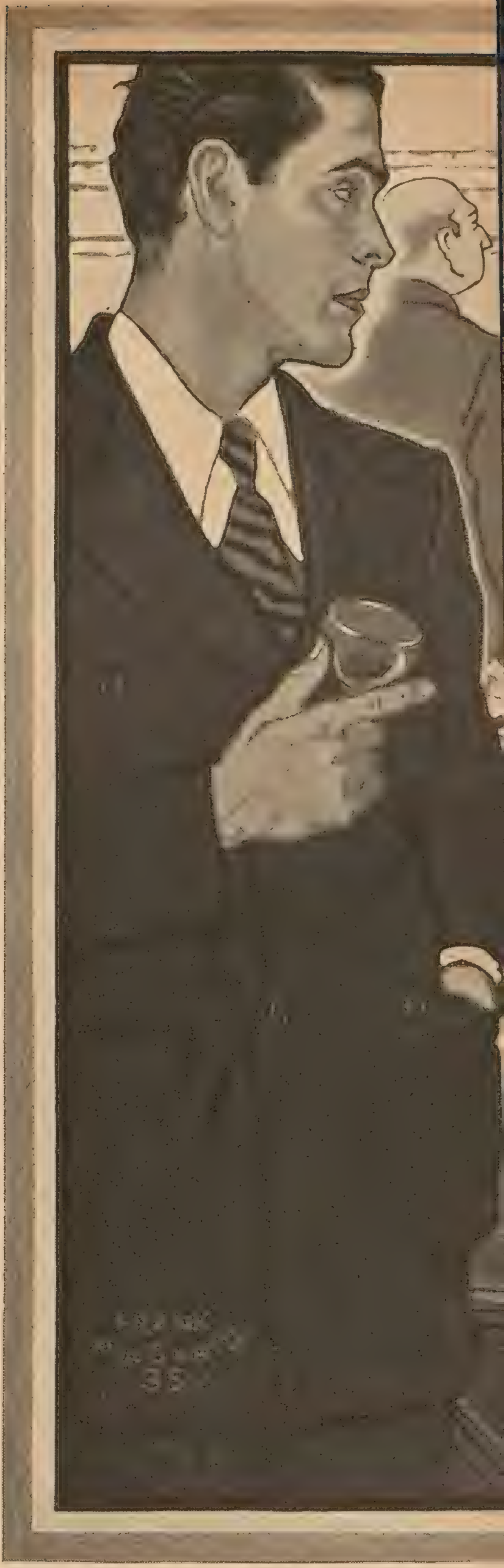
THE END

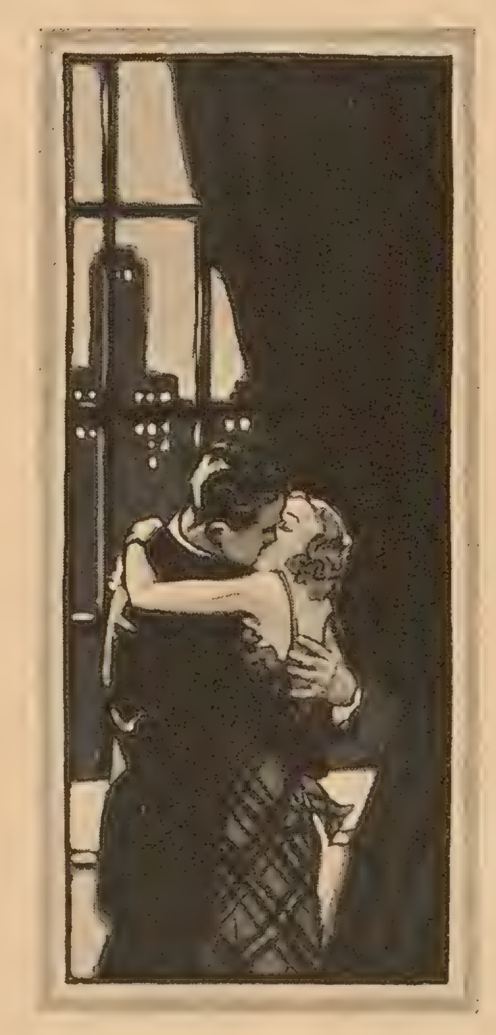
A Story of Human Hearts and the Dazzling Glamour of Fame . . . and What May Happen When Love Comes to Grips with the Thing Called Common Sense

Manhattan Spring

by MATT TAYLOR

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 28 SECONDS





I HUNG back at the door a moment and looked. They must have great hopes for the girl, I thought, to throw a party like this in her honor. "To meet Miss Madge Marsh, the new star of Acme Pictures," the letter of invitation had read.

I pushed my way through a group, nodding to several people who knew me, and reached the long table where the cocktails were. A kid from the Globe was there, munching a wrapped-up olive. "Some party, eh, Bannon?" he said.

"The best is none too good, my boy," I told him.

He grinned enviously. "Pretty soft for you fellows," he said. "It was a cinch to crash, though," he added. "I showed my press card."

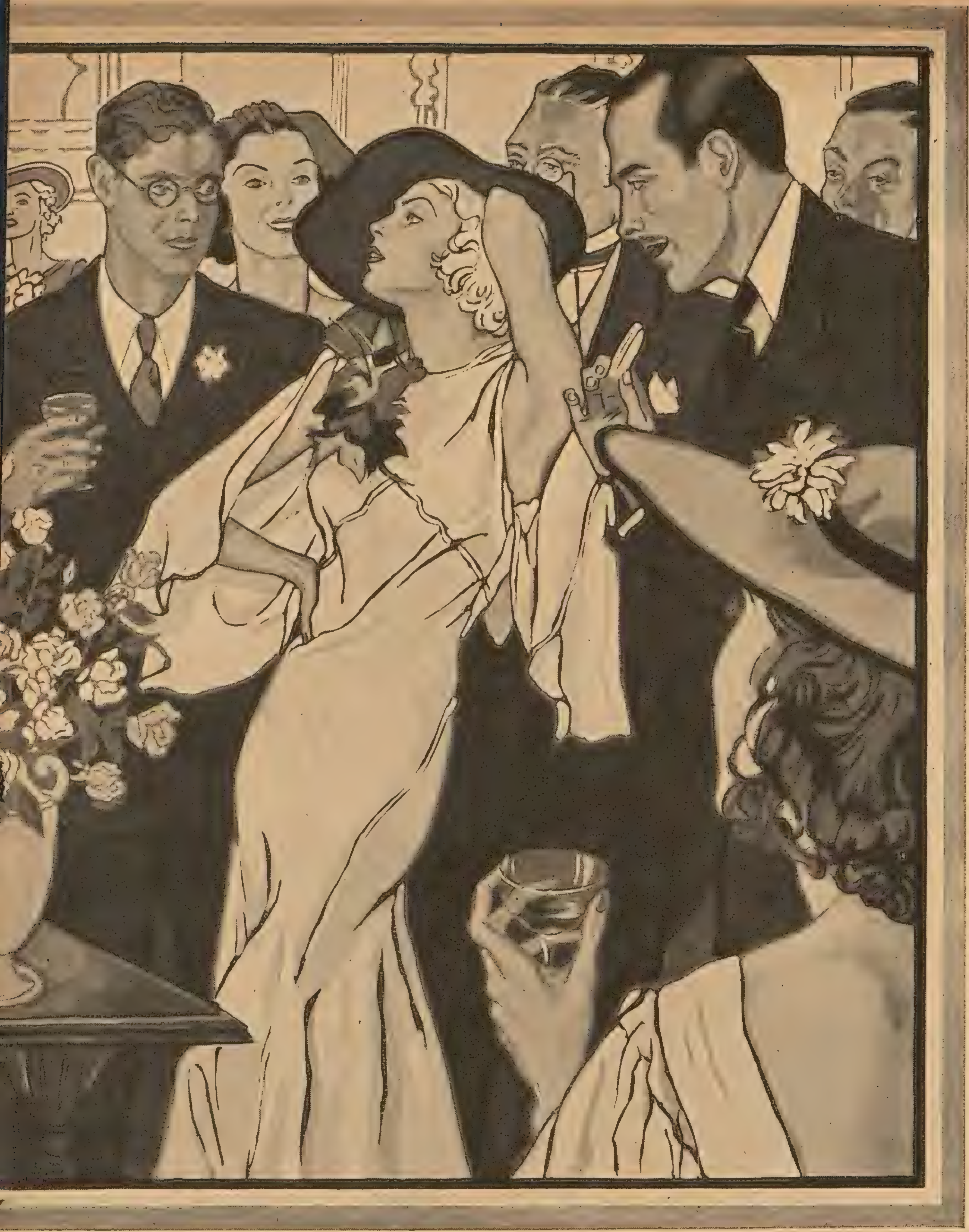
I nodded and turned away. This was the way it always was. Flash your card and pass through the fire lines. Meet Miss Marsh—everybody! We expect Miss Marsh to do very big things.

I looked off to the center of the room. I was safe for a while—Ed Saunders, the Hollywood agent who had put the girl over and was helping the Acme crowd with the build-up, had two other critics in tow. There was a break in the circle that hemmed in the American Garbo and I had a fleeting glimpse of her. She was all-beautiful, all-perfect. She was showing how gracious and sweet she could be.

They had dressed her in a clinging salmon-colored gown, with a floppy hat to match, and pinned orchids at her young breast with a diamond clasp.

Saunders would find me soon enough. He'd grab me by the arm and push me through the admiring circle and present me with, "Mr. Phil Bannon, Madge dear. Of the New York Mail, you know." And Madge dear would pick up her cue and smile eagerly and look delighted and cry, "Oh, how wonderful! We all follow your reviews, of course. In Hollywood we consider you one of our keenest critics!" And I would bow over her lily-white hand.

I frowned as I strolled on. I wasn't myself today—there was no doubt of that. I didn't mind, ordinarily, if they did lay it on a bit thick. It made me important. But today I was fed up. It had something to do with the



ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK PAGNATO

There was a break in the circle that hemmed in the American Garbo. I had a fleeting glimpse of her.

weather. There was too much spring in the air, even on Broadway.

Straight reporting was better after all, I thought—and you can keep your by-line. When you were out after news you ran into real people. You ate good ham-on-rye when you were a reporter, and when you were one of our keen young critics you ate little dabs of cheese on wafers as thin as a dime.

I was all by myself, by this time, near a screen that shut off a small adjoining room. The door behind the screen was ajar and I slipped inside and closed it softly behind me. The hubbub became faraway. I went to a window and flung it open, and looked out over a dozen acres of rooftops. The air was bracing; not even the dust and the dirt of the city could kill that April freshness. What would it be like, I thought, up in the Adirondacks, where I had the cabin my father left me?

Well, maybe I would find out. Maybe I would go back. I had a leave of absence coming to me. I could tell Henderson I was quitting the job, and I'd get out of here and write the book I'd been talking about for five years.

But even while I thought this I smiled. "Like hell you'll quit," I said to myself. "You're sitting too pretty. You're a big shot here, and you love it." Then the music from outside became suddenly louder and I turned around.

She was coming in the door, the American Garbo, and closing it softly behind her, just as I had closed it. The gracious smile was gone; she wore an air of impatience. When she turned and saw me she frowned faintly.

We stood looking at each other for a few seconds. "Hello," I said abruptly. "How're you standing it?"

"Well enough," she said calmly. "Are you—"

"Oh, don't mind me. I only work here."

"Publicity Department?"

I grinned. "Sure. Publicity. Met everybody?"

She sank, with a sigh, into a chair. "I think so. No—wait. There was some one else. Mr. Saunders said he was important. Was it Bannon of the Mail?"

"Oh, Bannon," I said. "Never mind about him."

"Why not mind about him?"

"He's not long for this world. He seeks the green fields of his youth. The pomp and the glory have sickened his noble young soul. He's going to do a book. He just told me." I laughed lightly. "Of course he may be lying. He goes vernal every year."

A small flush spread over her face and touched the whiteness of her throat. Her eyes never left me. "You're Bannon, aren't you?" she said.

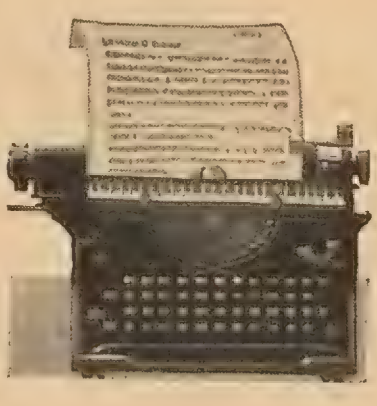
All at once I felt foolish and sorry. "I'm afraid I am," I said.

She wasn't trying for a front any more than I was. "Why are you hiding out?" she demanded.

I smiled. "It's a little silly in there, isn't it?" I said.

"A little," she said. She stood up. "I'd better go back."

I moved swiftly to her. "Just a minute," I pleaded. And then I couldn't think what to say. It was too much, almost, to find her like this. Her eyes were on me questioningly and her beauty touched and held me. The smiling mask was gone, and the sleight-of-hand animation.



"We're supposed to discuss important matters importantly," I said.

She laughed. "My art? The future of the screen?"

"They're not important just now."

"The weather, perhaps?" she asked.

"As it happens—yes. The weather's important. Have you noticed it too? It's a lovely day."

The amused smile went out of her eyes. She walked past me to the window and stood looking out. I went up behind her, quite close. Her hair was golden and lustrous through the transparent net of the hat she wore. "Would you chuck it," I said softly, "for just one day?"

"Chuck what?"

"This," I said. "This beating of the drums."

She turned. "And do what?"

"Anything. Forget the build-up and be yourself. It'll be fun."

She gave me the faintest sort of smile. "It would be, I suppose."

"I can get hold of a car," I told her. "I'll be at your hotel tomorrow at ten."

"At ten I go to the photographer. After lunch I have two interviews. In the evening there's a ball—some theater owners' organization. It's all arranged."

"Mr. Saunders has been active," I said sharply. "You couldn't run out on him, of course. Not even for one day?"

She hesitated. "I'll expect you at ten," she said and laughed.

I STEPPED back and watched her as she moved past me toward the door. Her dress was long and it swirled below the knees. It made her very slim and gave her grace. But it wasn't right on her, somehow. She belonged in younger, freer clothes.

"Miss Marsh!" I called.

She turned. "Mr. Bannon?"

I shook my head. "Nothing. It can wait till tomorrow. Go back to your party."

And then Ed Saunders came bustling in. His round face was worried. "Madge dear! I've been— Oh, you've met Mr. Bannon?"

"We've had a chat," I said.

He beamed approvingly. He had a crisp efficient way of talking; the manner of a man who gets things done. His smile was a businesslike benediction. "I'll have to take her away, old man," he said. "There are people she ought to meet."

I nodded. My eyes met hers and we smiled at each other. Then she left and I went back to the window.

Saunders returned in a minute, more bustling than before. "A great girl, isn't she, old man?" he said. "If you could use something in your Sunday column—"

"I'll give her the whole column."

"She'll appreciate that, I know," he said. "She deserves this break she's getting," he went on. "She's to make three pictures a year. It's what I've been building to ever since she came back on the screen."

"Came back?"

"She was a child actress, you know. Her mother started her when she was five. That was fifteen years ago. She's been before the public most of her life. She's worked hard."

"She deserves a break, all right," I said. And then I said good-by and left just as soon as I could. I didn't feel like staying any longer. I had met Miss Marsh, which was what I came for. I was the only one there that afternoon who really met Miss Marsh.

WE headed for West Point for lunch.

The day was all light and shade. The sun ducked in and out behind grayish-white clouds and patches of racing shadows skimmed over the face of the river beneath us. I had the top folded back, and the steady wind held all of April in it.

The miles flew past and we didn't talk much. I drove fast, and she sat low on the seat beside me. Sometimes, on the curves, she swayed and her shoulder touched mine and moved away again. Then, finally, her shoulder touched mine and stayed.

I slowed down and turned off into a narrower road that climbed a hill and disappeared.

The car labored through mud. We were miles from nowhere. There were few houses, and half of these were abandoned. Old stone fences around budding orchards had great gaping holes in them. The hills shone with greenness. You forget how green the world can be if you stay in the city too long.

I drew up where the road widened, and cut off the motor. Quietness folded in around us.

"Only two hours," I said, "and we've escaped from seven million. It's simple, really. I ought to try it oftener."

"They'll catch up with you," she said. "They won't let you get away—even if you wanted to." She glanced at me quickly. "Which you don't," she said.

"Today I do," I answered. I found cigarettes and we lit up and settled back. "Your turn first," I said. "Talk. Reminisce. What does a kid of five think about when she works in the movies?"

So she started in and told me how it had happened. It was necessity at first—there was no money. After a while it wasn't a necessity any more, because her father's estate was settled. But her mother didn't want her to stop then. Her mother wanted her little girl to be admired; she thought she was a lovely child. "But I wasn't lovely," Madge Marsh said. "I was a brat. A doll-faced little brat with ringlets, who made faces at the camera."

And as she talked I caught the undercurrent beneath her words, and I began to understand what it must have been like for a kid of five. She was dragged from studio to studio and from office to office, and made to say the stock cute speeches and smile the stock cute smile and beg for work, while her mother stood by, ready to prompt her, to urge her on. And that was fifteen years ago. "I feel old," she told me, with a laugh that had the smallest catch in it.

There had been time out for the scrawny years, and she went to school then like other children. But it wasn't a long interlude. They were waiting for her, eagerly, to adolesce, to develop, to lose her awkwardness. They were training her to allure, just as they had trained her to be cute.

And when the time came—as soon as it came—she started going to studios again. But this time Ed Saunders went with her and not her mother.

And now, after four years, she was to be a full-fledged star. Saunders had put her over.

I let her finish, and waited a moment. "You're on top," I said, "but you're fed up."

She stared through the windshield. "Sometimes I'm fed up," she said. "I've been at it so long. But that's only sometimes. It'll be different now. I'm a star."

"It won't be different," I said. "You'll be trying to keep on top. You'll—"

"We're finished with me," she interrupted. "It's your turn now. What about you?"

So I told her what there was, which wasn't much. I was a kid from upstate who'd come to New York and had the breaks. I'd edged in on a newspaper, and three years later I was second-string film critic. A year of this and I was made top man.

"I'm lucky," I said. "Henderson leaves me alone. I've built up a following. If I call a picture excellent, up goes my name in big letters in the lobby of the theater: 'Bannon Says Excellent!' There are two seats in all the big movie houses reserved for me any time I want them. Press agents are always wanting to buy me a drink and take me on parties. It's all pretty obvious—but it's easy to take. I make more money than I'm worth. I'm sitting pretty."

"You said something yesterday," she mused. "You said you were going to quit."

I grinned. "I'm going to do a book. Maybe it won't be a very good book, but it's what I want to do. There's a shack up in the mountains, that my father left me, that I won't sell. I'm going to quit and go up there—sometime."

"I see," she said, smiling. "Sometime."

After a while we drove on again, and had lunch at the Point. We dawdled through the afternoon, parking when we felt like it and looking down at the river and talking about nothing much important. It was the best day I'd had since I came to New York. When I left her at the hotel I didn't say anything about seeing her again.

But I knew I was going to see her.

Ed Saunders kept her pretty busy. She had only a few days more, and he wanted to make her known to all the right people in New York and build up good will before he took her back. Her first picture would be coming on in four months or so, and the Broadway run of a new star's first picture is important.

But, busy as she was, I saw her often. My time could be arranged and I was with her whenever she was free. I think we both knew, almost from the start, how we felt about things.

But we didn't want to talk about it. We didn't talk about it until the day before she was to leave.

WE were in the living room of her tower suite in the hotel. We were alone. There was a cocktail shaker on the table, still three quarters filled. I put down my glass and walked to the window.

Park Avenue was a thin strip beneath us and the cars were black dots crawling up and down on either side of the little green park in the center. The trains ran under that parked stretch. Tomorrow one of those trains would be taking her away. She'd go back to her world and I wouldn't see her again. Our worlds were so far apart.

I heard her moving. She stood at my side. "Nice place, this town of yours," she said quietly.

"It's treated me pretty swell."

"You wouldn't leave it for—for anything, would you?"

I turned and looked at her. Our eyes met, and I drew her to me and kissed her. And when it was over she clung to me, the grip of her fingers tight on my arm. "Phil darling, come with me!" she whispered.

Then I knew why it was we hadn't talked of it before; why we had put it off as long as we could. We'd been afraid.

"Another Hollywood husband?" I said.

"Does it matter?"

"It matters," I said firmly. "I wouldn't fit in."

"You might write for the screen."

"And I might not."

"Ed Saunders could place you," she argued.

"Perhaps," I agreed. "I suppose there's always room on the pay roll for the husband of a star."

"But, Phil dear—"

"It's not my town," I broke in sharply. "Here I belong. I'm some one important here."

"Do you have to be important, Phil?"

I frowned. "All right—let that part go. Aside from that, how long would it last out there? It would be your money, your fame, your everything! Miss Marsh, and look what she brought back from New York!"

SHE wouldn't raise her eyes and look at me. Her hand touched the lapel of my coat; she fingered it lightly. "Do you love me, Phil?" she said.

I kissed her again. "Nothing can change that," I said.

"Would you want me to give up what I have and come here—with you?"

"You're a star," I said sharply. "I couldn't ask that."

"But you should ask that! If I really loved you, that is what I would do." Then she put back her head and laughed. It was a feeble laugh, brittle with disappointment. "Oh, it's funny, isn't it, Phil? We don't love each other at all! We don't know what love means! We—"

"Stop saying that!" I cried.

"But it's true. We want each other—and that's all. My little place in the sun means everything to me. Your snug berth means everything to you. We're a pair of self-important young moderns."

Her cheeks flamed now, and her lips quivered a little. I reached for her hand. "All right, then," I said. "I'm going with you."

She smiled faintly. "It wouldn't do. I'm beginning to understand."

"I'm going with you!" I said again. "Do you think I'd let you get away from me now?"

She kept shaking her head. "You'd regret what you'd done and it would turn you against me. You couldn't help it."

She was right, of course. Sacrifices are easy enough to make; it's the forgetting you've made them that's hard. You have to wipe out the memory clean or the sacrifice isn't worth while. If success didn't come my way, if I didn't fit into her world, the thought of what I had given up would come back and there would be bitterness in it.

She let me think it out. When I turned back to her, she was smiling. "You see, Phil?" she said.

"I can't let you go," I said. "I can't!"

She came into my arms again. "Don't let me go, Phil! Keep me here. I want to stay."

It wasn't easy to hear her say that and shake my head. But I had to keep seeing both sides of it.

"Nothing one-sided will balance," I said. "I couldn't make it up to you, Madge."

"I wouldn't mind, Phil. Truly I wouldn't."

"Words, darling," I said. "It's your little place in the sun—you just said that."

She stopped pretending. She saw it as straight as I did. "Is there any answer?" she said.

"There must be an answer! When two people feel as we do—"

And so we talked on, even though we both knew in our hearts it was no use. We talked about postponing things for a while. I would go to the Coast on my next vacation and look the situation over, I said. Oh, nothing could keep us apart, we were sure—because we loved each other. It was easy to talk this way, to pretend. When Saunders called for her, in an hour, we were sitting across the room from each other, drinking and talking lightly. We had been very close for a few short moments. But now we were far apart again, in different worlds.

I sent flowers to her stateroom the next day, and met her at the train gate. We walked down the red carpet together to the train. There were photographers hovering. They filled her arms with flowers and she waved and smiled good-by—the screen's newest star returning in glory to begin her career.

The train gate closed; we had only a moment left. Our lips met briefly and parted. "You'll come," she said, "on your vacation?"

"And you'll write—often?"

"I'll do more than write. I'll come back here between pictures to see you, Phil."

"It's only twelve hours by air."

The train began to move. I walked along beside it. "You'll be coming on often," I said.

The train moved faster. "We'll work things out, Phil," she said.

"Of course." I raised my hand. "Love and luck, darling!" I called.

"Love and luck—always!"

She kept waving until the train was only a pair of twinkling lights in the tunnel. I turned away and walked back to Broadway. I went into the Mail building and upstairs to my office on the tenth floor and sat looking down on the Square.

'Tisn't So

by

R. E. Doan

PYTHONS AND BOAS are not poisonous. Despite their bad reputation, these snakes are entirely lacking in venomous properties. Of course they are dangerous because of their teeth and their constricting ability. They can squeeze the breath from a person or an animal with a few coils of their very powerful bodies, and some large specimens are quite capable of swallowing a child.

BATS are not blind. The popular saying "blind as a bat" has no basis in fact. Bats have efficient and highly organized eyes. However, they are not greatly dependent upon this sense, as shown by various experiments. Temporarily blinded in the laboratory, bats have been known to fly about without hesitation—easily avoiding stretched and dangling threads and other objects in the room. Extremely sensitive skin on the wings, ears, and sometimes on the "nose leaves" gives the bat a very delicate sense of touch.

IT IS NOT against the law to destroy United States coins. There is a penalty for mutilating United States coins and restoring them to circulation, but none for destroying them.

MARAT, the French revolutionist, was not a Frenchman. Marat was born in Switzerland. His mother was Swiss, and his father a native of Sardinia.

PENNSYLVANIA was not named after its founder. Pennsylvania was named after Admiral Sir William Penn, father of William Penn, the founder. According to his own account, the younger Penn suggested the name Sylvania but the king insisted upon adding the name Penn in honor of the father, despite the founder's objection.

SHE didn't come on between pictures. There was hardly time, she wrote, because they had the second script ready and waiting. Every one had been delighted with the first at the preview.

I didn't go West on my vacation. The paper sent me to England to look over the studios there. They wanted an international flavor in my Sunday stuff, they said. The day it was settled I talked to Madge on the phone. She was terribly sorry, of course, but perhaps it was just as well. There was talk of a location trip on this next picture; she might be out of town. Perhaps it was just as well.

Her first production came on, and I gave it a good review. It was unpretentious, but I could call it good and be honest. "Miss Marsh is lovely," I wrote. "She threatens to become this reviewer's weakness." A week later I had a brief note to thank me. It meant a lot in a business way, Ed Saunders had assured her.

And after this we didn't write very often, because there wasn't anything to say. I told myself I was forgetting her easily. I wasn't the type to remember very long. There was too much to do and too many good times to be had in New York when you were in a spot like mine. A young critic must be entertained; it is crowded upon him until he takes it as his due. A critic hasn't time to brood. He is one of the minor gods, and the might of the press is behind the clever pronouncements he so archly hands out. Oh, a critic is far too important to mourn a dying emotion!

She was well established before the winter was over. You liked her on the screen, and the films were good enough. She was a personage now and she rated the usual gossip. They had her engaged to an English actor, and then to a director who was waiting for his divorce, and finally they had her engaged to Ed Saunders. Of course they were only rumors. I read them all and smiled. But some day, I knew, one of them would be true and she would marry. That was the way it would have to end—and perhaps, as she herself had said, it was just as well. I kept telling myself this over and over. I kept saying I was content with what I had; that I couldn't ask for more.

But that was in the winter. You can lie to yourself like that in the winter and almost believe the lie.

MY review of her last picture was before me on my desk that April day. The breeze from the open window was bracing; not even the dust and the smoke of the city could kill that freshness. I sat with my feet on the typewriter stand in front of me, my knees drawn up almost to my chin. I was thinking of her and how she looked on the screen. I was facing things squarely. It was a relief not to have to lie. I thought for a long time—and suddenly I knew what I wanted to do. I dropped my feet to the floor and stood up and went to Henderson's office.

He heard me through with a thin angry smile. "Off to Hollywood, I suppose?" he sneered when I finished.

"Not yet," I said pleasantly. "First I hie me away and do a book. It's been coming on for years."

"And what if it doesn't sell?"

"It'll sell. It'll be a good book. I'll be somebody."

"You're somebody here," Henderson said. "You're giving up a nice berth."

"A soft pleasant berth," I nodded. "Not too much work and a load of glory. But I'd rather have a fight on my hands. I'm going rugged on you, chief."

He frowned angrily. "You'll be back in a month," he said, "but your job will be filled. I'm warning you. No one is indispensable."

"I won't be back," I said, and laughed. "Newspapermen are crazy people, aren't they?"

He turned back to his desk. "Send Dale in here on your way out," he said. Dale was the second-string critic who helped me when the films came too thick and fast.

I worked late at the office that night, clearing up all the work in sight and getting things in order. When I finished I covered the typewriter and went whistling down the hall to the elevator. Outside, Broadway was packed. There was a lot of spring in the air, even on Broadway.

I bought a morning tabloid and kept walking uptown to my apartment on the Drive. When I opened the door and switched on the lights I saw the desk clock showed midnight. Midnight in New York is nine o'clock in Los

Angeles. I sprawled out in a chair and looked at the phone beside me, and grinned.

Long distance told me to hang up for a few minutes. She'd call me back as soon as she got Los Angeles. "Rush it through," I told her. I hummed softly while I waited. It was all solving itself so easily, after all. It would work out now because the sacrifice idea was no longer involved. It isn't a sacrifice to give up that which you no longer want—to do something you've always wanted to do but hadn't the nerve to try. If things went right I'd be with her in six months, ready to stand on my own feet. I'd be Phil Bannon, novelist. I'd match her success with mine. I *had* to be a success; it was an essential part of the plan, and the plan was the most important thing in the world.

MATT TAYLOR

spent a number of years in Hollywood, writing screen adaptations and dialogue. Prior to that he had been engaged in newspaper work and advertising. He was born in New York City and educated at Fordham University. He now lives in Rye, New York, and devotes his time to fiction.

The tabloid lay on my knee, open and right side up. I was still smiling to myself when I saw her picture. She was looking at me from a corner of the first page, a jaunty hat over one eye, her golden curls tumbling over one ear. There was a six-line caption underneath. "She'll Wed Boss," it read. "Madge Marsh, screen star, and Ed Saunders filed intention to wed at Los Angeles yesterday. Saunders, former agent, is now production chief at Superba Films. Miss Marsh will join Superba when her present contract expires."

I kept staring at the paper until it was a dancing jumble of type in front of my eyes. At my elbow the phone rang, and rang again. My arm moved slowly to lift it. "I have Los Angeles now," the operator said.

"Cancel it, will you?" I said dully. I didn't wait to hear what she answered. I lowered the telephone and let it slide back into its cradle.

I sat for a long time in the chair, and then I went over to the couch and stretched out. It must have been four o'clock when I fell asleep right there on the couch, my dead pipe on my lap and ashes sprinkling the floor.

Sometime in the morning I heard the apartment bell ringing, and I punched a cushion against my ear. I wanted to sleep for days.

But the doorbell wouldn't let me sleep. Some one's finger pressed it steadily. I got up reluctantly and went to the door and opened it.

She was standing there, smiling at me. There was a jaunty hat over one eye and a tumble of curls over one ear. "It's only twelve hours by plane, Phil," she said, and stepped inside. The tabloid was on the table where I had thrown it. Her own picture smiled up at her. I stood behind her, quite close, and looked at the soft curve of her neck and young firmness of her shoulders.

She turned swiftly and leaned back, supporting herself against the table. There was a tired, surrendering look in her eyes. "I couldn't do it, Phil," she said. "I thought I could. But they made me sign this intention-to-wed paper, and I saw his name above mine, and I—I—" She stepped forward and her hands moved upward around my shoulders. Her head lifted and her cheek pressed against mine.

"Won't you please marry me, darling?" she said. "I'm not going back."

I held her close. "You can't give it up—out there," I said.

"But I can, Phil! I have. I've chucked everything. I had to. I chucked it—and no regrets. I'd been at it so long. Now I'm coming into your world."

I shouted a laugh.

"But I've thrown it all overboard! I'm hiding out in a mountain shack for six months to do my book."

She drew back her head and looked up at me. "*We're* hiding out, darling," she said. And after I kissed her she said, "I guess we know now what we really want most, don't we, Phil?"

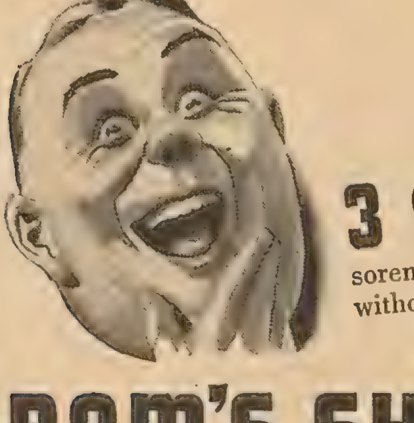
"I guess we had to learn," I said.

THE END

Better shaves with Ingram's ... for these 3 REASONS

1 SOFTENS YOUR WHISKERS Ingram's moist, heavy lather strips the oily coating from your whiskers; softens them right down to the skin line; holds them *erect* for clean, once-over shaving.

2 PREPARES YOUR FACE Ingram's conditions your skin *before* you shave. Smooths, tightens, and by its unique lubricating action, makes your razor *glide*. No scuffing jumps or skips!



3 COOLS YOUR SKIN And Ingram's is cool—*so* cool! No more burning. No more soreness. Your skin is soothed and comfortable, without the cost or bother of after-shave lotions.

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

Ingram's can give you better shaves because it has in it three special shaving aids that give these three results—

1st, fast and thorough wilting action, even on wiry whiskers. 2nd, proper preparation of your skin for the razor. 3rd, *coolness*—during the shave and a long time after.

Try Ingram's tomorrow! See how little you need for a grand shave. Ingram's is *concentrated;* each tube or jar gives about three months of cool, happy shaving.

TUBE OR JAR
Ingram's
SHAVING CREAM
NRA

TRY THE WORLD'S COOLEST SHAVE *free*

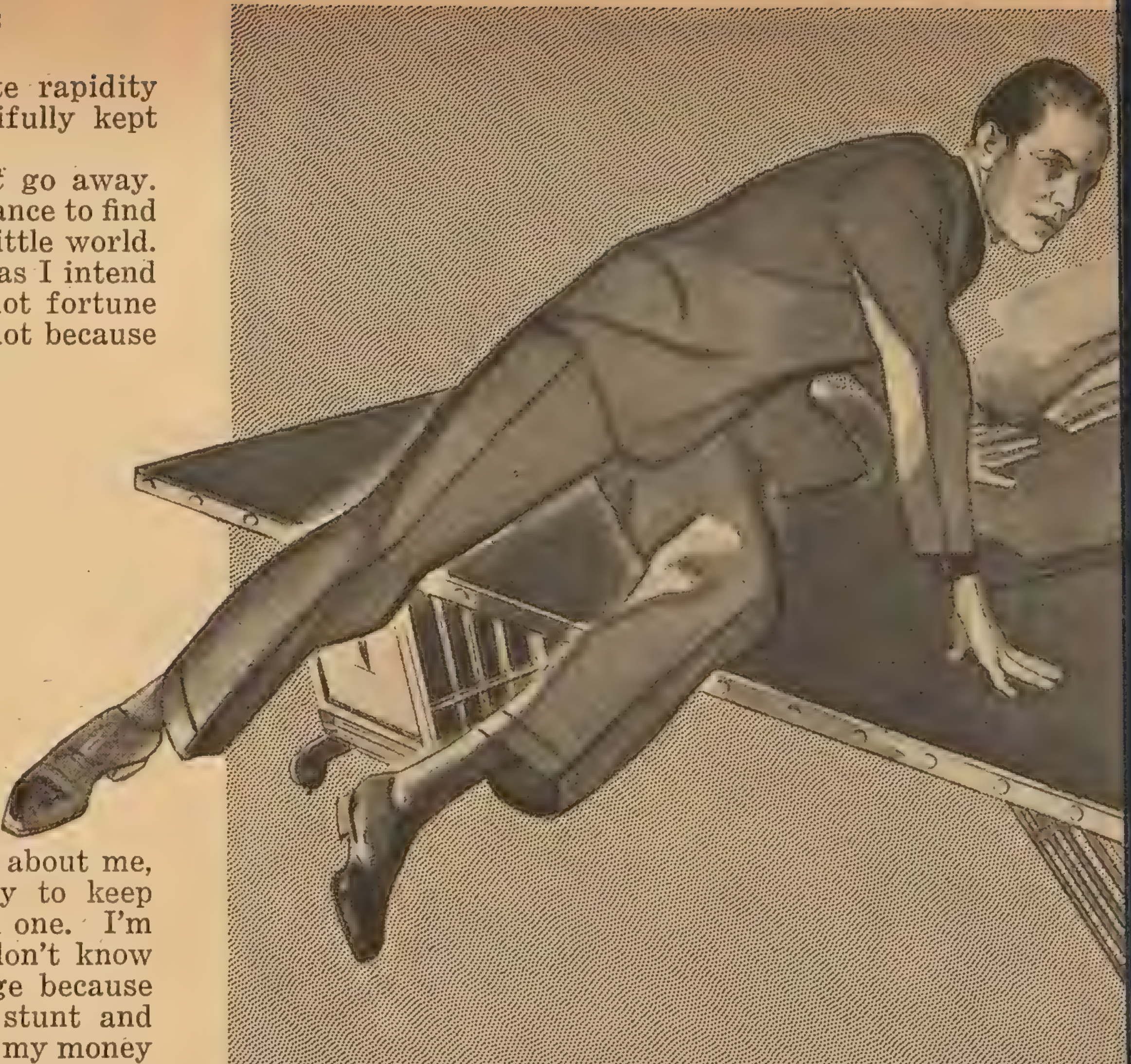
BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A-65
110 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

Ingram's better shaves sound good to me. Let me try 10 of them, free.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City____________ State__________



Sobbing, she groped toward the door. Grant Houston reached it first by vaulting over his desk.

GIVE M

A GAY ROMANCE OF 193
RAN AWAY FROM RICHES

by E L I S

I L L U S T R A T I O N S

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

FLEURY ABBOTT typed with an accurate rapidity that belied the uselessness of her beautifully kept hands, her long lacquered nails.

"I am going away," she wrote. "I *must* go away. I shall go mad if I don't. I've got to have a chance to find what lies beyond my own selfish, superficial little world. I want to know people who work for a living, as I intend to; I want to know men who are men and not fortune hunters, who will love me for myself alone, not because I am going to be one of the richest girls in the world.

"Don't look for me. I'm going to disappear entirely from what has been my world. I'm going to do what I've always wanted to do—live my own life as I would have lived it if my father hadn't had the misfortune to make too much money. You were his best friend, as you are my best—and only—friend now. For his sake and for mine, give me this opportunity! Give out whatever story you wish, but don't let them find me.

"I've had enough publicity. I've never been able to do anything I've wanted to do without a pack of reporters at my heels.

"I plan to stay away a year. Don't worry about me, because I'll get by. I'll take enough money to keep me until I find a job—and I'm sure I will find one. I'm a first-class stenographer and typist. You don't know it, but when I had to give up business college because reporters thought it was another publicity stunt and the girls in the school thought I was flaunting my money in their faces, I studied privately. This has been in the back of my mind all the time.

"At the end of the year I'll probably come back thoroughly chastened and more than anxious to resume my life as it was cut out for me. It wouldn't surprise me at all if I found that the world I am seeking is sham and my own is real.

"But if I'm not back in a year, please, if you have any love for me, don't hunt me down! You'll know that I've found what I've wanted. Consider me dead, for I shall be—so far as Fleury Abbott and what she has stood for is concerned. You have my will; use it as soon as the law permits thereafter.

"Give me a year! A year of life. A year of love.

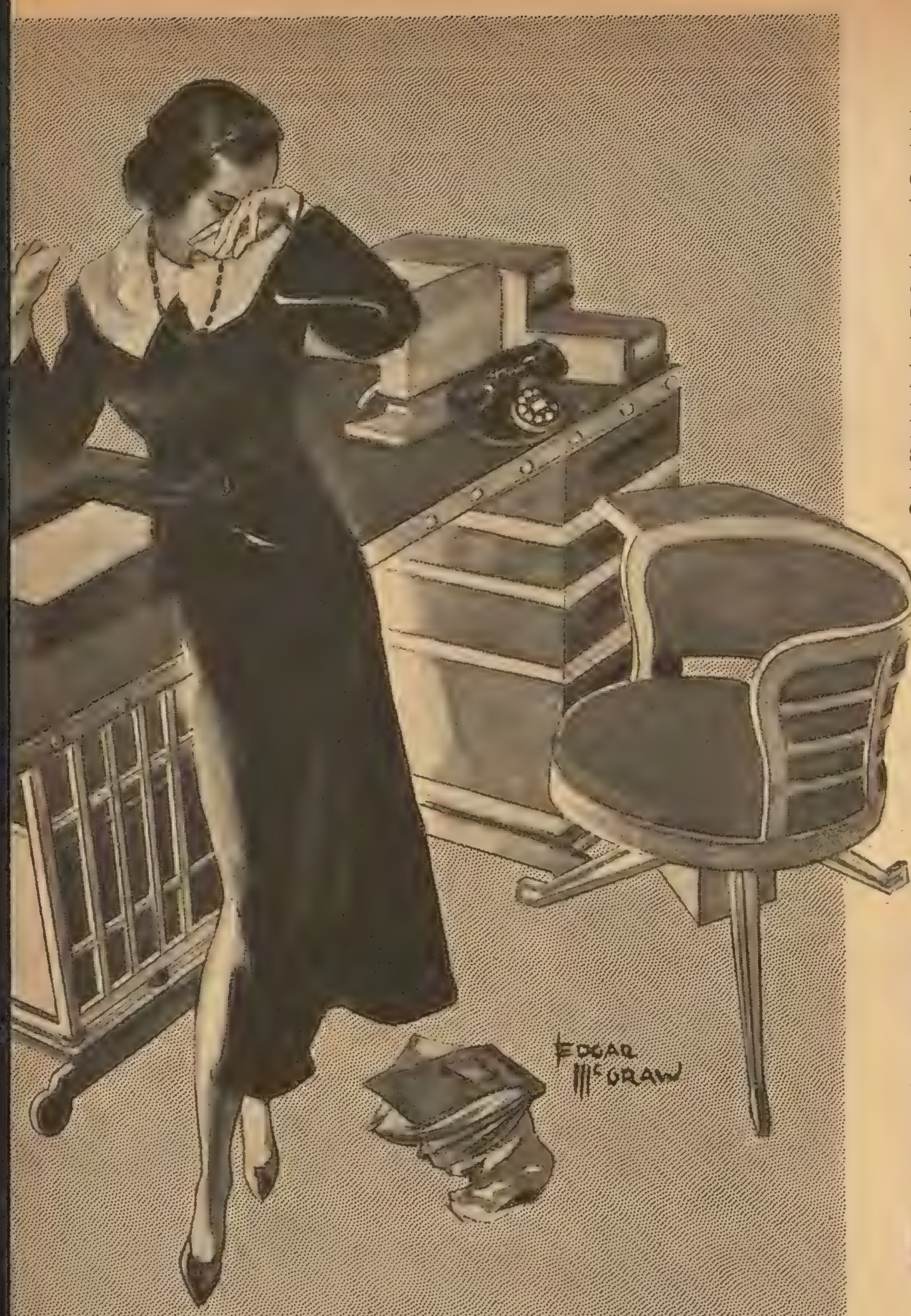
"Thank you—and good-by."

Hastily Fleury Abbott addressed the letter to Justin Husing, her guardian and lawyer. She hurried out to mail it, taking with her nothing but a purse with a roll of bills. There was no hesitation as she walked out of the brooding gray mansion overlooking Central Park—no backward glance. . . .

On the first day that the newspaper headlines forsook the mystery of the disappearance of Fleury Abbott for the latest murder case as their leading story, Florence Armstrong stepped off the North Shore Limited from Milwaukee at the Wilson Avenue station in Chicago. She carried a black suitcase that appeared to be something of a family heirloom, and a matching round hatbox. She wore a prim black suit that looked exactly like the black suits worn by the other young women in the crowd, and a hat that allowed curly wisps of black hair to come out of hiding.

In a taxi, she pulled out a Chicago newspaper, gave the chauffeur the number of an apartment hotel she had checked off. The building was a thin sliver of terracotta. She was shown the one room and kitchenette she asked to see; tried to look properly doubtful about the price. When the manager came down five dollars a month immediately, it seemed a moral obligation to take it, and she did.

Alone in the room that opened into a windowless kitchenette, a small square of a bathroom, and a closet behind the aperture that she assumed would presently disgorge a folding bed, Florence Armstrong flung off her hat and surveyed her new domain with a pride she could never remember having experienced before.



A YEAR

E STORY OF A GIRL WHO
OOK FOR LIFE—AND LOVE

B I A L K

E D G A R M c G R A W

For the first time she permitted herself to think of herself once again as Fleury Abbott, and to reflect upon those exciting three weeks in which she had outwitted detectives and newspapermen at every step until now when she had reached her destination.

When she had walked out of that brooding gray-stone mansion three weeks before, Florence Armstrong, as she called herself even in her thoughts, walked through Central Park, took a bus to Forty-second Street. It was there that the newspapers lost track of her. People who recognized her by sight and from her photographs had mapped out her route with an accuracy that had surprised her when she read of it. No one, however, had seen her cross Broadway, continue west, and go into the Eighth Avenue kiosk. No one had noticed her come out of the subway in Brooklyn. Apparently—and she smiled whimsically at the recollection—not even the handsome bus driver had noticed that she was among his passengers to Philadelphia.

Afraid of the memory of the beauticians in first-class salons, Florence Armstrong had gone by street-car to Germantown and entrusted herself to the skill of a small shop she chose by instinct. She still felt, when she thought of it, that slight nausea at the pit of her stomach that had assailed her when the beauty operator was applying the black dye to her softly blonde hair. It was in Germantown, too, that she bought inexpensive clothes without distinction that would make her look like every other girl, and secondhand bags.

She had pushed on toward the West by a zigzag route—Pittsburgh, Toledo, Detroit. She rode by night and slept in second-rate hotels by day. Frightened away from Chicago by scare headlines that said her trail had been picked up, she detoured to Milwaukee to wait until the reports were proved false. (By that time she was reported to have been seen in London, Paris, and other places abroad.) Now she was in Chicago, free at last and ready to begin the most exciting part of her adventure.

FLEURY ABBOTT would never have imagined there was so much difficulty to finding work that confronted Florence Armstrong when she looked for a position.

She registered at agencies; she advertised in newspapers; she answered all the blind ads that appeared, whether she was or was not qualified. She never got beyond the first interview. Even when the salary offered was pitifully small, there were other girls with more experience available. How the girls could live on so little money Florence Armstrong could only wonder in sympathetic admiration.

Her money was disappearing rapidly. To send for more would not only give her away but defeat her purpose. Facing hunger as Florence Armstrong still seemed more inviting a future than facing vapidity as Fleury Abbott.

She applied for the position as stenographer at the advertising firm of Lacy and Houston with the impotent desperation she had known for the last few weeks when her money had been running low and discouraging turndowns seemed less discouraging than the prospect of going back to New York.

Grant Houston, the junior partner of the firm, shook his head at her lack of experience. He was about to dismiss her with the doubtful promise she had learned to expect when he asked, "Do you live at home?"

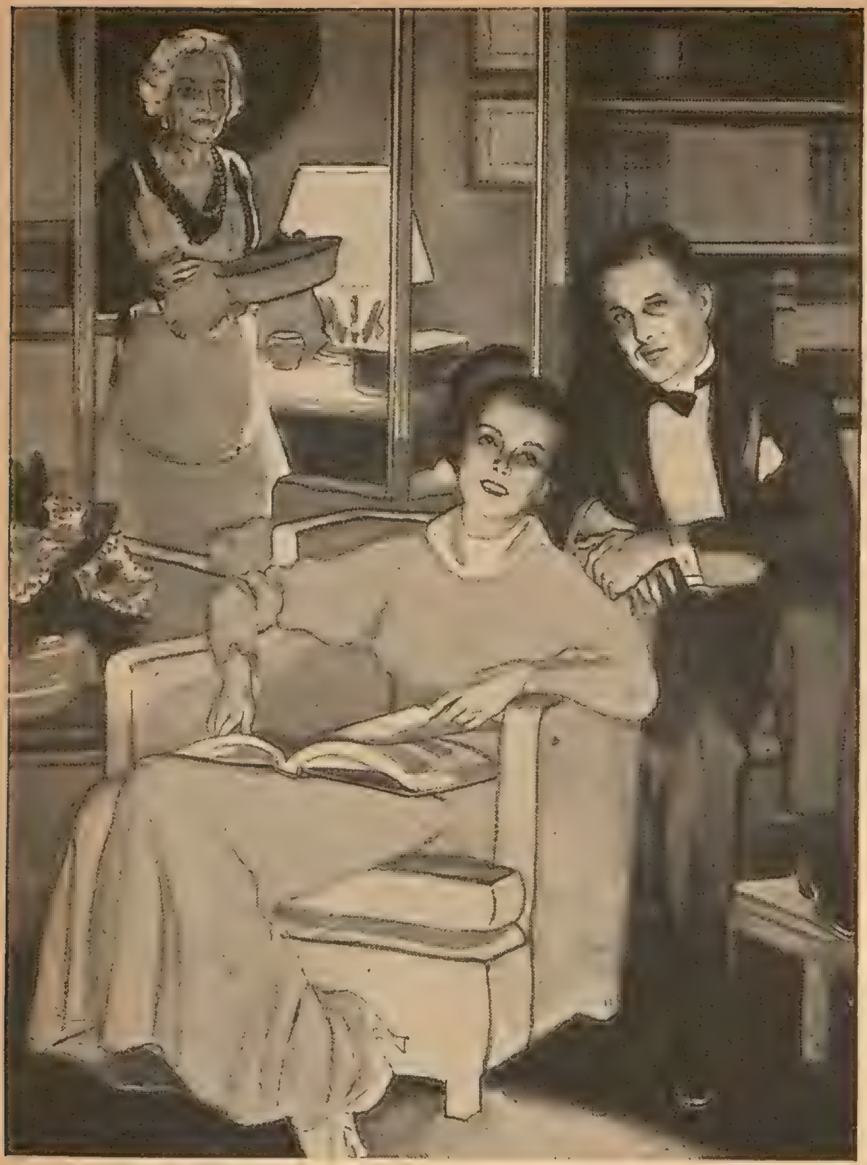
"No, I don't, Mr. Houston. I'm here alone."

"Where do your parents live?"

She answered truthfully: "My parents are dead."

"I see," Grant Houston said. "I see." He tapped his desk with his pencil. A look something like annoyance crossed his darkly handsome face. Florence was wondering what she might have said to offend him when he glared at her and said shortly, "All right—you may have the job."

She knew then that despite his brusqueness he had been unable to turn down a girl alone in the city and



There was about the dinner a home touch and a home taste that made her feel at ease.

apparently without funds—was angry at himself because of it and at her for presenting the situation. Pride wanted to tell him that she really didn't need the job that badly, and honesty wanted to tell him that perhaps he ought to give it to some one more worthy as long as he was doling it out like a piece of charity; but she looked at his narrow chiseled features, his vivid rebellious blue eyes, and his adventurous mouth, saw something of herself in his face, and she said instead, "Thank you, Mr. Houston." . . .

Florence gave Fleury Abbott silent thanks many times a day for her ability to fill her position even to the satisfaction of demanding Grant Houston. Only a young girl who had had her fill of gadding about, her satiation of dancing and parties, would be willing to spend so many of her evenings taking dictation in an office that seemed unreal by electric light, transcribing those notes to the forlorn clack of a typewriter echoing up and down the deserted corridors of a huge office building. Apparently even Grant Houston, in vague masculine fashion, was aware of this.

That he appreciated her undivided interest in her work was evidenced by the raise he obtained for her. That he appreciated her personally was evidenced not at all, Florence Armstrong was as chagrined to find as Fleury Abbott would have been relieved. Fleury Abbott would have been shocked but Florence Armstrong was only tolerantly amused to find herself in love with a man who was almost totally unaware of her existence except as an efficient mouthpiece for his dictation.

It was a few days before Thanksgiving when he looked up at her and asked as if he were reprimanding her for an error, "Where are you having Thanksgiving dinner?"

Florence, caught off guard, stared at him. "Why," she fumbled, "I don't know."

"Why not have dinner at my home?" he suggested with his customary brusqueness. "Mother'd be glad to have you."

Mrs. Houston telephoned later in the day. "Do come!" she invited heartily, almost excitedly. "We'd so love to have you."

Mortgaging her income for the next few weeks, Florence Armstrong indulged in her first extravagance since coming West—a deep-green velvet dinner dress with full sleeves caught up at the wrists and a deceptively quaint roll collar that zoomed into a deep V in the back. It surprised her that she was able to find so becoming a frock at such a comparatively low cost.

The Houstons, mother and son, lived in a nicely furnished apartment on the North Side, overlooking Lake Shore Drive. Grant helped her off with the coat Fleury Abbott wouldn't have considered wearing with a dinner dress but which Florence Armstrong was unable to replace with the proper wrap. "You look different," he said, as if he were half angry at her.

His mother greeted her warmly. She was small and gentle, Grant's opposite. Her bright eyes were almost disconcertingly piercing, though they pierced kindly. "You'll forgive me if I disappear occasionally, won't you?" she asked after her greeting. "I'm cooking most of the dinner myself—I always do on holidays. An old Houston custom."

The three—the two when Mrs. Houston was "disappearing"—conversed pleasantly. Grant talked about books, about the new administration, about the decline of the theater, and about the European situation in the same terse voice he used at the office. And Florence Armstrong was deliciously amused. She had supposed his brusqueness was an impersonal reserve he wrapped around himself during business hours only. The thought that this was his natural self refreshed her; he was so different from the carefully polished men Fleury Abbott had known.

It was a delightful experience to hear a man of intelligence speak his ideas frankly and with conviction without weighing them first to see if they were in accordance with the popular conception.

It was stimulating to hear him speak about a book he had read because he thought it would be worth while and not because everybody was reading it, to hear him give fresh views on topics of the day, not those that were hashed over from publications.

THERE was about the dinner a home touch and a home taste that made her feel more at ease with these two who were comparative strangers than Fleury Abbott had in her own home, waited upon by her own servants. The maid set the turkey before Grant to carve, and Mrs. Houston filled the plates with chestnut dressing and sweet potatoes and cranberries. It was the kind of dinner that millions of Americans sit down to every Thanksgiving, but which had always been denied Fleury Abbott, whose French cook would have considered it beneath her art.

Lolling in lazy luxury later, they talked again. It was a dialogue between Grant Houston and Florence Armstrong for the most part, with Mrs. Houston sitting back and smiling at them, nodding now and again to agree with a point that was made, her eyes piercing Florence, piercing Grant, piercing Florence again, always kindly. When it was time to leave, Grant Houston drove her home.

"I didn't know you had your own apartment," he said in slight surprise as he followed her into the lobby while she picked up her key.

"I hated the thought of taking a room somewhere when I first came," Florence Armstrong answered quite truthfully. "I may have to make some other arrangements now."

"Why?"

"Well," she admitted, "I had some money when I came, and it's practically gone. I should cut down on expenses."

"It won't be necessary." He left so abruptly that she hardly had time to thank him for the nicest day she could remember. . . .

If Florence Armstrong had entertained hopes that Grant Houston's parting words were of sentimental significance, she buried the fragments of those hopes quite calmly the following payday, when her check carried a substantial increase that testified to his assertion that it wouldn't be necessary for her to cut down on expenses.

But their Thanksgiving together was not without additional aftermath. There came the evening when he realized for a certainty that he would have to get another secretary.

It was when, fatigued to the point of exhaustion after working extra hours for several weeks, Florence Armstrong, in a deserted office building in which scrubwomen clattered buckets with unseemly din at a time when Fleury Abbott would have been dressing to go to a ball, fell asleep at her desk when Grant Houston was checking over a schedule she had transcribed for him. He awakened her by touching not her shoulder but her hair, and when she looked up at him there was a softness in the handsome leanness of his face that she had not seen before.

"Here—we're through for the day," he announced, helping her into her coat.

On the way to the apartment that was like the butler's pantry in Fleury Abbott's home, he spoke again: "I never had a secretary like you before. You were green when you started, of course, but you caught on quickly. And you were willing to learn! Never saw any one so willing before. Never saw any girl of your age and looks take such an interest in a job before, either."

In spite of the unaccustomed flattery of his words, Florence Armstrong shivered, forced herself to laugh: "And now—am I slipping?"

"No. I am."

They had arrived at her home. He came around the car, helped her out. He escorted her into the lobby and to the self-operating elevator. He touched his hat. "I'm afraid," he said shortly, "that I'm going to marry you." He turned on his heel, left her staring after him. . . .

ELISA BIALK *is a young Chicagoan who believed that her pet hobbies of raising tropical fish and collecting rare books were more productive than her writing attempts until she sold her first contribution to Liberty in 1932. She is married and lives in her native city.*

Afterward Florence Armstrong doubted whether she had heard Grant Houston give utterance to those amazing words. Insisting to herself that she must have misinterpreted that parting remark, each syllable was etched so deeply in her memory that it withstood misinterpretation even in the coldest logic.

Yet there was nothing about his attitude that indicated any degree of affection, and less than that a desire to bestow upon her the privilege of being known as his wife and sending his soiled shirts to the laundry. He worked like fury during the day so that, Florence suspected, he wouldn't have to keep her late. Except for a distant "Good morning" and a distant "Good night" and terse business instructions during the day, he didn't speak to her at all. He was more of a stranger to her now than he had been when she had first come to Lacy and Houston, and Florence, writhing under his impersonal air, achieved depths of unhappiness that Fleury Abbott, despite all her discontentment, had never known.

Her confusion, her impotent wonder at what was at the basis of his strange behavior would have been dissipated had she been present at the Houston apartment the morning after the last time he had taken her home.

"Mother," Grant looked up suddenly to say in his crisp voice, "I'm going to marry Florence Armstrong."

Mrs. Houston stirred her coffee thoughtfully. She put in another lump of sugar although her quota had dissolved. "Have you asked her?"

"Not yet."

Mrs. Houston took two careful sips of her coffee before she remarked: "But, dear, you don't know anything about her, do you?"

Grant narrowed his eyes at her. "What's there to know, mother?"

MRS. HOUSTON sighed. "I don't like to be the one to tell you, dear," she said gently, looking directly across the table and into his eyes for the first time during the conversation; "but Florence Armstrong is not Florence Armstrong—she is Fleury Abbott."

"Fleury Abbott? What are you talking about, mother?"

Mrs. Houston nodded sadly. "Fleury Abbott, the New York debutante who disappeared. 'The girl with too much money,' the newspapers said."

Grant Houston slapped his cup to its waiting saucer with a resounding whack. "Mother, are you well? Whatever gave you that crazy idea?"

"It *is* a crazy idea," she admitted, "but unfortunately it's true."

"How do you know?"

"I've known since the first time I saw her. She sat under the light and I could see the roots of her hair. It was blonde. Had she bleached dark hair blonde, I wouldn't have thought twice about it—except perhaps that she was a little foolish," she conceded sagely. "But a woman never dyes blonde hair black unless she has a very good reason—unless she is covering up more than her hair, as it were."

Grant stared at her angrily, refusing to believe.

"And did you notice Marie's attitude when she served the Thanksgiving dinner?"

Grant snorted. "What does a maid know about it?"

"You can't fool servants, dear. They can always tell. Marie looked at her and became servile at once. Even she could tell that that girl wasn't an ordinary stenographer."

"She isn't an ordinary stenogra-

DON'T NURSE A Corn!

Remove it . . . end pain this safe, sure way

●Don't suffer burning corns a minute longer. Apply Blue-Jay corn plasters at once. Instantly pain stops. You walk, work, dance in comfort. In 3 days corn lifts right out. Special Wet-Pruf adhesive strip allows bathing, does not cling to stocking. Blue-Jays are made by Bauer & Black, noted surgical dressing house. Special sizes for bunions and calluses. *25c—all druggists.*

Good Housekeeping Bureau

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK SCIENTIFIC
CORN PLASTER

FOR BEST RESULTS . . .
Advertise in Liberty
America's Best Read Weekly!

Stop Itching Skin

It's wonderful the way soothing, cooling Zemo brings prompt relief to itching, burning skin, even in severe cases. You can feel itching fade away when Zemo touches the tender and irritated skin, because of its rare ingredients. To relieve Rashes and Ringworm and comfort the irritation of Eczema and Pimples, always use clean, soothing Zemo. All druggists', 35c, 60c and $1.

Good Housekeeping Bureau

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

pher," Grant insisted stubbornly.

"I have never known the Houston men to be particularly observant," Mrs. Houston ruminated. "Why, your father could never remember whether my eyes were blue or brown! Wait just a moment," she called suddenly, scurrying out of the room.

She came back with several newspaper clippings, spread them out before him. "I got these back numbers at the newspaper offices when I first suspected," she explained. The photographs showed Fleury Abbott in fancy-dress costume, in her debut gown, in simple sports dresses at the races.

"Granting the difference in the color of her hair, don't you see a resemblance?"

He squinted at the pictures. "Only a slight one," he said uncertainly. "Besides," he demanded, "if you suspected this right along, why didn't you tell me?"

"I was afraid you might not let yourself fall in love with her if you knew," she sighed. "You have such quaint ideas about women with money."

He waved the clippings. "And if this is true, do you suppose I'd marry her now that I am in love with her?"

Mrs. Houston bowed her head like a penitent child. "Then I'm very sorry, dear," she said quietly. . . .

It was almost a year from the day that Fleury Abbott disappeared when Florence Armstrong paused in Grant Houston's office, notebook and pencil still in hand, and said in a voice quite as terse as her employer's:

"I am leaving at the end of the week, Mr. Houston."

For a moment she thought he hadn't heard, because he continued to run through a sheaf of letters without a change of expression. Then he commented in a coolly impersonal voice, without looking up: "I'm sorry, Miss Armstrong. You've been quite satisfactory. Have you notified the cashier?"

HAD she been able to match his coolness, Fleury Abbott would in all probability have returned to New York and the blare of publicity, and eventually have married an impoverished title or a decadent scion of a first family.

But Florence Armstrong reacted as Florence Armstrong, not as Fleury Abbott. She threw down her notebook and her pencil in impotent fury, and she dug a sensibly low heel that Fleury Abbott would have scorned into the topsy-turvy notes.

"Oh!" she cried. "You're—you're—"

Sobbing, she groped toward the door.

She never finished the sentence and she never reached the door. Grant Houston reached it first by vaulting over his desk in a manner entirely unseemly in a dignified junior member of Lacy and Houston, and Florence Armstrong groped her way into his arms instead.

But when he spoke his voice was as brusque as ever:

"What are you crying for? You're going back to more money than you could use in a hundred years, and dozens of men at your feet, and nothing to do but—"

Florence Armstrong stopped crying and stopped struggling to free herself from his arms simultaneously and interrupted: "How did you know?"

His voice was more angry, although his hold upon her did not relax. He disregarded her question. "And of all the offices in Chicago, you had to choose mine to pull your hoax! I'll be the laughingstock of the country for not having known sooner when you were under my very nose for nearly a year."

Florence began to sob again, into his shoulder this time. "And what about me? Don't you think I'll be a laughingstock too? I had everything every one else wanted but the one thing every one else had. I tried to get that, and I failed."

"What was that?"

"I wanted happiness—love."

GRANT'S arms tightened about her. "Do you think I'd let myself love one of the richest girls in the world? I'm the kind who must make his own way on his own merits."

"So am I. Suppose I weren't one of the richest girls in the world."

She could feel his arms relaxing. "It's no use thinking about that."

"I don't have to go back," she told him almost frantically. "I don't have to take the money."

"You will, of course."

"Grant," she entreated, "can you forget there was a Fleury Abbott? I can. It would be easy to forget, because there was nothing worth-while to remember. It would be much harder to forget Florence Armstrong and her year with you than Fleury Abbott and a lifetime with other men."

He looked into her eager eyes. "You may never forgive me later if you don't go back."

She grinned suddenly. "You may never forgive me, either."

He grinned, too. He looked so charming that Florence Armstrong stood on tiptoe and kissed him. . . .

A telegram arrived at the Lake Shore Drive apartment shortly after the simple ceremony that transformed the illegal Florence Armstrong into the legal Mrs. Grant Houston. It read:

WARMEST WISHES FOR YOUR
HAPPINESS YOU ARE A WISE
CHILD JUSTIN HUSING

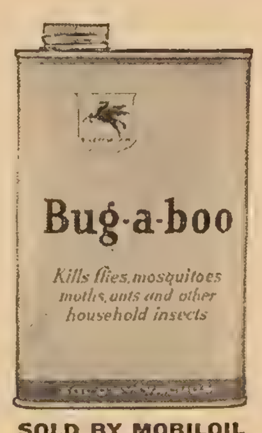
"Then my guardian knew where I was all the time!" she pouted. "It never occurred to me that I was being watched." She smiled affectionately at the recollection of him. "It was dear of him not to give me away."

Grant Houston looked at the telegram again. He smiled too. "He's pretty wise himself," he conceded.

THE END

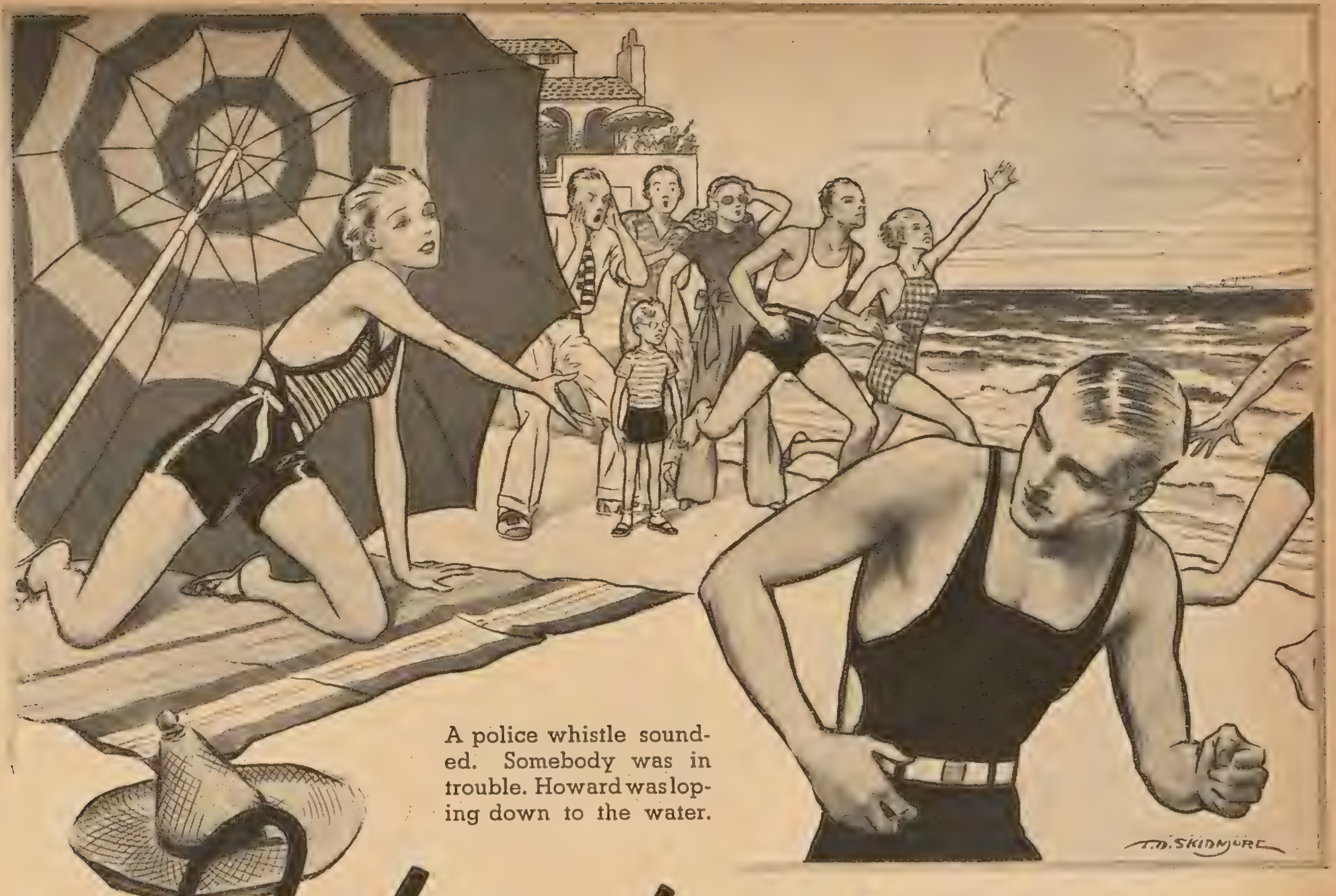
Brave knights, to please a lady fair,
Would slay a dragon in his lair.
This modern knight is gallant, too,
He saves the maid with Bug-a-Boo.

EVERYBODY LIKES BUG-A-BOO but the bugs. Here's high-power killing action . . really effective bug riddance . . in a new, pleasant insect spray that doesn't suggest that your home has been fumigated. Bug-a-boo has other desirable qualities. It won't stain the wall-paper or your clothes. Its pleasant odor suggests the pine woods. Try it and you'll like it.


Bug-a-boo
Kills flies, mosquitoes moths, ants and other household insects

BUG-A-BOO
KILLS FLIES, MOSQUITOES, ROACHES, ANTS, MOTHS

SOLD BY MOBILOIL OUTLETS AND LEADING DEALERS



A police whistle sounded. Somebody was in trouble. Howard was loping down to the water.

ILLUSTRATION BY
T. D. SKIDMORE

Undertow

by EDWARD L. McKENNA

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

THE great trouble, so Elaine was thinking, was that they'd grown up together and had become so used to each other. Her mother had a real affection for Howard, and her father, who worshiped Elaine as the father of an only daughter should, grunted and gave Howard cigars. Howard was a doctor's son and in his second year at P. and S. Elaine was a senior at Barnard. Her people were not poor; neither were his.

In his senior year Howard had been selected by his classmates as the man most to be respected, and not a few had voted that he was the man most likely to succeed. He looked it; he was a big fellow, serious, quiet, easy in his ways. Having a little money, he had chosen to go away to other universities in the summer, studying biology and chemistry and other subjects which improve the mind rather than one's conversation. Elaine always knew exactly what he was going to say, and pretty well what he was going to do.

Now no twenty-year-old girl likes that, particularly if she's pretty as a picture, and reads as much as her boy friends will let her, and thinks of herself as the wild hawk in the wind-swept sky. Twenty's a lovely age.

Howard was really so nice and so good, Elaine was thinking. How could she say to him, "My dear, I like you such a lot. But my life with you would never be an adventure, a surprise. I'd rather marry a penniless man and help him make his way. I'd rather marry a drunkard or a rake, and reform him, or fail. I see my life as pictures; you never will. I want to go to Paris and starve in a garret if I must. I want to go to Honolulu and wear a wreath of white flowers on my hair. I—I want somebody to offer me a diamond bracelet or a penthouse opposite the park—not that I'd take them. I want some disillusioned experienced man to be crazy about me, to tell me that I give him back his trust, his dreams. I . . ."

"Water looks rough," said Howard. It did. It would, if he said so.

"Tough undertow, here," said Elaine.

It was a long time since they'd been swimming together. He'd been away summer after summer. What would he answer if she said to him: "Do you like me in a bathing suit? I'm not a skinny little kid any more. Don't you wonder if I never kissed another boy? You've never asked, you've never kissed me either. And if

HE, ALAS, WAS A TOO-PERFECT LOVER; SHE DREAMED DREAMS, AND WANTED A THRILL; THEN FATE LEAPED IN WITH A SUDDEN SURPRISE THAT TAUGHT HER A THING OR TWO you've never kissed me, I know you have never kissed any one. Howard, dear, you're not the type, are you?"

Instead she kicked lazily at the sand and looked, or tried to look, as did the great sirens of history and the screen. "How long is it since we've been down to the beach, Howard?" she said.

"Five years," he said. "Remember? I took you and your mother down to Manhattan."

Oh, you would, Elaine said to herself. You're so proper about everything. Five years ago—don't you think I remember? I was fifteen, your village queen. You were my bashful barefoot beau. And oh, Howard, you were eighteen and I thought you were just grand and I was so thrilled to be going out with a freshman in college. Why can't things like that last forever? Why do we have to get old and wise? You never even gave me your fraternity pin. You're so careful about everything. One of these days I'll break your heart and oh, my dear, you'll never see that I can't help it, that I can't live as you'd want me to, that I've got to have excitement, uncertainty, a little speculation, a little gambling, in my life. You think because I'm—fastidious—and—and nice, that I'm like you. I'm not! I'm not! I—

"It's sort of chilly," said Howard.

Elaine nodded. "Sun's gone in," she said. "Too cold to swim. Let's go get dressed."

"Oh, no. Never put a suit on and not swim. Go on in, for a few minutes. Feel better afterwards."

"All right," she said. Let him have his own way this time. There couldn't be many more times, ever.

A police whistle sounded, and sounded again. Howard blinked and straightened up, and took off his glasses.

It was a lifeguard blowing his whistle. Somebody was in trouble, out in the water.

HOWARD put his spectacles in their case and tucked them in the pocket of his sweater. He took the bathhouse keys from his wrist and put them in his pocket, too. He took off his sweater, and shook it, and folded it. He did all this fast and capably and without excitement.

"Look. Got ninety-seven dollars in my wallet. My papers are over at the bank—they're all right. Listen. Got a manuscript in the drawer of my desk at the Chi Psi house ought to be published. Ask Chet, he'll know. You'll—you'll help out a little, with my mother. O. K. So long."

He was loping down the beach to the water. He wasn't the only one; he passed lots of others. Elaine wasn't the only woman who ran after such a man, dry-lipped and voiceless, or shouting entreaties, and despising him if he should turn.

Howard didn't. He went into the surf as he used to go into the Dartmouth line, grunting, and leaving his feet. There, however, the resemblance ended.

"He's a—he's a rotten swimmer," said Elaine, and her heart went into her throat. She walked out into the water and felt the undertow swirling at her. She wasn't looking at the drowning man. She was straining forward looking at Howard, fifteen feet away and beating forward with his clumsy crawl.

"I can get him," said Elaine. "I can get him. I—I mustn't. I mustn't, till he's all in. Go on! Go on, big boy! A-agh! There's the catamaran!"

The catamaran was pitching out. It was an easy job after that. The drowning swimmer was picked up without much trouble. So were four ambitious heroes. But not Howard. He made the beach under his own steam. Gasping and shaking his head and white as a sheet he came out, but he was one of the last galoots ashore just the same.

ELAINE grabbed him. "Come on," she said. "You get up in that bathhouse quick. Try to get a drink. You hear me?"

"Where's my sweater?" he said.

"I lost it. Your number's 279. The locker will let you in."

"You're all wet. You—"

"I ran in after you. I'd run further than that. Come on! That's a good boy. I'll find the sweater."

She did find it. She dressed in a hurry and was there waiting for him. He didn't look good. He didn't look calm, or efficient, or the picture of health.

"Sick?" she said.

"A little."

"That's nothing. Was I sick, after my first meet!"

"Your what?"

"You heard me. I won my emblem for the W. S. A. this year."

"The what?"

"The Women's Swimming Association. I got a medal too, and a little cup. Fifty yards, backstroke. Just novice. Doesn't amount to anything. Did you get a drink?"

"Yes. That's what made me sick," he said.

Their feet thudded along the planked walk. "I—I'll have to pick up a little about swimming," he said. "Never—never had much time."

"Sure. Sure thing," she said. Suddenly she held his arm tight to her. "No, don't," she said. "It'll be the only thing I can ever beat you at."

"You beat me at everything," he said. "I often wonder how I ever got such a girl as you."

"No fooling, stupid?" said Elaine.

"No fooling," he said.

She often wondered after that, herself. She wondered whether it was when he folded his sweater up and handed it to her along with his last wishes, or when she found that he was willing to tackle a new job with nothing but strength and a high heart to aid him.

She's still wondering. She's got two boys now, just like him. She says she hopes she'll never have a girl.

THE END

GOOD BOOKS—by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **DON'T EVER LEAVE ME** by Katharine Brush. Farrar & Rinehart.
A weak story magnificently done in the best looking-glass manner, and the thin story won't matter to the women who read Miss Brush to see themselves as others see them.

★ ★ ★ **GREENWICH VILLAGE 1920-1930** by Caroline F. Ware. Houghton Mifflin Company.
Greenwich Village was not always a storybook Bohemia. Here is a lively history of its gaudy years—1920-1930. Interesting, but with some most interesting personalities unmentioned.

★ ★ ½ **THE LONG WHIP** by Eugene Campbell. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Racing and hunting and American aristocracy pictured through the story of the Fortescus, none of whom suspect that the founder of the family in America was an immigrant English blacksmith whose hatred of the English upper classes inspired him to establish social position and wealth for his descendants.

★ ★ **BOARDING HOUSE** by Peter Delius. J. B. Lippincott Company.
An interesting yarn of the life of a boarding house run by Kathleen Loicey.

★ ★ **ALICE FOOTE MACDOUGALL'S COOK BOOK** by Alice Foote MacDougall. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.
In its lovely silver covers this book holds some toothsome secrets of the way to a man's heart—a great present for a June bride.

★ ★ **CAN WE ABOLISH WAR?** by Herman Bernstein. Broadview.
One of the most interesting articles printed recently by Liberty now appears deservedly in a library edition.

Love Letters of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra

In Which Socko Hits New York for a Fight and Plunges into Frolic, and His Blonde Madcap Gives Him a Piece of Her Mind

WORDS AND PICTURES BY

BERT GREEN

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Midriff Gym,
New York.

DEAR GINGER,
I just got your lovely note raisin plenty of hell.

Listen Sweetie, I used to look forward to receivin a flock of sweet sediments from you, but ever since I tipped the mit about the red headed nurse I've done nothin but backstop for a load of beef.

My gawd, when a cute number like Vivian is sweet enough to kick in with her profeshional services for *nothin* its only natural for me to be big hearted an give her a break. Aint it? Honest, everythin she's been doin for me is for the benefit of my ligerments. She says that after she gets through givin me muscle massages I'll be able to wade right in an clout over those 32 palookas that stand between me an the Championship.

Accordin to you, its alright for *you* to ace around with that magic lantern director out there in Hollywood, but if *I* try to do myself some good by havin a dame take a personal interest in my physicque, why should you squark murder? For crimp sake, be your make-up, Ginger.

Now listen Toots, before some sap gives you a screwey report about my trip from Boston I'm goin to give you the low down on just what happened so you wont get it all cockeyed.

First of all, when Vivian—I mean Miss McKay—got wind that I was goin to leave Boston for New York, she got herself transferred to New York as a nurse at the Double Jointed Infirmary. So you see Ginger, how innocent she was? It just goes to show she had my interest at heart.

Anyway, before shovin off on the Boston night barge I got myself duded up with a new set of scenery. No foolin, before I got through I looked like somethin that fell off the screen. Hot cat! I opened up by shootin the bank roll on a collegiate two button double breasted herrin bone sport's model that would wow an actor. It had patch pockets an zipper gadgets all over it. To go with the outfit I put the finger on a pearl gray skimmer with a polly feather stickin out of the band. Really, its the knobs.

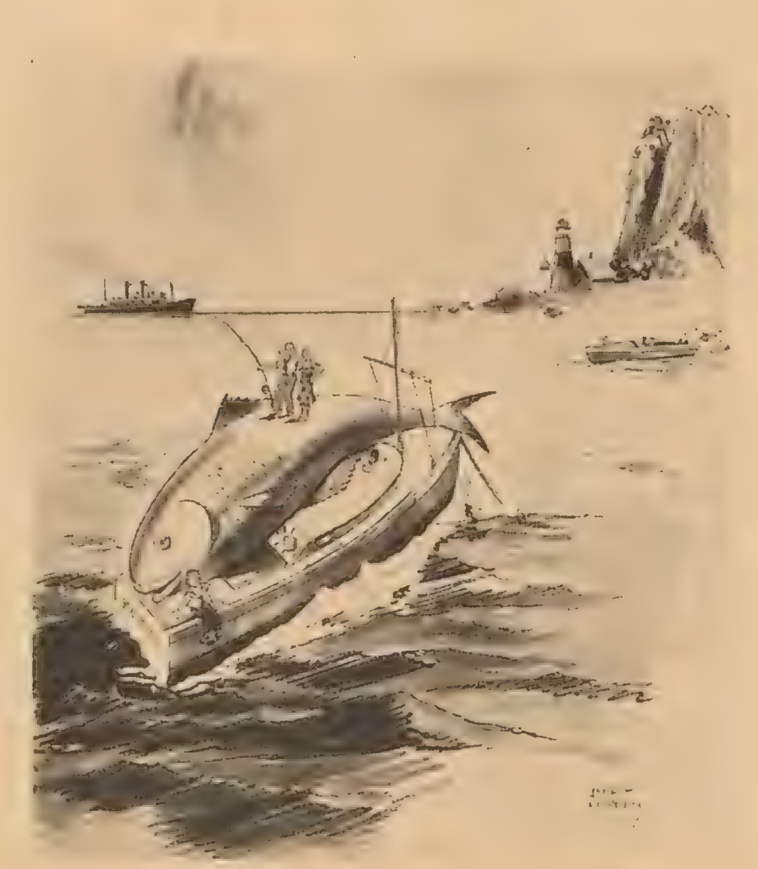
Bein sure that I could slap Flat Iron Finnegan in my next bout an kiss myself into 1500 slugs, I let the super-charged salesman unload a belt drive camels hair shiver sheet on me. Altogether I could out-GABLE MAX BAER. Theys only one thing that I didn't like Ginger, an thats the yellow kicks the guy sold me. Everytime I ankle into a lobby, I sound like the back of a bird store.

Well, when it came time for me to blow out of Boston, I would have taken the choo-choo, but Vivian suggested that we'd better take the night boat so I could get my Swedish treatment en route. It just goes to show how she was always thinkin of my welfare, dont it Ginger?

As soon as the sea-goin Mud Hen arrived in New York, Vivian said she had to go up to the Double Jointed Infirmary an check in. She suggested that I rassle her baggage over to Mac Dougal Street in Grinitch Village. She told me that there were two pals of hers batcheloring it over there, a couple of nurses from the infirmary. She let on that she had written to them about me an put in a big boost. All I had to do was hop up an mention my name an I was *in*.

On the up an up I've never cased such a screwey joint as that.

The entry was a hole in the wall between two shops. On the left was a liquor store an on the right was a wop grocery. The front sported red peppers, chili beans, dried macaroni, plucked live ducks, ginney kids an push carts. In the window of the liquor store were some very rare vintages. There was Old Hangman '49



"He connected with something that turned out to be an overgrown guppie."

at a buck-twenty a gallon, Finnegans Carbon Remover at $2.20 a barrell, Doyles Leopard Sweat, 25c a pint, an Blue Label Open Switch at 60c a quart with kidney vulcanizers thrown in.

As I stepped in the hallway I was very impressed by the artistic surroundings. No foolin, it looked like somebody had recently parked a bomb in a letter box.

It was a nice quiet place. On the first floor was a radio tester. Next to him were three donkeys kickin the slats out of Kathleen Mavourneen. An on the floor above a spaghetti footlight queen was leanin against O Solo Mio. Bein it was only eight-thirty in the mornin I figured that the customers hadnt quilted themselves down as yet.

All through the dump a delightful oder of corn beef an Irish orchids lingered, blended with ales, wines, liquors an cigars. There was no mistakin it, Vivians pals had chose themselves a secluded rondavoo.

The door of Apartment 3-G was open, so I barged right in an announced myself. First I met Kitty Connelly, a very beautiful number in emerald green beach pajamers. She introduced me to Flo Clarke, who was just having a nice fresh breakfast of Plumbers Solderin gin.

Flo offered to share part of her breakfast with me but I refused it Ginger. Anyways, I killed time by knockin over a dozen eggs an topped it off with a slab of bacon. I guess the dames must have thought I was kind of hungry.

The two gals sure have a cozey little flat. The sink an piano are in the bed room. The piano is about the size of a June bug an from the look of the horse teeth somebody must have been fannin it with a meat ax. Draped across the window are two cute little cheese cloth curtains. Theyre so white somebody must have polished a locomotive with them. The remote control radiator sports a pair of wheels so you can kick it out in the hall if the party gets too hot.

The two girls are very original. They keep the ice in the radio an surround it with ample tomatoe juice for the mornin. Its easy to tell theyre nurses.

Like most Grinitch Village apartments, 3-G is plenty roomy. If you buy yourself a steak you have to leap into the hall to cut it. When the babes set the table they drape the ironin board from the wash boiler to the hand painted garbage can an everythin is jake. A cute joint, what?

The prop mantel is *very* artistic. Frinstance it features all kinds of handy things, a drug store ticker, six limes, a curlin iron, a quart of gin, a box of nose powder, three pieces of toast, a busted mirror, six bottle openers an a reducin girdle. So you see Ginger, the two dolls live in quite a Bohemian atmospere.

Well Ginger, as soon as Kitty an Flo learned that Vivian was goin to work in New York, they thought it would be catsy if Vivian would move right in an live with them. I dont know where they thought Vivian would sleep unless she could fold up in the bath tub like a fiddler crab. As far as I could see, both the ladies took turns corkin off on a busted sofa.

"Why dont *you* move into this swell dump?" Kitty asked, featurin a big get-together smile. "Theres a pip of a pent house *upstairs* thats made to order for you."

I told her that that sounded okay by me, because I would be right close to Vivian in case she wanted to give me a Swedish massage.

Well anyway, to dwarf a tall story, the next thing I did Ginger was tag the Greek janitor an look the pent house over. It was a one-room shanty with windows painted on two sides an a water tank on the roof. Mr. Populous—the janitor, informed me I could have the trap for seven-fifty the month providin I would take care of his Greek police mut. Later, I learned, the mut turned out to be a goat.

As soon as I laid four bits on the line for a deposit, I told Kitty an Flo I had to shove off an do a little trainin over at the gym.

"All right, Big Boy," they laughed, "but be sure an show up at eight bells because we're gonna throw a little surprize party for Vivian."

I spent the day makin monkeys out of my sparrin partners in order to brush up for my fracas with Flat Iron at the Homicide A. C.

At eight bells when I got back to the nurses nest on Mac Dougal Street, I thought the buildin was doin the Contential. The noise that was comin out of the joint sounded like Tin Pan Alley was playin a double header.

As soon as Kitty Connelly spotted me arrivin, she suggested somebody should build a cocktail, so a fellow by the name of Redfield moved into the collapsable kitchenet an went to work. Honest, the thing he built would burn holes in a battleship. After two slugs of Redfields photo developer, two guys began pluckin the spareribs out of the bannisters. Yowzer.

From where I stood, I could see we were in for a very musical evenin. The wop soprano from the cell downstairs blew in with a bazzoon, an a Polish gentleman brought a sax. This seemed to be the signal for a red headed mug to beat the livin judas out of the dwarf piano. To add to the symphoney, another tomatoe shuffled in with a double deck squeak box the size of a Gladstone bag and the party was on.

The bone setter across the hall thought it would be a great idea to get all the instruments together an lean on Mother McCree.

Well, they no more than got their teeth in Mrs. McCree than the radio guy from Cell 4 came flyin in with the tip off that the neighbors had put the blast in an the cops were CALLIN ALL CARS!!!

As soon as I heard *that*, I gave Vivian the office an both of us copped a quick sneak.

The up shot was I accompanied her to the Y. W. C. A., where she intended to quilt herself down for the night. When we ankled into the lobby, she said to me,

"Listen Socko, those two gals are a couple of aces, but if you an I ever moved in a Mad House like *that*, the authorities would have us measured for the sycopathic ward."

"Aint it the truth," I said. "If I lived in a trap like that I'd get about as much privacy as a cheese at a rats banquet."

So you see, Love Lips, I didnt move into the place after all, because *youre* upper most in my mind. Dont forget I'm always usin my bean to cop the Championship. Onced I get that, then me an you can go for the Love, Honor and Oh Baybee stuff. As far as Vivian is concerned, she is doin all she can to put me in the pink so youll be proud of me.

Thats how things stand with me Sweetie. Whats the set up with you?

Your ever lovin Dream Boy, Socko.

P.S. As soon as I spread Flat Iron Finnegan at the Homicide A. C. on the 22th, I'll write you a blow by blow description.

Overnight Features Studio,
Culver City, Califilmia.

Dear Socko,

I just received your letter giving me the run around about that false alarm whos trying to beat my time, and if you ask me, she's dynamite.

Where the hello does she get off to chisel in on our romance? Just because some bum bandage wrapper hurls you a smile, you—you big dopey dumbell—break into a rasch and collapse. Youre like most men, as soon as a pair of French heels click past you, you do a wing slip and frame yourself for a set-up.

And thats that.

Realizing that I'll look like Mrs. Methusalem by the time you click in the fight racket, I'm gonna touch all the bases in Hollywood and clinch a cinema career.

Right now—thanks to my pal Eddie Goodwin, the director, I happen to be playing the fem lead in The Passionate Pot Rassler. Dont sneer, because its not as lousy a part as it sounds. When it was first offered to me, I hollered murder because the outfit thats making it is a quickie company with a bum rep.

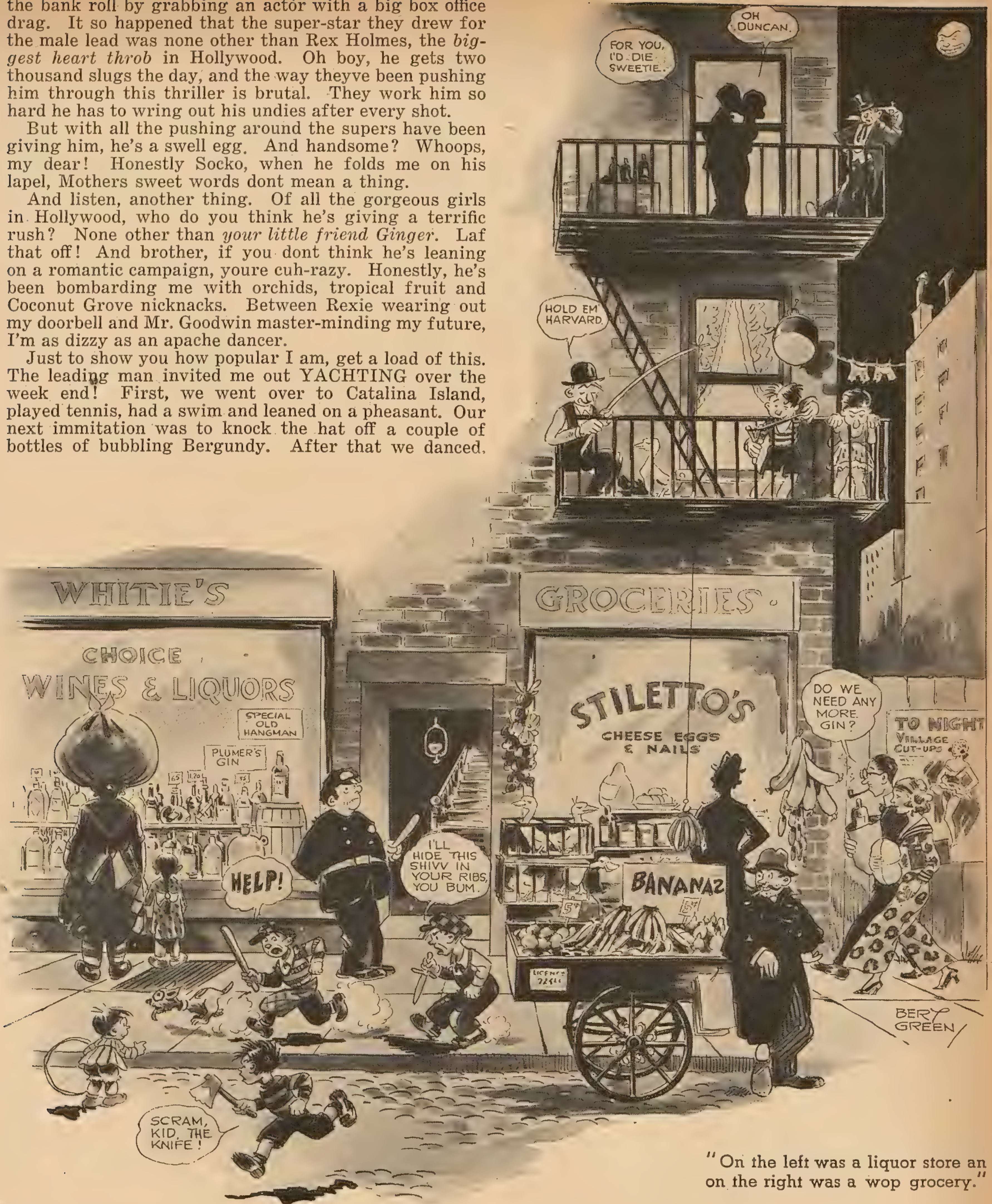
Compared to the legit studios, this studio is a dump. The executive offices are gorgeous. Theyre about the size of a fireless cooker. And the dressing rooms are out under a tree.

As the company was in the red because they featured a collection of broken down hams, they decided to shoot the bank roll by grabbing an actor with a big box office drag. It so happened that the super-star they drew for the male lead was none other than Rex Holmes, the *biggest heart throb* in Hollywood. Oh boy, he gets two thousand slugs the day, and the way theyve been pushing him through this thriller is brutal. They work him so hard he has to wring out his undies after every shot.

But with all the pushing around the supers have been giving him, he's a swell egg. And handsome? Whoops, my dear! Honestly Socko, when he folds me on his lapel, Mothers sweet words dont mean a thing.

And listen, another thing. Of all the gorgeous girls in Hollywood, who do you think he's giving a terrific rush? None other than *your little friend Ginger*. Laf that off! And brother, if you dont think he's leaning on a romantic campaign, youre cuh-razy. Honestly, he's been bombarding me with orchids, tropical fruit and Coconut Grove nicknacks. Between Rexie wearing out my doorbell and Mr. Goodwin master-minding my future, I'm as dizzy as an apache dancer.

Just to show you how popular I am, get a load of this. The leading man invited me out YACHTING over the week end! First, we went over to Catalina Island, played tennis, had a swim and leaned on a pheasant. Our next immitation was to knock the hat off a couple of bottles of bubbling Bergundy. After that we danced, Then we bounced back aboard the yacht and visited among the palacial floating harems of the Beverly Hills pollutocrats, and the way we kicked the cocktails and can-a-peas around was nobodys never mind.


OH DUNCAN.
FOR YOU, I'D DIE SWEETIE.
HOLD EM HARVARD.
WHITIE'S
CHOICE WINES & LIQUORS
SPECIAL OLD HANGMAN
PLUMER'S GIN
65
1.20
35
HELP!
I'LL HIDE THIS SHIVV IN YOUR RIBS, YOU BUM.
GROCERIES
STILETTO'S CHEESE EGGS & NAILS
BANANAZ
5¢
DO WE NEED ANY MORE GIN?
TO NIGHT VILLAGE CUT-UPS
SCRAM, KID, THE KNIFE!
BERY GREEN

"On the left was a liquor store an on the right was a wop grocery."

To top the fun, Rex suggested a bit of fishing. Well Socko, the boy friend had no sooner got the rubber worm overboard than he connected with something that turned out to be an overgrown guppie. When we pulled it in, the damn thing was so long it looked like a subway car. I'm not kidding, it lapped over the ends of the yacht. If you dont believe me, take a peek at the snapshot enclosed.

Well, Palooka, from these few remarks, you can see I'm knee deep in society and getting places. In the meantime, if you have anything of interest to report, drop me a line between blondes. But take my tip Socko, one more crack out of you about that clinical chippie and you can put our love dreams in camphor for keeps.

Get me? GINGER.

P. S. Watch for my next letter—it will give you a blow by blow description of how the thriller was made.

GINGER.

Is it Right to Bring Back the Dead?

READING TIME
7 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Science Has Already Begun to Work This Miracle—Does It Clash with a Divine Plan and Will It Disrupt the Fabric of Our Man-Made Laws?

by LOUIS E. BISCH, M.D., Ph.D.

Dr. Bisch is a well known New York specialist in mental and nervous disorders. He is professor of neuropsychiatry at the New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital, among other distinctions. Author of Your Inner Self, Conquest of Self, and Clinical Psychology.

SCIENCE is bridging the gulf between the living and the dead. The Central Institute of Blood Transfusion in Moscow, which has experimented successfully with the revival of dead animals, recently restored life to a man who had hanged himself and had been dead—by every medical test—for three hours. After the so-called artificial heart, invented by Professor Sergei Brukhanenko, pumped blood into the corpse, the dead man began to breathe, and he showed other signs of life for two minutes.

Of late Dr. Robert E. Cornish of California has been much in the news. After expediting a number of dogs—Lazarus I, II, III, IV, V, and VI—into another world, Dr. Cornish brought them back by injections of various drugs and by a series of manipulations.

Restarting the heart after it has stopped beating is a routine procedure in physiological laboratories. So, at least, we are told by Dr. C. J. Wiggers of the Western Reserve University Medical School.

The question is no longer, Is it possible to bring back the dead? but, Is it right?

The religious lore of many lands records stories of persons brought back from the other world. The Bible relates two such instances. Jesus summoned the daughter of Jairus back from eternal sleep, and recalled Lazarus from the tomb four days after his burial.

There are those who see in revival of the dead by the methods of the Russians or of Dr. Cornish an interference with a divine plan. It might be urged in reply that God would not permit the dead to be brought back to life if the practice did not have His approval. But there is a serious question as to whether the law of the land sanctions the duplication by science of Biblical miracles.

Until recently mankind accepted death as a finality. Today scientists know that, even after the heart and the lungs are stilled, life still dwells in the body. The hair or the beard grow after death because certain cells continue to live. It is only when the cells which constitute the body are demolished that we may scientifically speak of death. The only real death is cellular death.

After death, in the ordinary sense of the word, the brain cells deteriorate so rapidly that it is difficult to bring back reason even if it is possible to bring back life. Moreover, the suspension of the life process may work such harm to other organs that the person restored may never be himself again, or may live just long enough, like Dr. Brukhanenko's suicide, to breathe and open his eyes.

The dog snatched literally from the grave by Dr. Cornish was not able to run around, bark, play, or resume its ordinary course of life. But the circulation and the lungs functioned again. The animal moved his eyes in response to light, pricked up his ears when he heard a sound, swallowed food when it was laid in his mouth, and wagged his tail.

Dr. Cornish appealed to the governors of prisons for permission to repeat this experiment on convicts under sentence of death, provided the convicts consented. The authorities have been deaf to his plea. He cannot accept voluntary offers from nonconvicts because such an experiment might subject him to the charge of murder.

There is little doubt in my mind that this year or next, or in ten or in twenty or in fifty years, it will be no more difficult for medical men to bring back to life a human being killed by accident or disease than it is now to administer a hypodermic to restore a patient's faculties after a prolonged spell of fainting. Taking success for granted, the question arises whether it is desirable to bring the dead back to life.

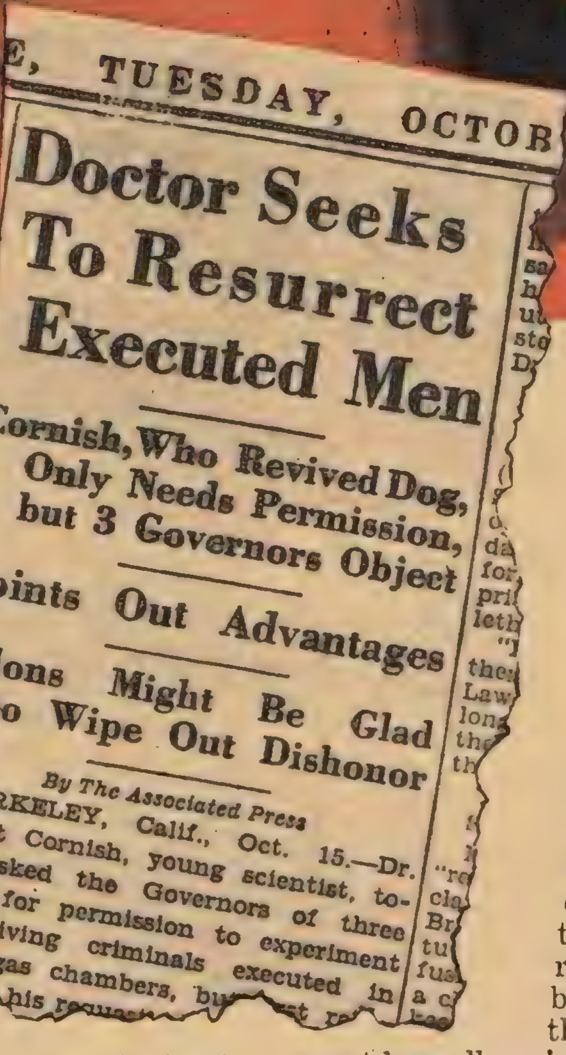
Society is built upon the idea that men will die within a certain time, and that once they are dead they stay dead. If Dr. Cornish should succeed in restoring a dead murderer to life, what would be the criminal's legal status? He could not be put in jeopardy of his life a second time. In fact, he would have no legal existence. He could neither own property nor be, under the present laws, held responsible for any act.

And what havoc the restoration of the dead will play with life insurance! Policyholders will demand much lower rates for it, and companies writing policies insuring an income after a certain age will be thrown into bankruptcy. The national budget, as regards allowances for retired soldiers and civil servants, will be out of gear. Even Mr. Roosevelt, courageous though he be, will think twice before advocating old-age pensions.

If human beings can be restored to life indefinitely, lawmakers will have completely to revamp our legal code. What man can be sure of his inheritance if his dead father or his dead uncle may return from his sepulcher days, weeks, or years after his burial? What widows will dare to remarry if deceased husbands can march back from the tomb? What ruler can be sure of his throne if his predecessor may enter the coronation hall and snatch the crown from his head?

Let us assume that after McKinley's death, and after Theodore Roosevelt had taken the oath, some physician had succeeded in making the weary heart of the dead President beat again. According to the Constitution, the Vice-President succeeds to the Presidency on the death of the President. The Constitution makes no provision for the President's return from the dead. It would be possible to have two men each claiming the

Dr. Cornish and his assistant Dr. Krider (right) feeding a dog they have brought back from death.



E, TUESDAY, OCTOB

Doctor Seeks To Resurrect Executed Men

Cornish, Who Revived Dog, Only Needs Permission, but 3 Governors Object

Points Out Advantages

Felons Might Be Glad to Wipe Out Dishonor

By The Associated Press

BERKELEY, Calif., Oct. 15.—Dr. Robert Cornish, young scientist, today asked the Governors of three states for permission to experiment in reviving criminals executed in lethal gas chambers, bu tions his request

Keystone View photos

This dog was dead for thirteen days before a cameraman caught it in the act of yawning vigorously.

Presidency. It is by no means inconceivable that their partisans would meet in battle, neither being willing to await a Supreme Court decision.

It may be possible to overcome the physical deterioration which so quickly sets in after death. The Russians' "artificial heart" is hitched, so to speak, to the blood vessels. The machine sends blood into the body after the fashion of a normal heart. The Russians even have a device by which they can take blood from a person killed by accident and send it coursing through the arteries of another dead person whom they wish to restore to life.

What of the psychic changes wrought by the shock of death? What about the state of feeling of the patient himself as he is restored to reality? None of the scientists working in this field can answer this question. Will it be a pleasing experience to be resurrected, or will it be frightful torture? Nobody knows!

Has the state a right, after deliberately snuffing out a man's life, to submit him to further possible torment? Even if a condemned man agreed to the experiment, would it be fair to permit him to undergo it?

In all likelihood, science will overcome all these objections. Having done so, scientists will proceed to restore the dead. Things might come to a pass where, so long as a man's body remained intact under favorable conditions, there would always be the chance of reviving him. He might direct in his will that immediately after death his body be taken in charge by resurrection specialists and so prepared and treated that he could be revived a year, a decade, or even many decades later.

Suppose a man makes a will which is based on the hope that it will be possible for the resurrection specialists to bring him back to life. He wants to hang on to his property in the event of that happening; and yet he is willing it to certain heirs who will be allowed to keep it if he does not come back. What would the courts do with a will like that? Would the heirs have clear title to such inherited property? Would the courts have to declare such a man officially dead if he did not come back within a certain time? And would he be without any rights to his property when he did come back? Would it perhaps be decreed as the price of being resurrected that one must lose all one's property and start over from scratch?

Incidentally, since all men are supposed to be equal before the law, would it be incumbent on the state to see to it that every citizen who died had a fair chance to be brought back to life, or would there be discrimination in favor of the rich and powerful? This would be important, because presumably it would cost considerably more money to get resurrected than to get born or buried. It would involve the services of highly paid specialists of a new kind. Probably the state would have to maintain a service for resurrecting the dead.

Romance would play its part under the new conditions. Here is a woman in love with a man ten years younger than she is. Marriage is inadvisable by reason of the disparity of age. She "dies" for ten years; then comes back to marry the man of her choice. But suppose he has married some one else in the meantime!

The possible complications are endless. For instance, a man actuated by an insane desire for revenge plans to wreak vengeance on a family, even to the third and fourth generations. And so he lives out his life in installments, striking again and again. Under such conditions, the legend of the Wandering Jew or the Flying Dutchman and others might take on a grim reality.

THE END

Physical Culture Hotel: The men's sun bath

The golf course

Hunting Headlines

A Famous Globe-Trotter Gives You the Story of a Blithe Adventure in Happiness and Well-Being

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Floyd Gibbons

by FLOYD

HELLO, everybody!

Well, boys and girls, jump up on Uncle Floyd's knee while I spin you a yarn that's a lot different from the stuff you've been listening to over the radio from me. Or if you're not interested in retaining your health, youth, and good looks as long as you can—why, just turn the dial—I mean the page—and tune me out.

Your old Headline Hunter has gone Health Hunter on you! But, doggone it, if health isn't the biggest headline in the world, what is?

Well, sir, if I hadn't bumped into that fellow Macfadden at the New York Athletic Club, I'd probably never have visited Dansville, New York. I'd seen his pictures in the magazines when I was a kid. Later on I had read his articles, and I'd gotten to admire him, not only as a journalist but as an outspoken, courageous leader. I liked his style of thinking. I wanted to meet him and grasp his hand.

We had luncheon at the club, and I had a swell chance to size him up. In his street clothes there is little evidence of those powerful shoulders, those bulging biceps that used to intrigue me in the magazines. It's the set of the head, the great shock of iron-gray hair, the sure sprightly step, the erect carriage that reveal the physique, the force, the healthy body of the man.

Bernarr Macfadden doesn't talk much. He isn't unsocial, but ordinary small-time chitchat just isn't down his alley. I opened fire on him right away.

"Pardon my glove," I said, "but you look as though you'd just come in from a brisk walk in a cool wind."

"No, I haven't been out," he replied. "But I have just had a little workout. I've been up in the gym for an hour or so of exercise, including wrestling and—"

I broke in. "Just a moment. Did you say wrestling? For a man of your—" I stopped short, embarrassed.

"Oh, it's all right," he smiled. "I know what you're thinking. A man of sixty-seven years ought not to be engaged in anything as strenuous as wrestling. Well, you see, my theory is that it's not how many years you've lived but rather how you've lived during those years that really counts."

I admitted that probably there was something to it.

"Let's see, Gibbons," he continued. "You're about thirty pounds heavier than I am, and twenty—maybe thirty years younger. How'd you like to wrestle me tomorrow?"

I looked at that lean, vigorous face, the powerful neck. I envisioned the shoulders and arms beneath the tweed

The swimming pool

The lobby

on Health-Lines

Bernarr Macfadden

GIBBONS

coat. "N-no, thanks," I stalled. "I'm—I'm afraid I might hurt you."

The waiter came along with the menus in time to save me from utter humiliation. I got out my reading glasses and glanced across the table—and doggone it, boys and girls, there was that sixty-seven-year-old youngster reading the comparatively fine print of that menu without any glasses—and he wasn't even squinting!

Well, I went for a ham omelet, French fried potatoes, apple pie, cheese, and coffee. Bernarr Macfadden ordered a bowl of cream of corn soup, a vegetable and fruit salad with mayonnaise, and a glass of buttermilk.

We swung into a discussion of calories and vitamins. I wanted to lead this young old-timer into telling me just which ones would keep me young and strong.

He smiled and looked at me—and, boy, you just ought to see the fire in those eyes when Bernarr Macfadden looks at you!

"It's no secret, Gibbons," he said simply. "I just help Mother Nature and most people hinder her. I can tell you in four words what's wrong with most of us. We eat too much."

Well, sir, I've got to admit that Bernarr Macfadden sold me a bill of goods right then and there.

Here was a man who had preached and practiced the same method of living for fifty years and was himself a living example of its success!

Of course he told me a lot more about foods, diets, and all that, but the sum and substance of Bernarr Macfadden's teachings is a back-to-Nature movement: simple foods and little of them—whole-wheat bread, brown sugar, cereals that have not been refined too much, very little meat; exercise, sunshine, and fresh air, baths, massage, spinal adjustments and manipulative movements rather than medicine—*and* proper mental attitude.

It was difficult, he admitted, to get the right diet in hotels, restaurants, clubs—even at home. And most of us haven't the knowledge to guide us in correct eating, exercise, bathing, sleeping, and so on. That was why Physical Culture Hotel had been founded.

HE didn't want to talk about the hotel. He was afraid he'd bore me. I wormed the story out of him—the story of a man who had given his time, his energy, his money to establish and maintain a nonprofit health institution. He told me how they worked there. No medicine. Just sanity and reasonable care in the treatment of persons who had been mistreating their mother—Nature.

I might never have done anything about it, though, if it hadn't been for Jed. I was shaving next morning when there came a knock on my door, and in came Jed looking like a ghost. He slumped down into my favorite easy chair. He'd just had another of his "spells." Wouldn't I, for the love of heaven, send downstairs and get him a good big snifter—with plenty of bitters in it?

But let me introduce Jed. In his forty-odd years, Jed has been around plenty. He lived in Paris twelve years. He has eaten everything from snails to sukiyaki. He has washed it down with vin ordinaire, champagne, vodka, and everything in between. His idea of the right way to start the busy day has been a glass of orange juice in bed—with a bit of gin in it—say, about half gin and half orange juice.

Well, Jed had been doing this for years when one day, for some unaccountable reason, his stomach went back on him. Other innards began to go haywire. His joints got stiff. Everything seemed to happen at once. Jed was the human one-hoss-shay.

He'd start from his studio, walk a block or two—and be lucky to crawl into a taxi and get back home.

The idea flashed on me. "Jed," I told him, "you're going to the Physical Culture Hotel!"

"Physical culture!" Jed fairly screamed. "What do you think I am—the man on the flying trapeze?"

Well, sir, I put on the heavy sales talk. The horrible picture of life as it was for him. The rosy future if he could snap out of it. Finally he weakened. He might go for a short visit—but not alone. I would have to go with him for protection. And that's how I came to go to Dansville.

We motored there through those marvelous upstate New York hills. As we drove into town I felt apologetic about our motor—it seemed noisy and out of place. There was an air of quiet orderliness, of unhurried living, an atmosphere of peace and contentedness.

Halfway up the hill was the hotel. A big red brick building, flanked by several smaller ones. Somehow they seemed to blend naturally into the landscape. A few guests sitting on the porch enjoying the afternoon sun waved a friendly welcome to us and we went in. Inside the lobby, Jed and I both showed our amazement. I think we both expected to see a cross between a hospital and a gymnasium. Instead here was a typical resort hotel reception room with a cozy log fire burning in a brick fireplace. A smiling gentleman who introduced himself as a doctor. *Somebody* shook our hands and welcomed us to Physical Culture Hotel.

Well, sir, they assigned us to our rooms, and Jed had to take the initial physical examination. The M. D. gave him the works. Heart, fair. Blood pressure, not so hot. Lungs, O. K. Much thumping and listening with stethoscopes. Jed perspiring freely and quivering.

After it was all over, they called in a consultant. There was a careful study of the doctor's report and a long talk with Jed. The consultant gave his verdict.

"How do you like grapes?" he asked.

"Squeezed in a champagne bottle," Jed answered.

"You'll learn to like them whole."

And Jed did. The thing for him was to live on nothing but grapes for a while. They'd let him taper off for a day or two with a touch of cracked wheat. No alcoholic stimulants of any kind were permitted. And no smoking.

I got Jed back into his room. He sank back weakly on the bed. I took an easy chair to await developments. The windows were open. The air that floated in had the soft ingratiating aroma of fresh balsam. There was a light rustle of trees, soothing, almost mesmeric. . . .

WELL, the next thing I knew I woke up. Of course I'd just dozed off for a minute or two. The clock had gone crazy. I rustled around and—Jed woke up! We compared watches. The clock was right. We had slept most of the afternoon.

When we got to the dining room Jed absent-mindedly ordered a couple of cocktails. By golly, the waitress brought them! Jed winked slyly as we clinked glasses and drank them down. She came back with a regular meal for me and a plate of grapes for Jed. She smiled.

"What kind of cocktail do you call that?" Jed asked.

"That's a Pep Cocktail," the girl explained. "Two parts orange juice and one part egg."

Jed made a face and glared at my roast chicken.

"How does he rate that?"

"Why, you see," the waitress answered sweetly, "Mr. Gibbons is a visitor while you are a guest."

"Well, guest, patient, or inmate, when do I eat?"

"I have your diet card right here," she said, and placed it beside his grape plate. Jed's eyes bulged when he read it. The card was signed by a doctor and allowed Jed two whole pounds of grapes per day, with a pint of grape juice and a cup of thin vegetable broth.

If you're a regular health seeker, you carry with you to the dining room a miniature menu, on which the consultant has checked what you can have to eat. You take it and like it. You can't bribe the waitresses. It's your orders, and that's that.

Well, folks, in that week end I guess I caught up on all the sleep I was behind in years of upside-down living. I slept that first night as if I hadn't been to bed for years. And after napping away most of the afternoon!

The next day Jed and I took a walk. He carried a bag of grapes. We encountered a gray-haired man sitting on a log. He was nipping—out of a bottle of milk. When he came here, he said, he had an "ulster" in the stomach. He was going home next week, the "ulster" having been knocked for a loop!

By golly, that fellow had sprung the key-phrase of that institution—and I don't think he knew it. Everybody in Physical Culture Hotel talks about his ills in the past tense. "When I got here," "I used to have"—they're standard introductions to any discussion of ailments. The general conclusion seems to be, "But it's all over now."

THERE'S no hospital atmosphere, no sanatorium aspect. Not even a medicine ball in the gym! There is a swell gymnasium where most everybody gathers six days a week. There is a leader of the class, but everybody goes it as he pleases—or as he has been ordered by his consultant. Dyspepsia and diabetes have different methods of adjustment. But virtually everybody gets to giggling. And they have the laughing exercise. It starts with a few chuckles, but before it ends the whole gang is snorting and holding its sides over its own attempts to be amusing. A lesson in psychology!

And then comes the community singing. Songs with a punch in them. Songs that stir, that revivify, that lift. Over and over they're sung, until all the folks get into the rhythm of them. It's exciting, thrilling, compelling.

But let's get back to that walk Jed and I took. There was a thickset man on a bench. As we approached he drew forth an army canteen and pressed it to his lips.

"Water," he said. "Just plain ordinary Genesee water. It's all I get. Not a swallow of food for eight days. You see, when I came here—"

He'd been subject to colds. Caught 'em in the fall, and sometimes they lasted the year round.

The people at the hotel diagnosed his case as too much sweets. He admitted he was a candy hound. The water cure for a candy-drunkard!

"All right, all right, mister." He detected my skepticism. "Listen, I can breathe now. See? Through my nose." He'd had a lot of sinus trouble.

It was a grand week end. When I left, Jed was there to wish me Godspeed. To my amazement he didn't seem anxious to return with me. As I drove away he tossed a grape in the air and caught it in his mouth.

I realized that something had happened to me in those few days in Dansville. A new sense of vigor. The blood seemed to be coursing faster. Life was good.

A hard week loomed ahead. But I was ready and fit for it. Say, I bowled over that week's work like tenpins. But throughout the days one idea was uppermost in my mind. I was going back to Dansville! I could hardly wait for Saturday.

When I drove up, Jed was on the lookout for me. Pell-mell he rushed down the steps. I was knocked bleary! He gripped my hand like a prize fighter. His eyes were shining with a new light. This couldn't be Jed!

In the next two days I learned about the Physical Culture Hotel from him. There was a pride and joy in his tone as he explained things.

"On your right," he would intone, "you will see the Pennsylvania brewer who was a hundred pounds overweight. They put him on grapefruit juice."

The brewer was now as trim as a college youth.

Jed pointed out a pleasant-looking young woman, walking briskly. "Forgotten what it was she had, but she's over it. And say, boy, that gal has been here for thirty-five days, and you know what she's had to eat?"

"Grapes?" I ventured.

"Nope," returned Jed. "Nothing at all. Not a single bite of grub for over a month. Just water. And that gal goes to every party they have. She dances every dance. And can she hoof it! They shoo you off to the hay at ten thirty, and she's the freshest-looking baby on the floor. Figure that one out, Floyd—two hours of hotfooting it without intermission—on water. Think what those babies in town would do on that!"

I was beginning to get the hang of the thing. The hotel doctors and consultants give you an initial once-over and a daily look-see. The big idea is this: Most of us eat too much of this or too much of that, or perhaps too much of everything. And we don't get enough of something else. The answer is to stop stoking up on the things of which we've had too much and to concentrate on the things we ought to have had. Or, in case we've had too much of everything, to cut it all out for a while. You can't argue against that formula. They've proved it.

Jed and I walked several miles. He was almost proprietary in pointing out the spots of interest. There was the Old Trappers' Canal. Yonder on the ridge was the railroad. The Dansville folks wouldn't let it come into town. It made too much noise. So it was built along the hills two or three miles from the village.

And then we struck the airport. I wouldn't believe it at first. An airport up there in those hills!

"This," said Jed, "is where Macfadden lands his plane."

I was doubting.

"Yep," said he; "pilots his own crate. He's been doing it for years." Sixty-seven years old, and racing around over those dangerous hills in an airplane!

Well, you'd have thought Jed owned the place. He raved about the golf course, the swimming pool, the tennis courts; about the solarium, the electric baths, the steam baths, the sitz baths, the hydrotherapy baths. He told about the card parties, the dancing parties, the amateur theatricals. Then he went back to massages, rubdowns, lamp treatments—

I broke in. "Jed," I asked sternly, "is there anything they don't do for you here?"

"Plenty. No infectious diseases like smallpox, diphtheria, and that sort of thing. But the list of things they do treat begins with 'acidosis' and ends with 'writer's cramp.' And there's one hundred and fifty-eight human disorders in between."

That was some week end, too! I didn't want to leave when Monday came. Neither did Jed!

Well, boys and girls, I'll be seeing you at Dansville—this time as a "guest"—and until then, *good health!*

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 22

1—Benificiary should be beneficiary.

2—When he is not of sound mind. In law the term includes all forms of mental unsoundness.

3—The U.S.S. Relief, a hospital ship with several women nurses on its roster.

4—Jig, lancers.

5—I Timothy 5:18.

6—A player who bats either right- or left-handed.

7—The News-Miner, published daily, except Sunday, at Fairbanks, Alaska.

8—He is paid great social attention.

9—An institution in New Jersey which trains German shepherd dogs as guides for the blind.

10—William Howard Taft: sworn in as President, 1909; swore in Herbert Hoover as President, 1929.

11—According to Section 178 of the United States Criminal Code of 1907, the offense is punishable by a fine of not more than $500, or imprisonment for not more than six months, or both.

12—A suffragist advocates the extension of the suffrage; a suffragette is a woman advocate of suffrage for her sex.

13—Spat.

14—She won the international races for fishing schooners.

15—A young hog.

16—A misogamist is a hater of marriage: a misogynist is a hater of women.

17—The Jordan. It runs through the Sea of Galilee and later empties into the Dead Sea.

18—Honorary Commissioner.

19—A coiffeur is a man hairdresser; a coiffure is a headdress or a manner of dressing the hair.

20—The word "cleave" means both to hold fast and also to cut apart.

HOW MOTORISTS SAVE MONEY 3 WAYS WITH NEW KIND OF OIL

Finest Pennsylvania Oil, Now Refined by New Solvent Process Cuts Your Driving Costs These 3 Important Ways!

SAVES VALVE AND RING REPAIRS
A
B
C
D

LOOK: *Plain* oil forms sludge, causing (A) leaky valves (B) stuck rings. New Pennzoil means clean valves and rings (C) (D) less repairs!

SERVICE MAN: "New Pennzoil has cut your oil consumption over 50%—and you'll find that you'll have less valve and piston ring trouble, too!"

MOTORIST: "Since I started using New Pennzoil, I get 2 to 4 more miles per gallon—and a faster, more powerful, smoother-running car, too!"

USES 55% LESS OIL

PROOF: Deacon Litz drove 500 miles over Indianapolis Speedway at 102 m.p.h. and used 55% less New Pennzoil than *any* oil he formerly used.

HOW THIS NEW-TYPE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

1. Cuts oil consumption up to 50%
2. Saves up to 15% on gasoline
3. Cuts valve and ring troubles 75 to 90%

UNTIL now, even the most modern refining methods were unable to remove from ordinary oil the elements that caused *sludge*—that sticky, gummy substance that forms in *plain* oil after it has been run for a time. This *sludgy* deposit collects on valves and piston rings . . . wastes power, oil and gas . . . sends cars to the repair shop often.

But now Pennzoil's revolutionary solvent process *removes* these sludge-forming elements. Result—valve and piston ring repairs are reduced 75 to 90%. There is no sludge to cause valves to stick or piston rings to leak. Then, too, with sludge eliminated, New Pennzoil's tough film is *tougher*—doesn't burn up—cuts oil consumption up to 50%. And, because valves and piston rings work freely, you get better compression, more power. Speed and pick-up are increased. You save up to 15% on gasoline!

New Pennzoil costs nothing extra—from any bonded Pennzoil dealer. Just ask for the correct grade for *your* car.

THE PENNZOIL COMPANY

Oil City, Pa. • Los Angeles, Calif. • British-American Oil Co., Ltd., Can.

TOUGH-FILM
New PENNZOIL
THE OIL THAT GOES FARTHER . . . FASTER . . . SAFER

BONDED PENNZOIL DEALER
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

Member Penn Grade Crude Oil Ass'n Permit No. 2

Copyright, 1935, The Pennzoil Co.

Crazy to Fight

by MAJOR MYRON B. GOLDSMITH

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

The Gaida Revolution—A Rescue Under Fire—Crosses of St. George—and Home! So Ends This Blazing Saga of Thrills

ILLUSTRATION BY HERBERT F. ROESE

PART SIX—CONCLUSION

JOHNSON'S work in Vladivostok wasn't all shooting and being shot at. Sometimes there were peaceful duties to perform, such as bringing American army deserters back from Tokyo, taking care of orphans, arranging for the care of refugees.

The American Red Cross had gathered up all the orphans they could find in the interior—boys and girls whose people had been butchered by the warring factions and the guerrillas, who had been starved and beaten. The Red Cross had shipped thousands of them into Vladivostok.

And because the Red Cross was temporarily hampered in aiding these abandoned waifs, Major Riley Allen asked Johnson's assistance.

Vladivostok was overcrowded, but Sam finally found quarters for them in the deserted barracks of a cadet school on a little island. They were safe there, away from the plague-contaminated air of the city. But food was grimly scarce. Sam discovered, however, that the island was overrun with rabbits.

"There's breakfast, dinner, and supper running all over the place," he told his mess sergeant. "All you have to do is catch 'em and cook 'em."

Shortly after this the army transport Dix arrived with a load of mules. Many of the animals had been crippled because of a typhoon, and had to be shot.

At that time horse and mule meat was a delicacy to all refugees. Johnson ordered the mess sergeant to mix the mule meat with the rabbit meat in sausage.

Always somebody had to be helped, it seemed. A Russian officer brought an old woman to Sam's office.

"This is Mme. Breshkovskaya," he said, "the mother of the Russian Revolution. She's spent much of her life in jail because of her ideas. She has just managed to escape from the Bolsheviks, and she's traveled over fifteen hundred versts to reach this city. Can't you help her out of the country? She's sick and she's old. And she hasn't a friend she can turn to."

A few days later Sam met an old shipmate who commanded a freighter anchored in the harbor. Sam got Mme. Breshkovskaya on that vessel as a stewardess. At least that was the courtesy title given her. The ship was not licensed to carry passengers. On this ship she reached the United States.

The first anniversary of the armistice passed, but it meant nothing to the A. E. F. in Russia.

A week later the Gaida revolution exploded.

This Gaida, a lieutenant general in the Czech army—an officer who rose from the ranks by his own ability—had left the service of his country to accept a commission in the forces of Admiral Kolchak. But he wanted to be more than an officer on Kolchak's staff. He wanted to be more than Kolchak. He wanted to seize the tottering White Russian government in Siberia.

The sentry lunged. His aim was bad. A second later the major's two hands were around his throat.

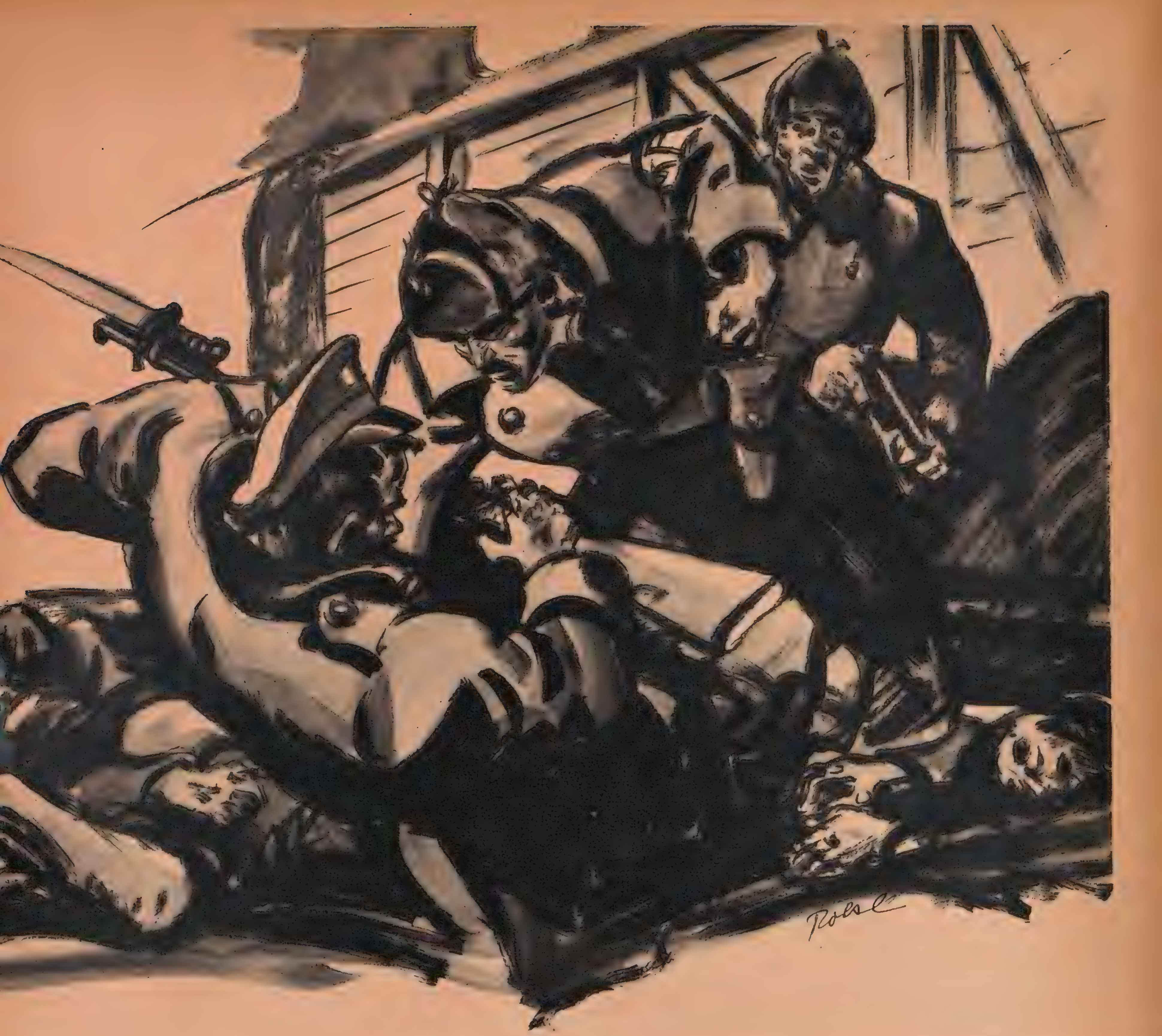
He steamed into the Vladivostok depot in his armored train and used it as a recruiting office.

His men wore green arm bands to distinguish them from other Russian troops—and for some time it seemed that Kolchak's entire army would turn green. Kolchak, alarmed, threw a ring of loyal men around the depot with orders to stop the recruiting campaign.

A drunken soldier fired a shot. Fusillades were exchanged at once. Artillery rumbled through the streets and began to shell the depot. Two battleships in the harbor began to shell it.

Terror surged through the city. Foreigners hurried to their consuls and demanded protection. Johnson asked the Allied commands for more troops, and got them. These he flung around both the besieged Gaida army and the besieging forces. He warned both factions that the battle must be confined to the depot and the few blocks surrounding it. He would protect the rest of the city, if it meant fighting both armies.

Now, in this zone of fire, at the depot where shells fell every minute, was the train of Lieutenant General Romanovsky. Romanovsky had nothing to do with the revolution. He had had no idea it was about to rage around the depot. On the train were his family and those of some of his officers.



When Major Johnson learned there were women and children in the depot, he determined to rescue them. He got into his auto with Sergeant Roder and Corporals Masury and Jerome, and sped into the fighting zone, American flags fluttering at the sides of the car. He stopped some few hundred yards from the depot.

A lull in the firing ensued—both sides wondering why a Yankee car full of military policemen should come barging into a strictly Russian fight.

"Who are you?" a Kolchak officer asked, "and what do you want?"

Johnson explained.

"There are women and children and noncombatant men in that depot," he added. "I'm going in to get them."

"At your own risk. We can't stop fighting for that."

"At our own risk. But you'd better see we're unharmed just the same."

The officer gave the command to resume firing.

Sam got back into the car. "Drive on," he told Jerome.

The machine rolled slowly through the littered street until it reached the station. Machine guns sprayed the pavement all around it. Hand grenades exploded unpleasantly near. Rifle bullets buzzed to right, to left, and overhead. Every now and then a shell smashed against the depot. The air stank of powder and smoke.

The car was parked in a temporarily quiet zone. The Americans jumped out and ran into the depot. It was dark and cold; there seemed to be no life at all in this section of it. No shells were falling here.

JOHNSON walked along a platform, followed at a short distance by Jerome. The others had separated, looking for Romanovsky's train.

A grimy sentry crawled from beneath a car and pointed his weapon menacingly at the major.

"*Tovarisch!* Comrade," the major said. "I'm looking for General Romanovsky's train."

"This is it. What do you want?"

Johnson walked closer, picking his way carefully. The platform was coated with ice. And now that his eyes were becoming accustomed to the dark, he could see it was littered with corpses.

The sentry suddenly became suspicious. He lunged with the bayonet. But his aim was bad. The blade wounded Johnson in the right armpit.

A second later the major's two hands were around the sentry's throat and the two men were struggling in a pile of frozen bodies. Johnson did not relax his grip until the corporal tapped him on the shoulder.

"That bird's dead, major," Jerome said.

Sam got up then. He hammered gently on the train door with the butt of his pistol. The door opened and Russian officers stared at him, guns in their hands.

Sam allayed their fears.

"I've come to take you out of here," he said. "Be as quiet as possible. Some of the Gaida men may come this way any moment, or the Kolchak soldiers may break in looking for plunder. I'll take the women and children first and then return for you."

The women appeared back of the men. "I trust him," one said. She was Mme. Romanovsky.

Sam helped her to the platform and over the litter of bodies.

"Mother of God!" she said softly. "They're still warm!"

After her, over the human carpet, came her daughter and the wives of other officers. Sam led them down the long platform to the door near which his automobile was parked. He looked out. It was safe for them.

The general's daughter broke into sudden sobs.

"Don't be afraid," Johnson said. "I'm going back for your father."

"I'm not crying about him!" the child assured him. "But I lost my kitty and I want her."

Johnson was annoyed—for bullets were whistling across the platform now—but he couldn't help laughing.

"All right," he said, this time in English. "I'll go get your damned cat for you."

He did—though it took time. He expected to see a look of gratitude on that sweet young face. Instead he saw a look almost of anger. She took the cat into her arms and stroked it, then eyed Sam sharply and demanded, "But where's its pretty ribbon?"

Through the littered bullet-swept street the American car went, its flags alone protecting it. And back it came into the fire zone, after the women and the little girl had been taken to safety.

Four times it made the trip to and from the depot during that night of battle. Eighteen women, six children, and twelve men were taken from the Romanovsky train. The general was the last to be saved.

As they left the car in front of a hotel, General Romanovsky pulled the Cross of St. George from his tunic. Solemnly he pinned it on Johnson's blouse. Solemnly he gave him the customary kiss on both cheeks. Solemnly he held out his hand.

"Major, on behalf of my government, it is my great pleasure to award you the Cross of St. George. For the extremely heroic and humanitarian deeds which you have performed tonight, it is a slight token. But it is the most precious reward my government can bestow."

The Red sentry who stabbed Sam Johnson with a bayonet. From a passport photo found in the dead sentry's pocket.

So after half a lifetime the cross denied the boy Boris Ignatieff was given to the man Sam Johnson.

A year or so later, in recognition of his services in Russia, King Victor Emmanuel gave him the Order of the Crown of Italy, which carried with it the unacceptable rank of knighthood. Belgium gave him the Order of Leopold. Japan gave him the Order of the Rising Sun. China decorated him with the Order of the Fighting Tiger. And the United States awarded him the Distinguished Service Cross. Many other medals were his, tokens of valor, of athletic prowess, and of skill.

But perhaps no other decoration ever affected him so much as this Cross of St. George, so casually, quietly given.

"Thank you, general," he managed to say. Then he found a laugh coming to his rescue.

"I'm happy that the Russian government has hung something on me," he said. "Years ago they would have hung me instead—if they had caught me."

He turned away. Corporal Jerome followed. "Major!" he cried. "There's blood on your blouse! You've been hit!"

In the excitement Sam had forgotten all about that bayonet jab in the armpit.

Now, reminded of it, he turned furiously on Jerome. "Don't you dare tell any one!" he thundered. "Do you understand?"

"Yes, major."

Sam quieted. "After all," he explained, "I haven't been hit. Just nicked. Help me off with my blouse and slap a little iodine and a bandage on that scratch."

The wound received no further attention.

As the two men left the house a soldier ran up and saluted. "Sir," he said, "the prisoners are trying to break out of jail!"

Johnson almost pulled Jerome into the automobile.

"Drive like hell!" he ordered.

The convicts were screaming and shouting. Sam could hear their clamor blocks away. He dashed through the jail door, gun in hand. They were still in their cells, but shaking the bars madly. At sight of him they yelled the louder.

He fired a single shot, which sounded like many shots when it struck an iron door at the end of the corridor between the cells. The howling ceased immediately. He left, and the convicts went to sleep.

That night the revolt came to an end. Gaida and the remnants of his force surrendered to the Kolchak officers.

A week later the Kolchak government awarded Sam a second Cross of St. George, which Governor Eversman of Primor Province presented with elaborate ceremony.

It was another unique distinction.

He was the only American officer who had ever deliberately demoted himself from the rank of brigadier so he might see action; the only one to command troops of twelve nationalities at once; the only one to command Japanese troops. He had been the only American officer to receive the Cross of St. George—and now he was the only man, either American or Russian, to receive that cross *twice!* And but for the enmity of his stepfather he would have received it thrice.

The Kolchak government collapsed. The Bolsheviki took possession of the city. Johnson and his men continued to police it and its environs. There was no trouble—but Sam expected it any day, for relations between the Japanese and the new Russian government were not good and were constantly getting worse.

He was rather glad, therefore, when orders came, in the spring of 1920, calling the A. E. F. home. He would have liked to see some more excitement; but he didn't want the United States brought into any Asiatic squabbles she could avoid.

His work had been so appreciated by the Allied commands that they wanted him to continue. Major General Inagaki especially tried to have him retained for further service. But General Graves refused the request. So Sam Johnson, fighting man, sailed for the Philippines on April 1, 1920, and bade farewell—a long farewell—to the country of his youth.

Several times since then he has seen again the bright face of danger, but only at long intervals. Today he lives in retirement, in poor health, in veritable seclusion. He is taciturn and modest, and it is an ordeal to make him talk of his adventures.

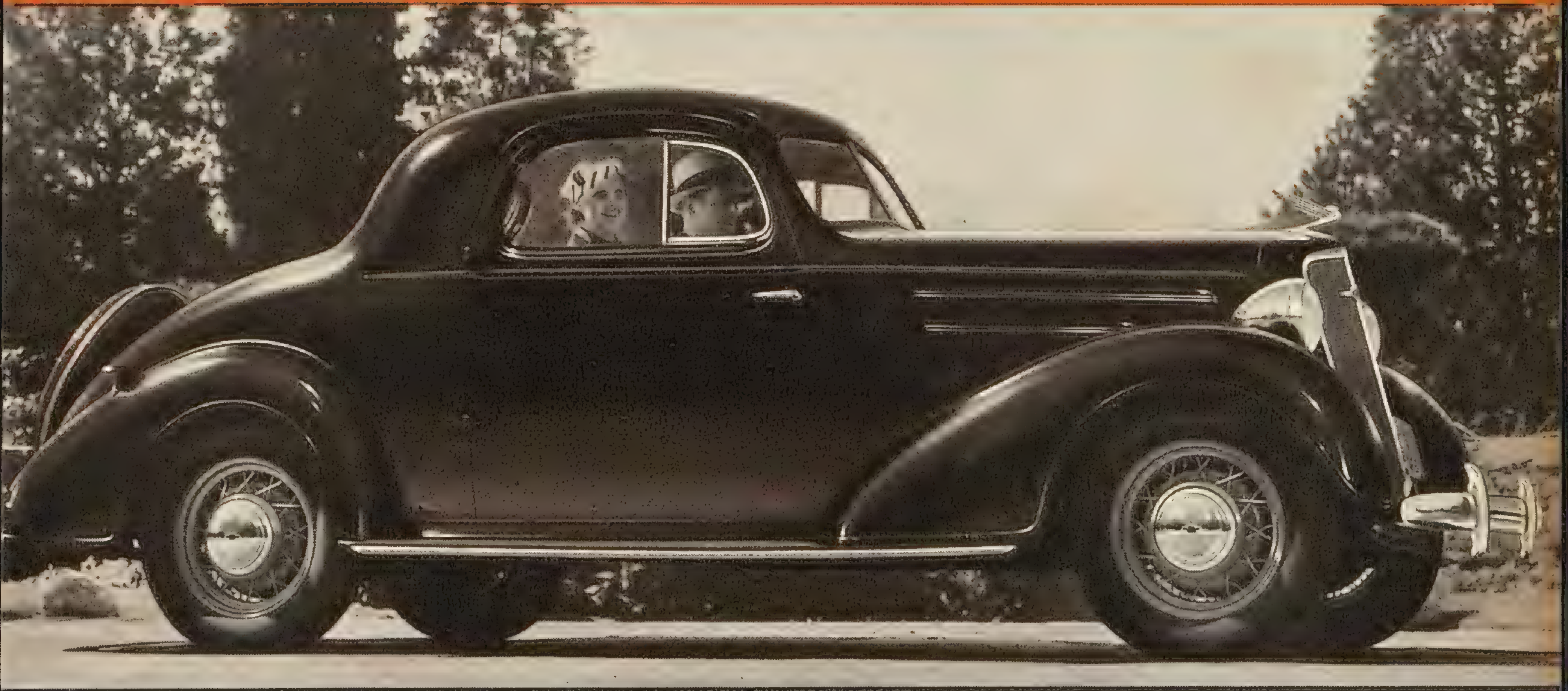
The world has grown older, and Sam Johnson with it. The Russian empire has disappeared in seas of blood. But the Stars and Stripes is still the flag to which Sam pledged allegiance. And he hopes to fight for it again some day, if the day comes when it needs any man's defense; and, fighting, to be happy.

THE END

Chevrolet

CHEVROLET

FOR 1935



The Master De Luxe Sport Coupe

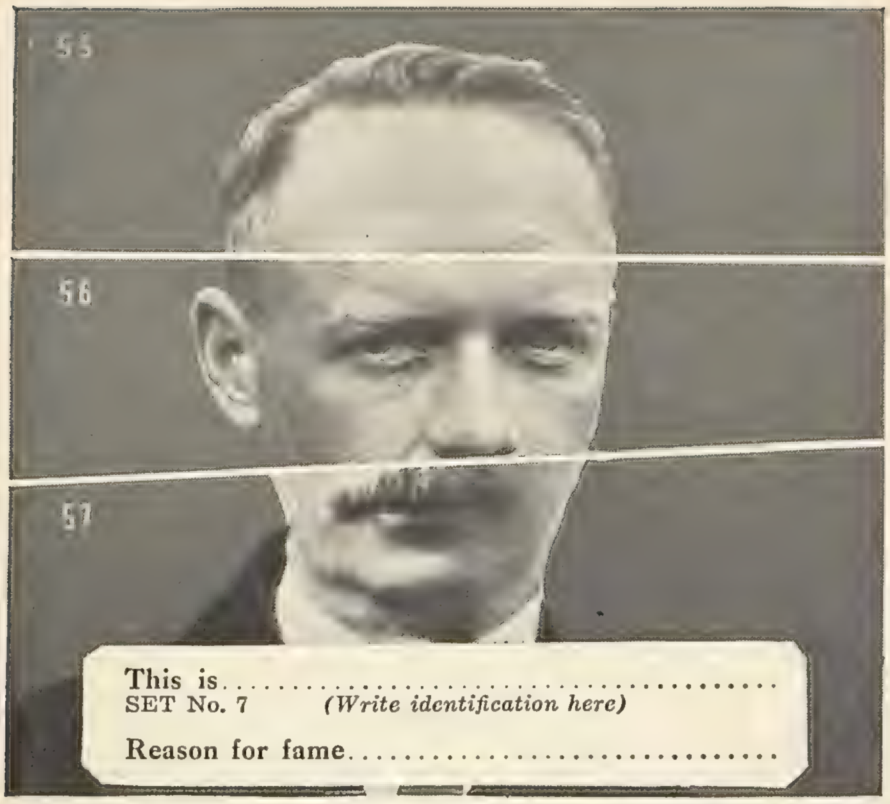
ITS PERFORMANCE IS QUALITY IN ACTION

"Look, there's one!" Such is the bystander's eager tribute to Master De Luxe beauty when this luxurious car appears on the avenue. But you will have to look quickly, or it will be out of sight, for in performance, too, it bears the hallmark of quality. It snaps away from the traffic light in the wink of an eye, for Chevrolet engineers have given it tremendous new powers of acceleration. It delivers this power with the smooth, quiet ease of a trained athlete, for every part is built to the finest limits of precision that skilled craftsmen can attain. And it rides all types of roads with that special Knee-Action comfort and safety which are exclusive to Chevrolet in its price range. Yes, indeed, Master De Luxe performance is quality in action. And it gives this new performance with even lower fuel consumption than did the very thrifty Chevrolets of previous years! Your Chevrolet dealer invites you to *test* its performance at the earliest opportunity, with full confidence that when you do you'll choose Chevrolet for quality at low cost.

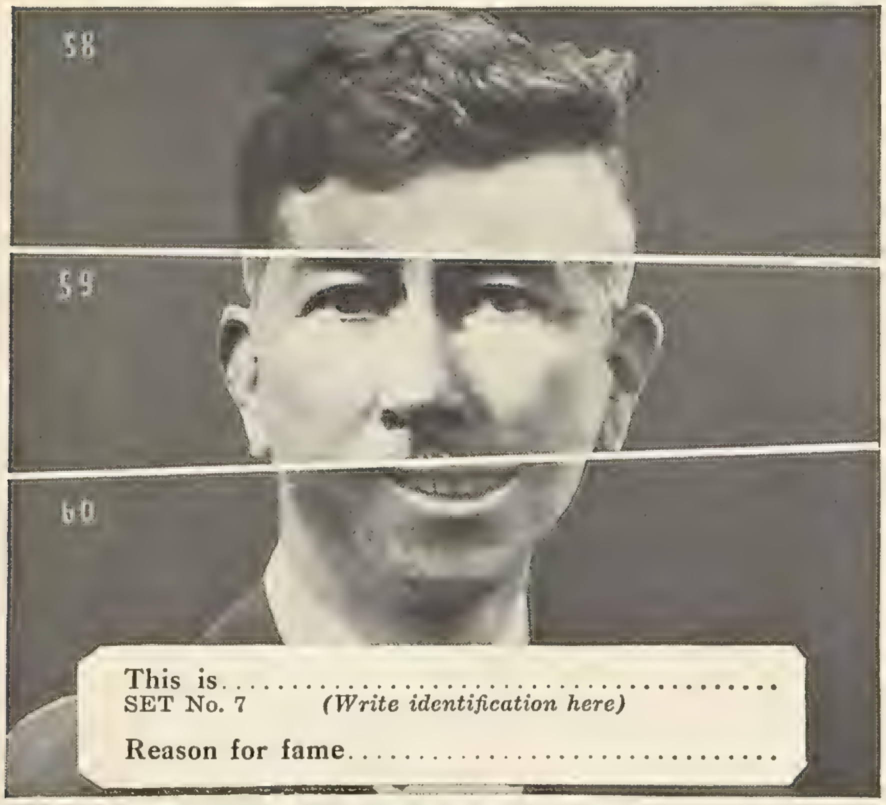
CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Compare Chevrolet's low delivered prices and easy G.M.A.C. terms. A General Motors Value

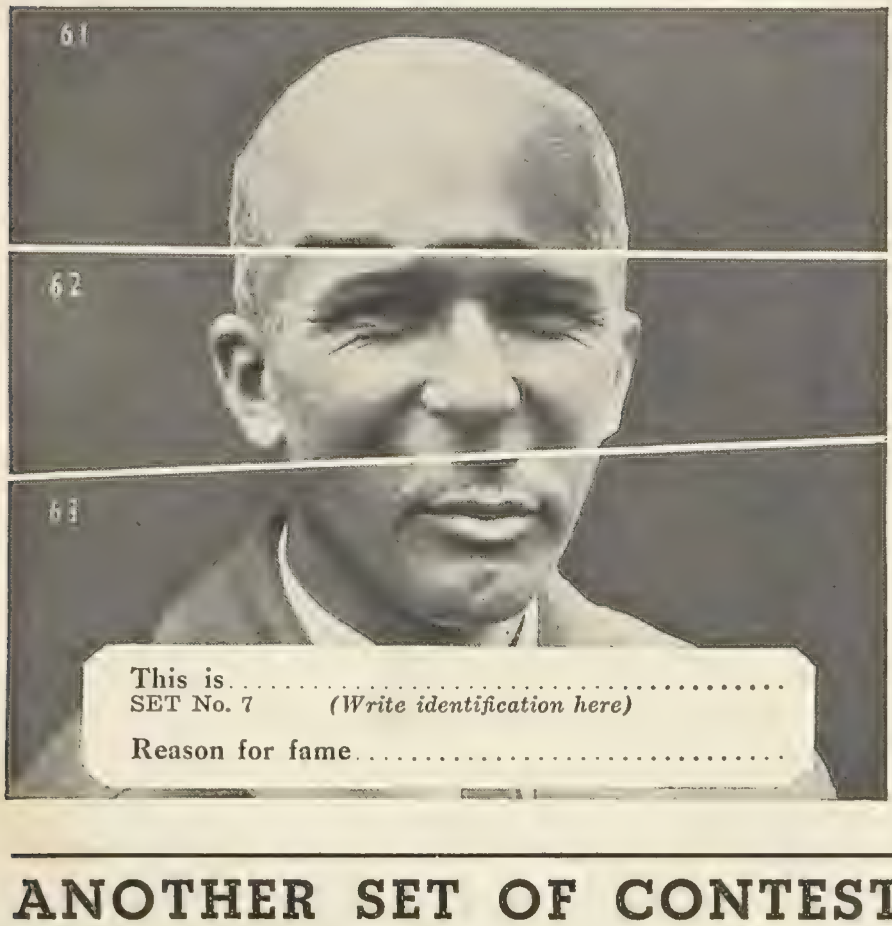
TURRET-TOP BODY BY FISHER (WITH FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION) . . . IMPROVED KNEE-ACTION RIDE . . . BLUE-FLAME VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE WITH PRESSURE STREAM OILING . . . WEATHERPROOF CABLE-CONTROLLED BRAKES . . . SHOCK-PROOF STEERING



This is...
SET No. 7 *(Write identification here)*
Reason for fame.................................



This is...
SET No. 7 *(Write identification here)*
Reason for fame.................................



This is...
SET No. 7 *(Write identification here)*
Reason for fame.................................

SET NUMBER SEVEN LIBERTY'S $5,000 CASH PRIZE GAME OF FAMOUS AMERICANS

ONLY three more sets of composites will stand between you and the prize money when you have solved this week's composites. The end of the road, the point where you mail your entry in this contest, is almost within sight. If you have played the game this far do not falter now. The prizes still await claimants. Your chance to win is still excellent if you stay in the competition. $2,000 in cash will be paid to the First Prize winner. That is something to try for and so is every other award on the list. Resolve now to complete the game and file a winning entry.

WIN ONE OF THESE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE..................	$2,000
SECOND PRIZE..............	500
THIRD PRIZE.................	100
FOURTH PRIZE..............	50
TEN PRIZES, Each $25........	250
100 PRIZES, Each $10..........	1,000
220 PRIZES, Each $5............	1,100

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish three composite pictures of Famous Americans.

2. Each set of composites when cut apart and correctly reassembled will make complete portraits of three persons.

3. For the nearest correctly identified and neatest complete sets of portraits Liberty will award $5,000 in cash prizes according to the prize schedule on this page. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned nor can we enter into correspondence with any contestant.

4. To compete, simply cut apart, or trace accurately, and reassemble the composites correctly. Then, in the space provided under each, write the name and the event or work for which the person is famous.

5. Do not send in incomplete sets. When you have all thirty composites solved and identified, send them by first-class mail to GAME OF FAMOUS AMERICANS, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

6. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

7. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, July 24, 1935, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

ANOTHER SET OF CONTEST COMPOSITES NEXT WEEK!

Charles Boyer, John Beal, Jean Hersholt, and Katharine Hepburn in Break of Hearts.

Tender, Tearful, Thrilling

Miss Hepburn Is Herself Again in a Poignant Love Story with Music; Young Master Holt Is Capably Sad as a Victim of Divorce, and Mr. Lowe Participates in Some Swift Excitements at Sea

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ BREAK OF HEARTS

THE PLAYERS: Katharine Hepburn, Charles Boyer, John Beal, Jean Hersholt, Sam Hardy, Inez Courtney, Helene Millard, Ferdinand Gottschalk, and others. Directed by Philip Moeller. Story by Lester Cohen.

4 stars—Extraordinary **3 stars—Excellent**
2 stars—Good **1 star—Poor**
0 star—Very Poor

AFTER her rather disappointing appearances in recent films, Break of Hearts finds the gaunt and articulate Katharine Hepburn back in the superb form of her Morning Glory and A Bill of Divorcement, when she was considered, and rightly so, the most exciting and talented of the newcomers. Beneath its glossy finish this latest picture is a simple, often even trite tale of love among musicians. But it has a tender, honest quality, some of the best music to come from the screen since One Night of Love, smart but not smart-alecky dialogue, and the whole urbanely graceful production is topped with the compelling performances of Charles Boyer and Miss Hepburn.

Rare among current releases, Break of Hearts is, above all things, frankly a love story. Its sole concern is with two people, their compromises and adjustments for love, and treated as it is with both taste and intelligence the film gains a poignancy and truth that make it one of the season's distinctive offerings.

Beautifully photographed, Miss Hepburn is seen as a budding composer who meets and promptly falls in love with the darkly handsome Boyer, the reigning concert conductor of the world. As fickle as he is talented, Boyer manages to subdue any doubts that arise about his ability to maintain a monogamous life and marries the young composer. Their honeymoon, as honeymoons are apt to be, is one long round of happiness. But when the couple is called back from Europe for another New York concert, Boyer takes a fling at philandering, and Miss Hepburn, in an exquisitely played scene, walks out on him.

From there on, Break of Hearts has Boyer, a much more than "promising" actor, sinking himself in remorse and liquor, while his wife seeks forgetfulness in a parade of men headed by John Beal.

As you can see, Break of Hearts is made of entirely familiar ingredients. But, for all this, the soundness of the characterizations and their brilliant interpretation in the hands of Hepburn and Boyer, along with the really great music, make this routine story a thing alive and touching.

Weakened by a miscast John Beal as a young New York sophisticate, the picture remains a sleekly polished, smartly dressed item of adult appeal.

VITAL STATISTICS: Originally scheduled to play the Charles Boyer part, Francis (Snooks) Lederer met the Hepburn in pitched temperamental battle on one of the stages in early shooting of picture, did a slow hepburn, and retired from the cast, the sulky winnah (so he thought!). . . . Charles Boyer claims he was leaving for a Paris engagement when the clarion call to support Hepburn came. This cost him a 50-per-cent salary cut what with the Franco-American exchange being so ridiculousy these days. Boyer made picture a Break of Ribs, busting two women-foundations when he was forced to fall from the orchestra conductor's platform at the Ebell Theater on Wilshire Boulevard for a scene in the film. Played thereafter in pain with arm strapped to side. Boyer's still happy with his Pat Patterson and his new rejuvenation in Hollywood, thanks to Private Worlds and a French-made picture called The Battle, which you ought to see. Jean Acker, Rudolf Valentino's first wife, playing a part in the picture, claims Boyer's alike as Rudy as two carbons. Boyer thinks you can get too much of Hollywood. An actor ought to take it like a warm bath—regularly but with sizable intervals. . . . The Hepburn is dotter to surgeon Dr. Thomas Hepburn, of Hartford, Connecticut. She's a Bryn Mawral grad, has two younger sisses whom she is generously spoiling. She once was runner-up in Conn. Women's Open Golf. She's divorced from Ludlow Smith, insuranceer, and, as you surely know, still quietly but tenaciously sweet on Leland Hayward, wealthy New York social-registered literary agent. Hayward is angling for a divorce himself, but flies his own plane West to mix business with pleasure. Hayward has magnificent penthouse offices overlooking the more patrician part of Madison Avenue, New York. The Hepburn shuns luxurious limousines and drives a Ford station wagon when she's not chauffing herself. She lives with tremendous quietness on a farm near Hollywood. A la Garbo, she refuses admission to her set when working. Every morning she has her hair—a burnished copper—shampooed with four eggs and rinsed with lemon juice and water. Her dress offstage is as simple as her diet. Generally wears slack suits and shirtwaists and has been heard to say she is never hungry. When working she dines in bed studying her next day's lines. Has the smallest waist in Hollywood: only twenty-two inches. Eyes are green. A few years ago director Philip Moeller, to whom she applied for a part with the Arty N. Y. Theatre Guild, told her: "I think you should go back to the country and stay there. The grime of the city might spoil your beautiful rosy cheeks." The proper comment at this point is: And today, as her director, is Moeller's face red. So I'll make it: Is Moeller's face red! According to the p.a's (praise artists) the lovely rhapsody which Hepburn is supposed to compose in this picture is really a melodic portrait of her fiery personality. Whoops! For the first time in her screen career she was compelled to give her autograph. She had to sign a traffic ticket for shooting past a red light! It took director George Cukor lots of arguing to sell Hepburn to RKO some years ago after he'd caught her in The Warrior's Husband back on the N. Y. stage. . . . Caruso plays fiddle in this picture—only it's Albert Caruso, ten-year-old proddie. . . . Sam Hardy's part was so short he resented having to come to the studio to play it. Says he could have phoned it in! . . . An improved ribbon microphone, so sensitive it could record the drop of a pin, was used in this picture's fashioning. Now they'll want one so sensitive it'll record the drop of a million dollars at the box office! . . . I regret having incorrectly dubbed Bernard Newman, who designed the duds for Hepburn, the only Jewish designer in Hollywood. There's another. He's the famed Adrian of M-G-M—Adrian Greenberg. . . . Jean Hersholt was born in Copenhagen, educated there, sketches like a native, collects rare books, and took two years off when films went noisy to wipe the sardine out of his accent. . . . Director Philip Moeller is one of the last holdouts among stage directors who refused the gold of Hollywood. Has written eighteen plays; wears old clothes; in twelve years of directing the world's famous has never been known to use a harsh voice; takes his stuff quickly, rarely wasting film; was born in a house that once stood where Macy's, New York, now stands; is a B. A. from Columbia; eats lemon drops on the set; is unmarried; and is best known as ace director of the Theatre Art Guilders. Despite his cultured background, has been painstakingly unsnooty in his attitude toward Hollywood, coming as a tyro with open mind and megaphone. . . . John Beal's invented a color keyboard for the piano and improvises by blending the colors. He's married to Helen Craig, Gotham stage actress.

★ ★ ½ AGE OF INDISCRETION

THE PLAYERS: Paul Lukas, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson, May Robson, David Holt, Ralph Forbes, Catherine Doucet, Beryl Mercer, and others. Directed by Edward Ludwig. Story by Lenore Coffee.

AGE OF INDISCRETION is a neat and plausible little film which treats divorce from the child's angle, and, given a sincere and telling performance by manly little David Holt, the picture is much more entertaining than any résumé of its hackneyed plot would indicate.

Wisely giving him only the scenes in which he is actually needed for the story rather than throwing his baby charm willy-nilly all through the piece, David, the most natural of the child players, is seen as the victim of his parents' disagreements. When his father, Paul Lukas, and his mother, the bright Helen Vinson, part after quarrels brought to a head by money troubles, David remains with Lukas, who soon finds himself enamored of his blonde secretary, Madge Evans.

When May Robson, Miss Vinson's mother, learns of Lukas's new love, she attempts to frame him in order to get the custody of the child. Brought to court to testify in the proceedings, young Master Holt does a creditable job in a tear-drenched sequence of the lachrymose kind of playing which, it seems, every little boy must master before being considered a full-fledged Thespian.

Sincerely played by the entire cast, Age of Indiscretion is a minor effort, though worth seeing if it comes your way.

Both Lukas and Madge Evans are effective in the leading roles, while Miss Vinson is once again so certain as the "other" woman that she stands in danger of being killed by repetitious roles.

VITAL STATISTICS: Leon Gordon, who wrote the original story, was once B'way producer. As such he gave the world White (Mammy Palaver) Cargo, the profits of which he was eventually forced to hand over to a woman who won a suit of plagiarism against Leon. The sum was for over a million dollars. . . . Phil Goldstone, producer of the film, was once a theatric agent in Hollywood, made much money backing independents, eventually became an independent producer himself until stepping up into the Big Movie Time. . . . Helen Vinson is probably the most intelligent actress in Hollywood today. So they always cast her as the menace woman. Which is the way Hollywood does things. Why don't they let her play Shaw's Cleopatra? She's a Texas gal, dotter to an oil magnate. . . . Ralph Forbes was, in his Mr. Chatterton days, an M-G-M contract player. Now he's a free lance and happy with his Heather Angel, whom he calls his guess what. . . . Little David Holt is a Florida cracker and seven years old, and is to be found shooting marbles somewhere on the M-G-M back lot with Master Freddie Bartholomew. . . . Picture deals with divorce. Florida now features a ninety-day divorce residence. Why not combine pleasure with pleasure next winter and spend three months at Miami? (adv.) . . . M-G-M, which produced this picture, has as yet done nothing about choosing a successor to Leo the Lion, who recently roared his last. Anybody got a lion for sale? . . . The other day Clifton Webb showed up in Hollywood to appear in Metro pictures. He brought with him eighteen trunks, twenty-two suit cases, and two cocker spaniels, Lulu and Buster. He agreeably interviewed himself for the newspaper reporters, telling them questions to ask him. With characteristic dance speed, within twenty-four hours he'd found and moved into a house in Brentwood Heights—one formerly occupied by Garbo, another bachelor.

★ ★ ½ BLACK SHEEP

THE PLAYERS: Edmund Lowe, Claire Trevor, Tom Brown, Eugene Pallette, Adrienne Ames, Herbert Mundin, Ford Sterling, Jed Prouty, and others. Directed and written by Allan Dwan.

THIS is not Take a Chance Week in the studios. Like Break of Hearts and Age of Indiscretion, Edmund Lowe's melodramatic exposé of life on an ocean liner cautiously follows all the time-worn story conventions. But, like the other two films, this bit of Grand Hotel on water is lively, frequently funny, and entwines the many threads of its complicated plot into a strong cord of interest and suspense.

Black Sheep belongs in that loose category which is faintly damned in Hollywood by being called a "program" picture. Affecting no pretensions about greatness nor any other unique quality, the picture is content to go about its task of supplying casual entertainment and, all in all, comes off very well.

Lowe is seen as a traveling card sharp who learns that a young passenger, Tom Brown, is his son. Brown, deeply in debt to Adrienne Ames, a glamorous kleptomaniac, attempts suicide when she offers him the alternative of paying his notes or smuggling a string of stolen pearls for her.

It is then that Brown, not knowing

A taste
thrill in
every stick
BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN
GUM
CHEWING
Enjoy Beeman's Gum
. . . AIDS DIGESTION

that Lowe is his father, goes to the kindly gambler for guidance.

Given but a few days before landing to straighten the situation, Lowe, using all his sharpened wits, proceeds to locate the pearls and regain the boy's notes. And as he goes about his devious business the film captures all the excitement inherent in this fight against time and a scheming woman.

With Eugene Pallette and Jed Prouty in splendid form as a couple of Babbitts on a bender, and Claire Trevor at her best as Lowe's giddy girl friend, Black Sheep emerges as a nicely contrived artificial thriller. Adrienne Ames, Tom Brown, and the slick Mr. Lowe handle the bright dialogue smoothly enough to make this easily forgotten film an engrossing bit of spicy life on the high seas.

VITAL STATISTICS: Cheerfully claiming he was down to the bare beginnings of his second million and having heard that there was a depression, Ford Sterling, ex-Keystone police chief of the bobbed chin whisker and galloping eyebrows, hits comeback trail in Black Sheep. Sterling admits to being the first actor to set foot on Mack Sennett's custard factory in Edendale, California, July 3, 1912. As the years passed hundreds joined the Keystone force, but the dozen or so original coppers were destined for the high places. Mack Sennett played boob parts in those days. Fred Mace, always the mayor, is now dead. Slim Summerville, Syd and Charlie Chaplin, Chester and Heinie Conklin, John Francis Dillon, Eddie Cline, gigantic Mack Swain (Ambrose), and Billy Bevan among the men, and Mabel Normand, Gloria Swanson, Marie Prevost, Mary Thurmond, and Phyllis Haver among the women, had to be able to take it those days; for many were the billies busted over conks and legion were the flowerpots that descended without warning (or with it). Without doubt Sennett has had the biggest influence on movies of them all. Today his fantastic slapstick theories have been inherited by the Mickey Mouse factories—for, alas, movies have gone serious. Sennett's genuine if crude imagination has become phonily realistic. . . . It never occurred to director Allan Dwan that he was a writer till he got home from a European trip last fall and decided to write out a sea-bred idea at his Malibu Beach digs. Dwan had been in Europe for his health, spaing it at Carlsbad, famous for its riots and its waters. Now he takes an ocean swim every morning and tries to look as a former quarterback at Notre Dame thirty years ago should look. Visited England abroad and thinks England likes our movies better than its own. Originally called his story Kiss and Wake Up. . . . Edmund Lowe, whom Dwan had in mind for the original international card sharp, has never gambled over fifty dollars in his life. . . . Growing from a skinny gent into a fat man first drove Eugene Pallette from the screen and then brought him back again more successful than at first. Twenty-three years ago Pallette was playing juvenile leads for Dwan at the Santa Barbara studios. The more he eats these days the more Pallette earns. Was once a jockey in N'Orleans until weight drove him on the stage. Has been a streetcar chauffeur in Portland, Oregon, while saving money to get to Los Angeles. Joined aviation during war because infantry was always in mud and wings kept you above it all. Made a fortune in oil after the war, and then lost it. Feels he has been kicked plenty—but always upstairs. . . . Not on the cast sheet is Miss Lloyde O'Shaughnessy-Levy. Her great-grandfather was a Levy who married Mavourneen O'Shaughnessy. The marriage was disapproved of by both sets of parents. Just to show he didn't disapprove, great-grandfather Levy tucked his wife's family name in front of a hyphen. Miss Levy's ma is now Marchesa Francesca Origo. She was educated abroad. . . . Not on the cast sheet is Lady Warwick, beauteous twenty-two-year-old wife of the Earl of Warwick, doing it for the fun of it. . . . Hitting comeback trail is Florence Turner, first actress to have her name on the screen. This was on May 6, 1910, and it appeared in a short made by James J. Corbett in which she, ninety-five pounds, boxed Corbett, two hundred. She became a star later. Then emigrated to England to produce and drop her money, when the war broke out and she had to close her studio doors. Funny how women never have become ace producers! . . . Claire Trevor once worked as a steno for two weeks for a New York subway company because her mother snipped off her allowance when she wanted a new outfit for a Cornell prom. It cured her of working for her dress money thereafter. She promptly became an actress. She sleeps through all earthquakes; has a class A figure; is nicked as a sultry blonde; was public-schooled; won't admit who caused her heartbreak in Hollywood; father N. B. Trevor is a mercantilist in New York; she lives with her ma in the San Fernando Valley aboard a farm; hates straw hats and von stroheim haircuts on men; is crazy about Clara Barton (no relation to Jimmy) and thinks Rudy Vallee is a great radio artist. . . . Herbert Mundin spent a year as a telephone repairman after the armistice and admits the company was justified in firing him after he nearly wrecked the entire phone system. Was wireless op. on British subs during Large Conflict. First real theatric job was at beach resort. He had to stick his head in the sand while a barker belabored him with a paddle. This drew the crowd into the tent for the show. Has a wife and eighteen-year-old stepdotter. Indulges a shoeshine complex, having 'em shined up three or four times a day. Always dons a good-luck hat every picture start. Hat once brought him luck and he's held on to it superstitiously ever since. Early ambition to be a sailor was killed by the war.

COMMENT

No matter what the current rate of monetary exchange is doing for the ailing European tourist trade, it is doing fine things for the Hollywood studios. For now, with this added income, the studios can turn out a certain type of picture with stars of international popularity and be virtually positive of financial success. An American flop is not enough to bankrupt the producers any more.

For instance, the opulent and garbled The Devil Is a Woman may not create a ripple here, but, due to the widespread interest in the Dietrich-Von Sternberg combine, the film probably will wind up from its world tour a smashing success. Among the other local stars with great foreign draw are Garbo, Ramon Novarro, George Arliss, Carl Brisson, Jeanette MacDonald, Charlie Chaplin, and Maurice Chevalier.

Whatever you or I might think of them, these stars could hardly turn out an international failure if they tried.

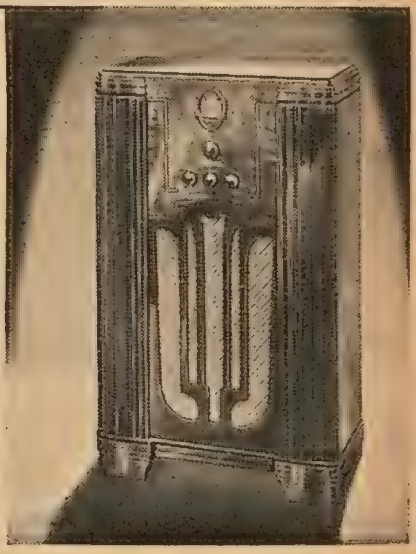
Now there is a fair chance that all this is going to end. For a law is in the working that will prohibit any outsider from coming to this country to compete with our native artists. So, if like the rest you are captivated by Merle Oberon, Charles Boyer, and the new aliens, you'd better get your fill of them right away. Because in a short time our screen may be entirely taken up with 100-per-cent Americans.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★ — The Informer, Black Fury, The Band Concert, Private Worlds, Roberta, Clive of India, David Copperfield, The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, Imitation of Life, Chu Chin Chow.

★★★—The Call of the Wild, Oil for the Lamps of China, Goin' to Town, G-Men, Doubting Thomas, Les Misérables, Star of Midnight, Life Begins at Forty, One More Spring, Mississippi, West Point of the Air, Naughty Marietta, The Wedding Night, The Little Colonel, Ruggles of Red Gap, Murder on a Honeymoon, Wings in the Dark, The Whole Town's Talking, Society Doctor, The Secret Bride, The Man Who Reclaimed His Head, Here Is My Heart, The Mighty Barnum, Babes in Toyland, Fox Movietone News, The President Vanishes, Sequoia.

NEW
1936
PHILCO



PHILCO 620F $65
WITH PHILCO ALL-WAVE AERIAL . . $70

Programs from every corner of the earth—with clarity and naturalness you'd never believe possible! New thrills! New adventure! New radio enjoyment!

This new Philco 620F is specially engineered to cover Police Calls, Amateur, Aircraft and Ship Stations—all American Programs and Foreign Broadcasts the world over!

The Precision Radio Dial spaces the station settings farther apart for easiest tuning! Used with the new Philco All-wave Aerial, the built-in Automatic Aerial Selector automatically maintains maximum power on each wave band! The Tone Control permits reception of every program at its best!

You'll marvel at its delightfully natural tone—its power—its exquisite cabinet of choice, figured Walnut high-lighted by inlays and contrasting woods! A tremendous value!

Your Philco dealer will gladly demonstrate the 620F—or any of the 42 other new 1936 Philcos. Have him explain his liberal trade-in offer and the Philco Commercial Credit Time Payment Plan.

Listen to
BOAKE CARTER OVER KEY COLUMBIA STATIONS

PHILCO
A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY

HOME RADIOS . $20 TO $600
AUTO RADIOS $42.95 TO $75

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE
THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO

To the Ladies!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

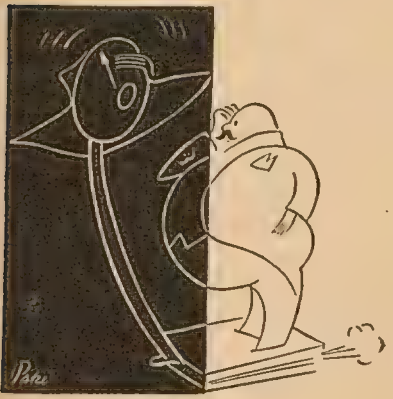
READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

CYRENA VAN GORDON

● Born an Ohio farm girl, now a new opera star at the Metropolitan, Cyrena van Gordon fell and dislocated her hip on the stage during her first New York performance of Aïda. Got right up, went right on singing. The audience never knew what had happened.

That shows how indomitable is this American-trained prima donna. She came to the Met from the Cincinnati College of Music and the Chicago Civic Opera. An accomplished actress, statuesquely handsome, she has a quick sense of humor—and a hard time keeping her weight down.

"In every opera company," she told me, "there are jokers who stand in the wings and try to make us laugh while we are singing tragic parts. They pick on me because I laugh so easily. Even on the stage they whisper funny stories to me when I can't possibly allow myself to giggle. The audience never sees this. It is our private form of torture."



Cyrena van Gordon debunked, for me, a number of public traditions concerning opera singers. Most of them are reported to be good cooks. She says they can't cook at all, excepting a few of the tenor and basso males, and Rosa Raisa, and Miss van Gordon herself, who specializes in desserts that are 100 per cent American. I doubt if you ever have tasted such angel cake as she bakes, or such hickory-nut cake, or such peppermint-candy ice cream. Her recipes are old family secrets. When you ask her about them—she just sings.

● A girl writes to me from a city in Michigan saying: "For nearly two years a young man and I have wanted to get married, but have put it off because he is unemployed. We have been afraid to undertake new responsibilities without any prospect of a steady income. Now he has found some relief work, and wants me to marry him right away on the strength of this. I don't know what to think. I am worried about it. Do you believe it is fair for a young couple like us to use relief money in this way?"

Well, the truth of the matter is, I don't feel competent to judge the ethics of the situation. From published reports it seems evident that a good many *relief weddings* must be taking place all over the country. The number of marriages performed so far this year amounts to over a quarter of a million more than last year. But I can find no figures showing definitely how many of these couples have embraced matrimony with the idea that two can live as securely as one—on relief.

● Bet you've never heard of William Banting, the forgotten fat man.

Almost nobody remembers him, yet he deserves great celebrity nowadays. He was the man who really started us off on our modern regime of reducing our weight by cutting the starches, sugars, and fats out of our diet.

Knowledge of him came to me quite by accident the other day while looking up a word in my dictionary. You know how it is when you look up a word—you always discover other words. I found the word *bantingism*—derived from old Bill Banting, the father of modern diets.

He was an English undertaker, born 1797, died 1878. He was only five feet five inches tall, but so fat he couldn't bend over to tie his shoes.

Around 1860 Banting published a piece entitled Letter on Corpulence. That's all that I know about him.

● Monograms on everything again this year. All Eve's daughters got monogramitis. Latest monogram styles are:

Four-and-a-half-inch letter in flat embroidery on tablecloths, two-inch letter on napkins. Flaming red letters on bath towels of royal blue, blue on brown towels, white on pastel shades. Modernistic block letters. No curlicues.

● A London shop has been auctioning off various knickknacks and intimate possessions formerly used by American movie stars. The prices obtained are rather interesting. A compact that once belonged to Mary Pickford brought the top price of $12.50. It was worth more originally. One of Greta Garbo's discarded turban hats fetched $10. A nightdress of Myrna Loy's went for $8.25. Mae West didn't do so well. One of her handkerchiefs sold for $1.75. I wonder how much the auctioneer could have got for a Marlene Dietrich stocking.

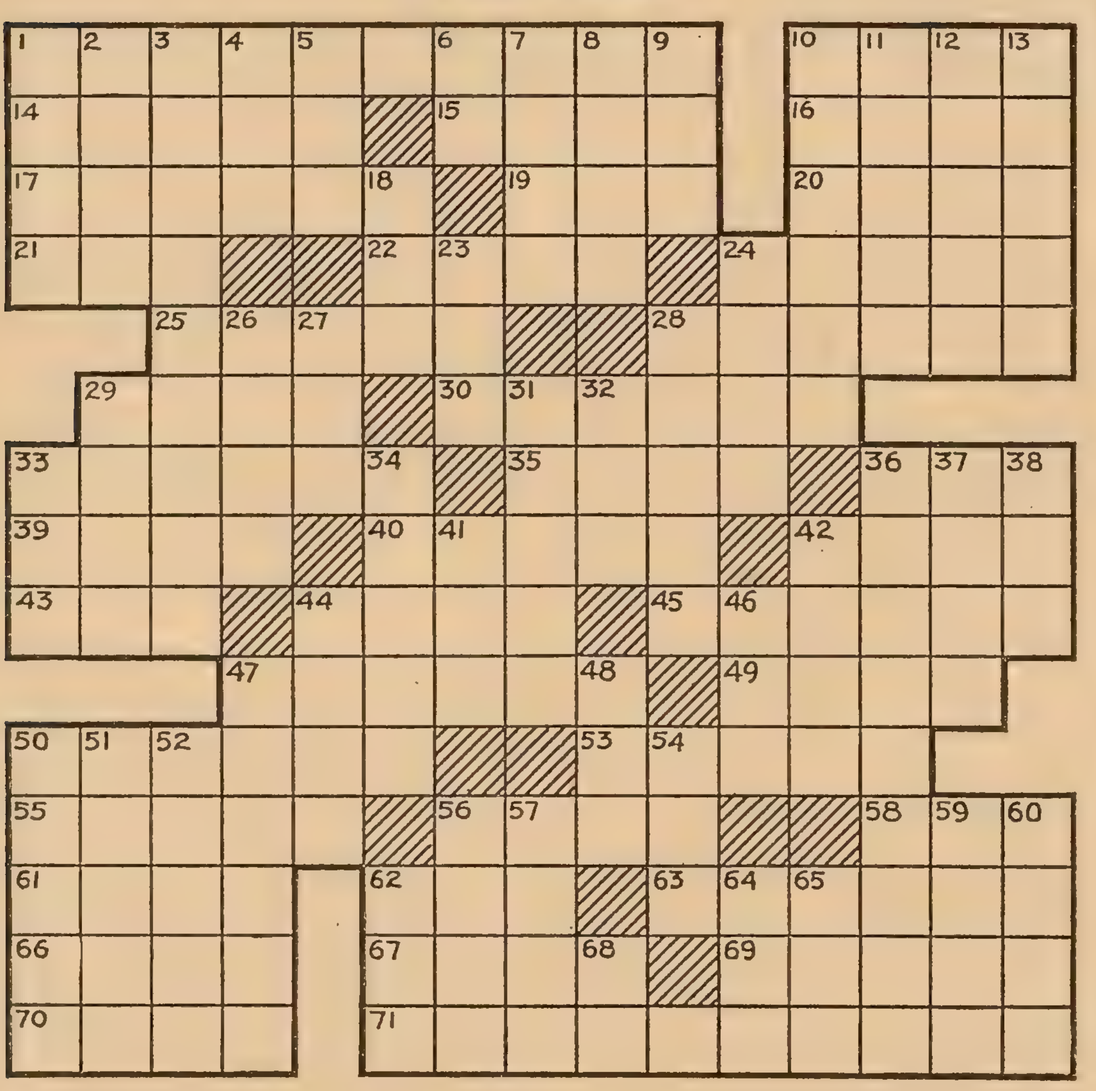
● To readers of historical biography I recommend the new book, Fox, by Christopher Hobhouse. Story of the lively English statesman, Charles Fox, who stopped the War of Independence. (Published by Houghton Mifflin.)

● Now that days are growing warm again, try this asparagus soufflé and a mixed salad with curry dressing.

Cut 1½ cups cooked asparagus into half-inch lengths (canned asparagus will do). Have ready 2 cups white-bread crumbs, 1 chopped pimento, 2 cups milk. Beat 3 eggs till very frothy. Add the other ingredients. Add salt, pepper, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg. Pour into buttered dish, stand in pan of hot water, bake 30 minutes in slow oven. For the mixed green salad make your dressing with 3 tablespoons olive oil, 1 tablespoon vinegar, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon sugar, ¾ teaspoon curry powder.

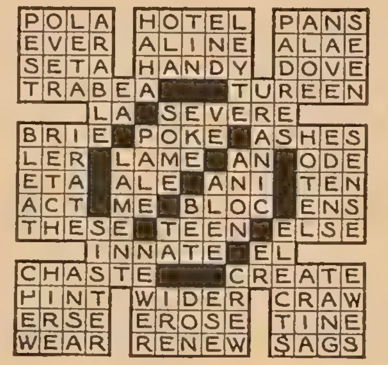
Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 A big squirt—and yellow, too
10 Pan, map, mug
14 Her Montague Love
15 These go with decorations
16 Masculine but backward
17 A capitol place for New Yorkers
19 They say fishing for cherries through this makes good sport
20 All washed up
21 This can be cured by a dozen clean dry handkerchiefs
22 To scratch for a living
24 This makes everything in port
25 A cowcatcher
28 You're bound to feel it this way if you're stuck with something
29 Horse feathers
30 The Forgotten Man of Washington
33 Custom
35 What politicians feed the people
36 Old-fashioned crack with a lot of teeth in it
39 These come from the best of circles
40 Schnozzle snuff
42 This is round on the edges and high in the middle
43 Clap a lid on this and it's always on the blink
44 Here's where Eve made a monkey out of a man
45 Hot spot
47 A debutante cow
49 White-collar drinks
50 Times are so bad they say these fellows are dancing with each other (singular)
53 A fabulous fellow
55 Noted things about garlic eaters
56 What many jokes are flavored with
58 What false teeth come in
61 He sleeps with a big cat
62 To utter sweet idiocies in the dark
63 Bricklayers don't do this on laying a brick!
66 A swig of the medicine bottle



```
POLA HOTEL PANS
EVER ALINE ALAE
SETA HANDY DOVE
TRABEA■■■TUREEN
    LA■SEVERE
BRIE■POKE■ASHES
LER■LAME■AN■ODE
ETA■ALE■ANI■TEN
ACT■ME■BLOC■ENS
THESE■TEEN■ELSE
    INNATE■EL
CHASTE■■■CREATE
PINT WIDER CRAW
ERSE EROSE TINE
WEAR RENEW SAGS
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

67 Yours and mine together
69 One of the best known movements in Europe
70 Let it stand!
71 Some dogs! (two words)

VERTICAL

1 Count in German
2 What you get from the Atlantic & Pacific
3 The kind of chaser not in favor with the bar
4 This was shelled by the French during the World War
5 This goes on for years and years
6 Where Cleo got her sun tan
7 Gracie Allen claims Shakespeare was sorry for him because he had acid
8 This was scratched under the Kentucky Derby
9 When this is doubled it's a pest
10 He'll talk chop with you any time
11 He doesn't always have a happy landing in this country
12 The haul of Arabian fame
13 It's foolish to dive into this kind of swimming pool
18 She said this and they lived scrappily ever after
23 Got reversed
24 What the doctor got for his cut (plural)
26 Girl's name (she's possessive)
27 That well known Chinese look
28 Curious fellows, these bakers—they sell what they this!
29 A contrary woman
31 It may not be good for man to live this way—but it's certainly cheaper!
32 Lip
33 First name of America's Sweethot
34 Pandora's box, modern style
36 This has a lot of degrees and hangs around dentists' and lawyers' offices
37 Something you put into a trombone but never get out (plural)
38 Know in the old-fashioned way
41 He steps between punch drinkers before they get too punch drunk (slang)
42 In New York men box men —here they box sardines!
44 The rubber fish (plural)
46 Employ American Soda-jerkers! (abbr.)
47 If annoyed this can make a hole in one
48 Republicans Auto Unite (abbr.)
50 Old-time standard (plural)
51 This fellow's simply nuts about simple things
52 This bird's always being roasted
54 When you run out of words use this
56 A mean puss
57 What the women's bathing suits show from season to season
59 Or
60 A Hardy heroine
62 When you're in this you're unrecognizable
64 American Society of Dawdlers (abbr.)
65 The refuge for young men about town (abbr.)
68 It

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

IVER JOHNSON BICYCLES

from $27.50
THE NATION'S FAVORITE

Speed away on an Iver Johnson Airlite—a light weight bicycle for Men and Women. Weight about 32 pounds with all essential equipment, including coaster brake. Models for everyone.

Brilliantly handsome. Superior to all others in every detail.

Ask for latest color folder 12 B, giving complete details.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
61 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.
New York 85 Chambers St. Chicago 108 W. Lake St. San Francisco 731 Market St.
Montreal: Coristine Bldg.

ART of DANCING

Learn the Carlo, Continental, Rhumba, Kiss Dance, Etc.

25c

100 ILLUSTRATIONS 16 CHAPTERS

LEARN TO DANCE THE LATEST STEPS. Be popular this season. Really good dancers are always admired—always popular guests. Partners welcome them eagerly. With the aid of this book you can learn the newest, smartest steps without a teacher and become a dancer who is sought after. After following the instructions in this new book you won't need to make excuses when the dance music starts. Besides, you'll get lots of fun out of parties and dances. If you want to become a perfect dancer, learn to dance at home this new, easy way.

WHAT THE BOOK TELLS: How to develop poise and control, how to improve your dance steps, the art of holding, how to walk to music, how to lead, how to do the latest Fox Trot Steps, Natural and Reverse Turns, the Reverse Wave and Change of Direction Steps, the Quickstep, swaying to music, how to Waltz, Backward Changes, how to do the Continental, the famous Kiss dance, the Manhattan Dance, the College Rhumba, the Carlo, the Veyo, the Charleston, etc., etc. 16 chapters, nearly 100 illustrations are given; everything is made so plain that you'll be dancing before you know it.

25 Cents. *600 page catalog of novelties, jokes, etc. 10c.*
JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. 247, Racine, Wis.

INGROWN NAIL

PAIN STOPS AT ONCE
NAIL GROWS STRAIGHT

A few drops of Dr. Scholl's Onixol in the crevice stops pain at once; the inflamed and irritated tissues are quickly healed and infection prevented. Then the nail grows out normally and straight. Get this sure relief today. At all drug, shoe and department stores. 50¢ bottle.

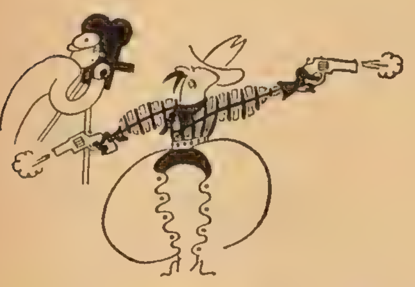
Dr Scholl's ONIXOL

Vox Pop

WHAT! NO TWO-GUN MEN?

SEATTLE, WASH.—Gather round close, boys and girls, and I'll let you in on a secret. There just ain't no such animal as a two-gun man and never was, except in Hollywood or on the movie screen.

At least I have never seen a single instance of a gun toter who was encumbered with two guns when looking for or anticipating trouble. The reasons are obvious: not one man in a hundred is ambidextrous; and the six-shooter is not a weapon for long-range use, nor for sustained action.—*H. C. M.*



TOO LAZY TO WORK

COODY'S BLUFF, OKLA.—I live in eastern Oklahoma. I want to know why so many farmers are on the relief roll for food.

Where is their pride? Where is their pluck? Why should Uncle Sam furnish them food that they could raise here with only a little work? This is a wonderful place for vegetables of all kinds. What makes them think the government owes them anything?

Shameful though it is, half of the farm people on relief are beggars. Where are our pioneers?

If Uncle Sam furnished seed and compelled his farmers to tend it, there would be a smaller percentage on the relief roll. I would be glad to know the whys and wherefores for all this donation to people too lazy to work.—*Lela Phillips-Moutray.*

RADIO BONERS

CHICAGO, ILL.—In your issue of April 13 there is a letter in reference to the use of " are I not " and " aren't I."

How any one can defend the use of either and, as such people usually do, deplore the use of " ain't," which after all is a contraction of " am I not," is something that has always caused me to wonder.

It is said that the best English is spoken in Dublin, Ireland.

Radio announcers are terrible. One of the best known newsreel broadcasters says " artic " for " arctic " over and over. Another gaily tells us time and again such and such things are merely " assessories." I always thought the word was " accessories." Last winter a senator pulled the boner over the radio: " In the words of Tinny Tim [shades of Dickens!], God bless you all."

An influential magazine like Liberty can surely suggest something to stop this mess that so-called educated Americans are making of correct English.—*A. G. McKay.*

"HOT NEWS" A YEAR OLD

BANGOR, ME.—As I write this there is a great to-do about the fakery of Margery, the famous Boston medium, who supposedly materialized her brother Walter's thumbprints from the beyond. Headlines in the newspapers scream this hot news of the hoax.

But I get a laugh out of their excitement and fresh discovery, for when it was " hot news " the story was in Liberty, March 10, 1934—more than a year ago!

Liberty got the scoop on that story and Samri Frikell, who did the job, ought to get the orchid—and not a " materialized " one, either.—*John Lewis Graves.*

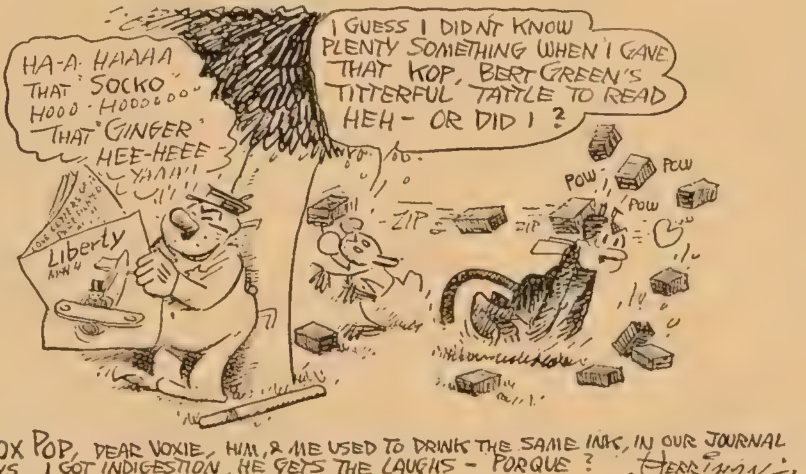
BLOOD FOR GOAL POSTS

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Quite balmy, you eccentric Americans — particularly in your enthusiasm for nonessentials. Sports, for instance. You avidly devour reams of newsprint to get the minute details of some inane contest. You hang breathless over the radio as if a nation's destiny depended on a game.

Your sports are but spectacles which are themselves secondary to the salaries of the participants and of the amount of money paid in at the gate. Strange too that only an infinitesimal number actually participate. The majority are content to be what is known as " sport-minded." In this form of insanity the elders are as childlike as the young folks.

Every American I have met believes himself an expert or qualified critic of the particular sport he follows. He wants to be known as a fan. A fan, according to the dictionary, is " an implement used to agitate air." That is just exactly what the American sports fan amounts to. He agitates air.

In my native land our students will shed their blood for a political cause. Here, your students shed theirs for goal posts!—*Foreign Visitor.*


HA-A HAAAA THAT "SOCKO" HOOO-HOOOOOO" THAT "GINGER" HEE-HEEE YAAA!!
I GUESS I DIDN'T KNOW PLENTY SOMETHING WHEN I GAVE THAT KOP, BERT GREEN'S TITTERFUL TATTLE TO READ HEH - OR DID I ?
Liberty
POW
POW
POW
ZIP
ZIP

VOX POP, DEAR VOXIE, HIM, & ME USED TO DRINK THE SAME INK, IN OUR JOURNAL DAYS, I GOT INDIGESTION. HE GETS THE LAUGHS - PORQUE ? . HERRIMAN

Sent to Vox Pop by Cartoonist Herriman, creator of the famous Krazy Kat.

CROOK THE EXCEPTION

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—After reading Plain Talk from a Cop Who Went Wrong, in May 4 Liberty, I am ready for action. My late husband joined the Chicago Police Department thirty years ago and served twenty-three years until his death—nineteen years having been spent in one of the most lawless districts in the city on the near North Side.

He, together with 90 per cent of his fellow workers, remained 100 per cent honest. The crook in any walk of life is the exception and not the rule. My husband's promotion came through a civil service examination and cost him not one dollar.—*A. O'C.*

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

DELAWARE, OHIO—The story, I Drove John Brown to the Gallows, which appeared in May 11 Liberty, interested me. In spite of affidavits, the account contained inaccuracies. Mrs. Brown was in Harpers Ferry at the time of the execution of John Brown and waited there until the body of her husband was brought to her.

Then began the journey to North Elba, New York, for burial. Military orders forbade the presence of all women or children at the execution.

Mrs. Brown was permitted to see her husband on December 1, but was compelled to return to Harpers Ferry that same day.

The man who drove the wagon has been reported for many years, but his name was not " Uncle " Tom Warren. It is true that the undertaker was George W. Sadler. The men mentioned in the article met death on December 16 and not " November 25." John Brown was the first one to go to the gallows.

Have been doing research work along this line for many years and am an honorary member of the John Brown Reunion Group.—*Clarence S. Gee.*

THE HELL OF IT

FERNWOOD, N. Y.—Page Helen Hunter, Vox Pop May 4. Hell is still with us, Helen. This time it's I Flew for the Hell of It. Next will be Hell in Bloom, and after that Who the Hell Knows? I hope that Liberty's hellish authors are having a hell of a good time, and maybe when they die—if ever—they will get all the hell they desire. Liberty has gotten to be a hellova mess, if you ask me.—*Helen Heldria Helderashe.*

THAT WORD!

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—
You sometimes hear " It's cold as hell ";
'Tis often said " It's hot as hell ";
When rain pours down, " It's hell," they cry;
It's also hell when it is dry.

We hate like " hell " to see it snow;
It's a " hell of a wind " when it starts to blow.
Now how in the " hell " can a person tell
Just what is meant by this word " hell " ?

" Married life is hell," they say;
When you come home late " there is hell to pay."
" Hell, yes! " " Hell, no! " and " Oh, hell, do ";
" The hell if you don't " and " the hell if you do."

" The hell with this " and " the hell with that."
And " Who in the hell " and " Oh, hell, where? "
And " What in the hell do you think I care? "
" The hell of it is " and " It sure is hell."
And still I don't know what in the " hell " is " hell " !—*Pete Walker.*

PHEW! TIME INDEX, TOO?

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Why don't you put the reading time of your stories with the index? Then a guy will know which story he has time to get away with.—*George J. Meyer.*

GAMBLER INJURES NO ONE

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Another question of personal privilege is before us—to gamble or not to gamble.

The impulse to gamble is almost universal. Those who indulge are good citizens who do not regard it as an evil. To them it is a question of money, not morals. They have a natural urge to take a chance. We are born with more or less of the gambling instinct. Boys soon quit shooting marbles for fun and begin to " shoot for keeps." In that youthful sport we see the gambling impulse begin to develop. This urge is partly instinctive, partly the outgrowth of economic conditions. Human needs must be supplied. Incomes fail to meet the needs, hence arises the urge to increase them—to gamble—to get something for nothing, or as near that as may be.

Gambling can not, and need not, be suppressed. It should be licensed, regulated, controlled. The gambler injures no one, not even himself, unless recklessly foolish.—*James R. Ellwood.*

" WARNINGS "

LECOMPTE, LA.—I certainly believe Mr. Macfadden's editorial of Warnings in the May 11 Liberty is one that should be read by every citizen of our country. But I am a little afraid that it is too late.

I am decidedly not a Red. In fact, I agree with him that most of the alien Reds should be deported. I have always tried to be a good citizen. I used to believe our government was the greatest on earth, but I can't believe it is any longer. Without employment for four years, I firmly believe that a few individuals and corporations have, through the creation of monopolies, destroyed the opportunities of millions of people. —*M. G. Stokes.*

HILLSIDE, N. J.—I always read Mr. Macfadden's very interesting editorials appearing each week in Liberty, and especially have I absorbed every word of the May 11 issue entitled Warnings.

It seems to me that it's about time we began to do away with the idea that labor can get the rich man's money, or that the government can do so either for that matter, and make up our minds to work with those we need to help us rather than continuously hand out abuse to them.—*John H. Randall.*

MAYBE WE'RE ALL FOREIGNERS

TAMPA, FLA.—It is disgusting to hear so-called Americans pan the foreigners of whom they know nothing.

Didn't a foreigner discover America when America was just a wilderness with a scattering of Indians who only fished and hunted and now and then had a scalping party for recreation?

What would America be or look like now if foreigners did not come over?

Foreigners built this country from the ground up—and this cannot be denied by even the most boastful American.—*Mary Janet.*

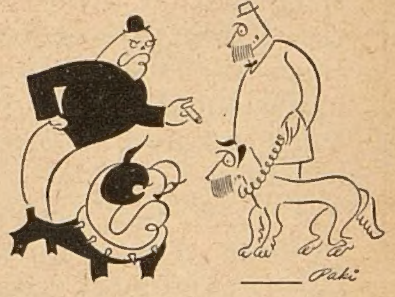
DOGS PUBLIC NUISANCES

MANSFIELD, MO.—The dog has been called " the friend of man." And a fine dog of good pedigree, trained to keep his place, is the sort every animal lover welcomes. But that this is not the type with which every community seems to be cursed, all, except the most rabid fanatic, will agree.

There are few animals which can show so many mixed breeds. And as blood will tell in a noble species, so the lack of good breeding shows not only in mongrel dogs but frequently in their owners.

And these carnivorous brutes have to be fed. And with hundreds—thousands of dogs in our larger communities—could not our dollars, in these days of stringency, be put to better use?

In spring and summer we often sally forth, hot with indignation, to chase from our front lawn or favorite flower bed a privy council of dogs. We find choice blooms uprooted and the place befouled; for with these creatures location and convenience mean one and the same thing. Our pavements also bear testimony as to wandering dogs and their freedom of the city.



The remedy? I propose that city councils first thin out the number of dogs by granting no more licenses for a stipulated time. Then see to it that all dogs are carefully checked, and make it a misdemeanor—to the owner—for his dog to become a public nuisance.—*H. C. Hamilton.*

"ARMENIAN" RIDDLE

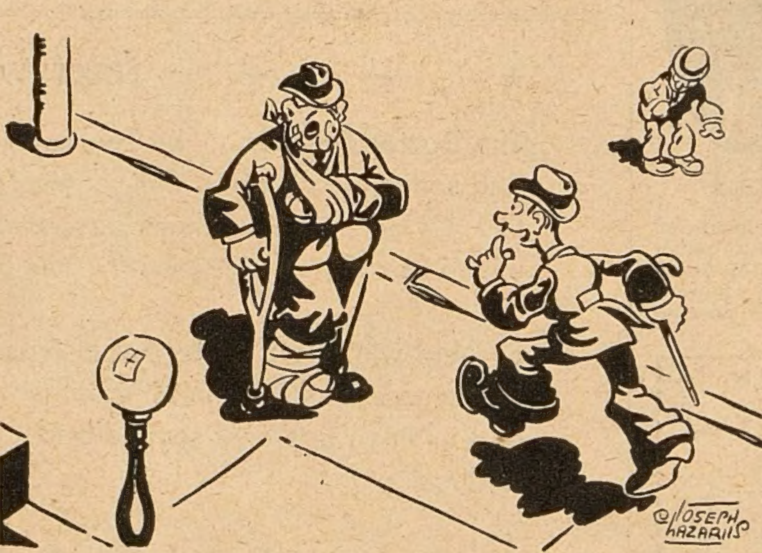
RUSHVILLE, N. Y.—Here's an " Armenian " riddle for Kropotkin. What is it that has a Latin name, is full of hot air, and has two leaves each week? Give up, Princess? Answer: Vox Pop!—*Nick.*

"BOIT IS BACK"

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.—Foist thing I see is, Boit is back. Now ain't dat nice!

Dat big roughneck knows his New York—and us dat's in the show biz know he knows his stuff.

Congratulations to Liberty for hooking up again with a live wire!—*W. C. Park.*



"Hi, Charlie! I didn't know you were married!"

NEW

NOTE **FREE** OFFER BELOW

HIRES ROOT ADE

DELICIOUS AND DIFFERENT

YOU can make this new-type beverage in a minute. Everybody likes it. Into a quart of ice water put a teaspoonful of Hires Root Beer Extract. Add two or three tablespoonsful of sugar and add the juice of half a lemon. Stir and serve. Very economical—costs less than ½¢ a glass.

An "ade" that's very refreshing. A rare, appealing flavor. And most economical. Wholesome, too — the American Medical Association's Committee on Foods accepts it and the Good Housekeeping Bureau approves it.

To get acquainted with Hires Root Ade, mail the coupon now.

To avoid oil flavored imitations insist on

Hires R-J ROOT BEER FOR REAL-JUICES

FREE . . . a generous trial bottle of Hires Extract—enough to make 3 quarts of Hires Root Ade—to all who mail the coupon, enclosing 3c to cover postage and packing.

The Charles E. Hires Co., Dept. M, Philadelphia, Pa.
Please send me *free* bottle of Hires Extract. I enclose 3c for postage and packing. L-6-22

Name..........

Street..........

City.......... State..........

Canadians should mail coupon to The Charles E. Hires Co., Ltd., Toronto

CONTENTS

SHORT STORIES

Hollywood Formula—A short short story . Helen Gilmore 13
Manhattan Spring . . . . . . Matt Taylor 24
Give Me a Year . . . . . . Elisa Bialk 30
Undertow . . . . . . Edward L. McKenna 35
Love Letters of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra
Bert Green 37

SERIALS

Beginning—
The Man Who Played God Five Times
Recorded by H. Bedford-Jones 5
The most astonishing tale of adventure an Irishman ever told—The bizarre believe-it-or-not chronicle of a fantastic racket
The Case of the Caretaker's Cat—Part II
Erle Stanley Gardner 14
Crazy to Fight—Conclusion . Major Myron B. Goldsmith 46

ARTICLES

Are Women Robbing Men of Their Jobs? . . Loire Brophy 23
Nonsense, says one of them. The men have taken ours!
Is It Right to Bring Back the Dead?
Louis E. Bisch, M.D., Ph.D. 40
Science has already begun to work this miracle—Does it clash with a divine plan and will it disrupt the fabric of our man-made laws?
Hunting Headlines on Health-Lines . . . . Floyd Gibbons 42
A famous globe-trotter gives you the story of a blithe adventure in happiness and well-being

FEATURES

Editorial . . . . . . Bernarr Macfadden 4
Fashion Flashes from Paris . . . . . . Doramiller 20
Twenty Questions 22
'Tisn't So . . . . . . R. E. Doan 28
Good Books . . . . . . Oliver Swift 36
$5,000 Game of Famous Americans 50
Tender, Tearful, Thrilling—Movie reviews
Beverly Hills 51
To the Ladies! . . . . . . Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 54
Cross Word Puzzle 55
Vox Pop 56

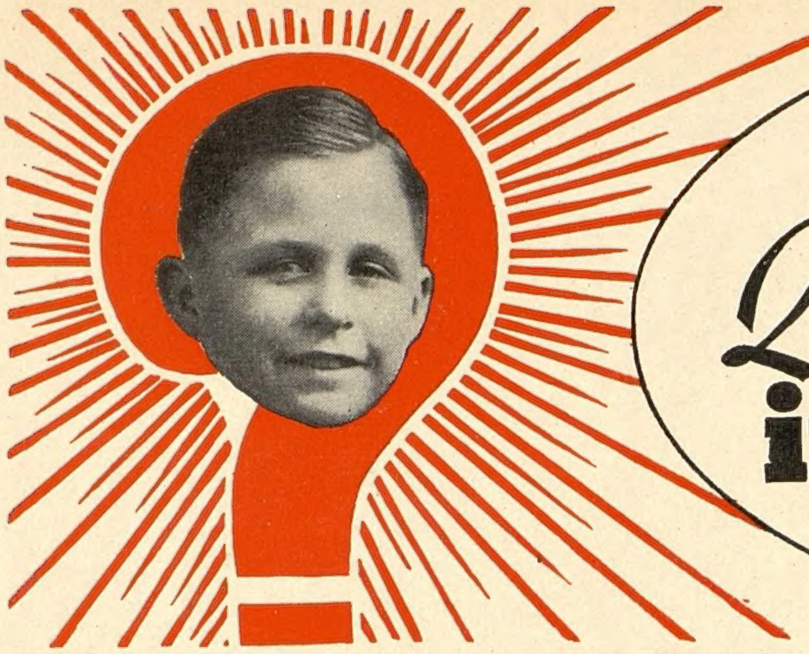
Cover by Guy Hoff

★ ★ ★ **NEXT WEEK** ★ ★ ★

The Doctor Decides by Leona Dalrymple.—Boys will still be boys, and sometimes, if given their choice, they will be rip-tearing rowdies like this doctor's son whose regulated life was a perplexing problem until a romantic, understanding young man took him in hand.

Evening with Blotz by Ferrin Fraser.—Confidence is indispensable in a successful salesman's life but matched against a woman's charms and intuition it is only second-best—as it was in this tale of romance and radio.

Other stories and articles by Phyllis Duganne, H. Bedford-Jones, Dorothy Day, Jay Franklin, and others



The *Question Mark* in Your Home

What About That Boy of Yours?

TODAY—life's opportunities appear on new horizons. And youth faces a made-over crazy-quilt world—vastly different from that of your own boyhood. In the last ten years life's complexities have increased a thousand fold. Your boy, today, faces a future starved of common opportunity.

Yet you want your boy to attain even greater successes than you have enjoyed. You want him to reach new heights in achievement—despite the almost overpowering handicaps facing our present generation. But how?

The answer is a simple one. To succeed in battle, your troops must be seasoned and prepared. To achieve success in any of life's stations—you must have the proper background and preparation. And if your boy is to succeed under today's confused conditions—he must be prepared in today's school of accomplishment.

Meeting the Challenge to Modern Youth

Not an ordinary school to be sure. Not in the school of yesterday which is so wholly unadapted to tomorrow's needs. But rather a school cognizant of your boy's future problems—alert to his individual possibilities.

Such a school is awaiting that boy of yours. Such a school wants to help you plan and mold your boy's future—assure you of his success. That school—and there is none other like it in the world today—is Castle Heights Military Academy.

FULLY ACCREDITED: Endowed by that great builder and leader of men, Bernarr Macfadden—Castle Heights occupies an indeed unique and enviable position in the school world. It is neither badgered by old theories of education nor handicapped by present economic conditions. Its objective is to thoroughly prepare your boy for a higher education—to make him physically strong, well poised, and self-reliant.

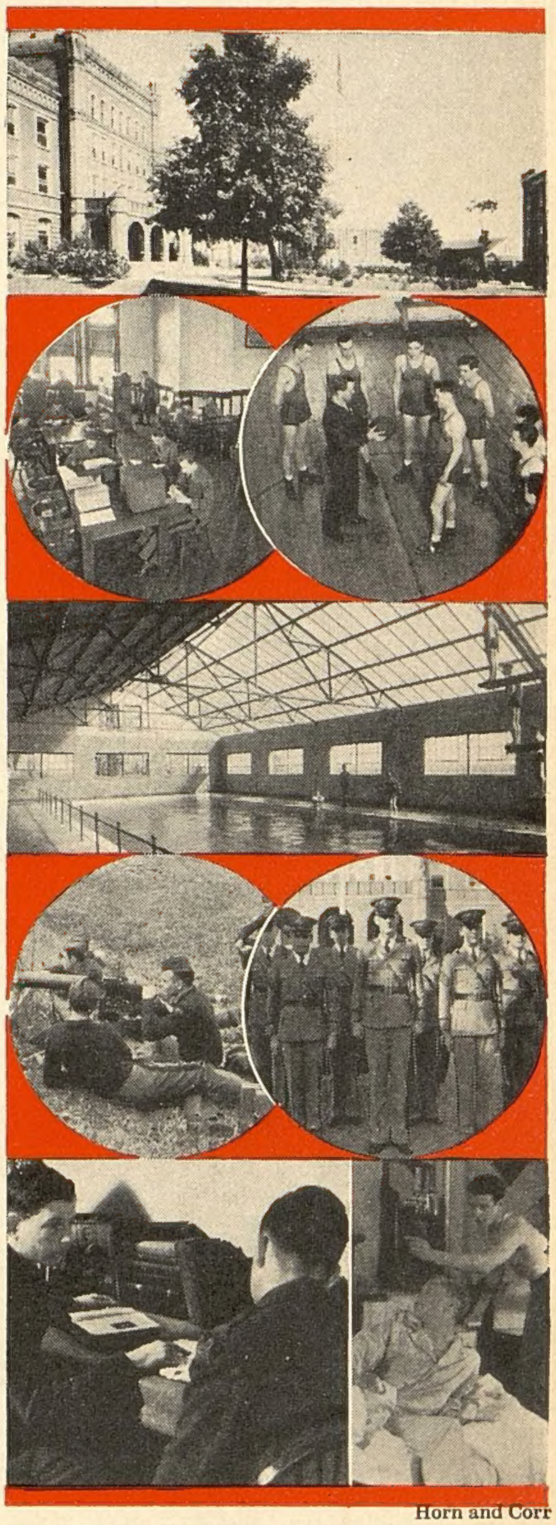
In the Heart of the Old South

Picture if you will a delightful 225 acre campus, high on a hill outside the beautiful little town of Lebanon, Tennessee, thirty miles east of Nashville. Ten sturdy and picturesque buildings of brick and stone. Delightful living conditions. A corps of understanding instructors through whose efforts this school has attained the very highest scholastic rating. This is the school for your boy—Castle Heights.

Because this great school has been so generously endowed, the tuition is very low. It trains boys from the ages of 8 to 20. Takes them from the grammar school age through the first year of college. And low rates range from $550 for the Junior School to $650 for the Senior School—with only a comparatively small extra charge for necessary uniforms and accessories. Arrangements can be made for monthly payments.

Use the coupon below to quickly obtain further information.

CASTLE HEIGHTS
MILITARY ACADEMY
Lebanon, Tennessee, U.S.A.



Horn and Corr

This Guard of Honor was selected from the Castle Heights Cadet Corps to greet President Roosevelt on his visit to the Hermitage, historical home of Andrew Jackson.

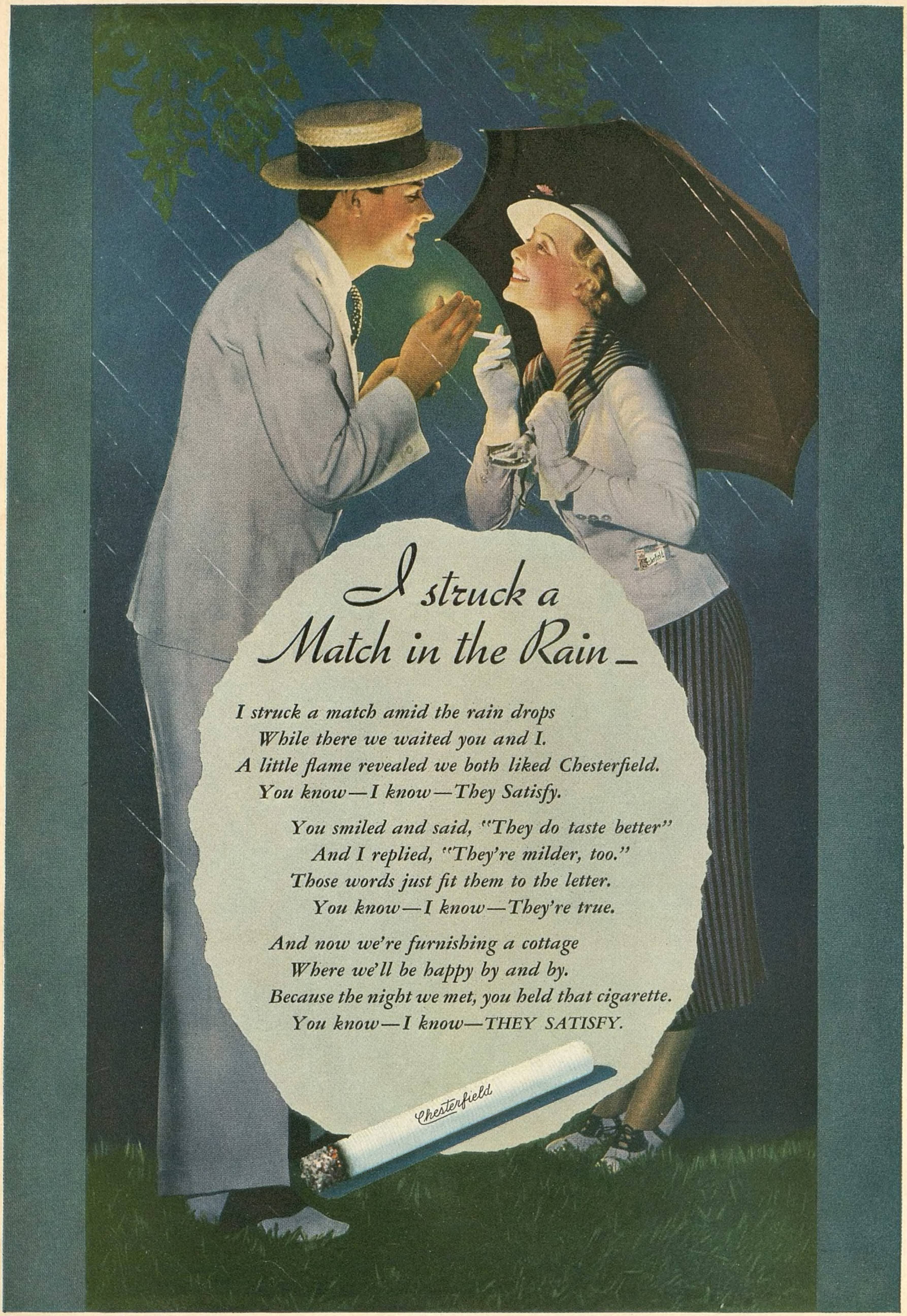
Col. H. L. Armstrong, President Dept. L—6-22-35
CASTLE HEIGHTS MILITARY ACADEMY, Lebanon, Tenn.

Please send me detailed information regarding Castle Heights Military Academy, courses, terms, requirements, etc. My boy is................years of age.

Name..

Address..

City.............................. State.................



I struck a Match in the Rain—

I struck a match amid the rain drops
While there we waited you and I.
A little flame revealed we both liked Chesterfield.
You know—I know—They Satisfy.

You smiled and said, "They do taste better"
And I replied, "They're milder, too."
Those words just fit them to the letter.
You know—I know—They're true.

And now we're furnishing a cottage
Where we'll be happy by and by.
Because the night we met, you held that cigarette.
You know—I know—THEY SATISFY.

© 1935, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.